COLLEGIATE COURSE

FOR HOME STUDY

EDITED BY

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AMERICAN CLASSICS

WITH QUESTIONS AND AIDS

VOLUME XI

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PREFACE.

It is the design of this volume to present as studies some of the more notable productions of American authors in various departments of literature.

Poe is represented by his weird masterpiece of poetry, "The Raven," and by his prose tale which was the precursor, and in some respects is still the model, of "detective stories."

From Hawthorne is taken the most characteristic, perhaps, of all his short stories, which is an admirable model in many ways for the short story of to-day.

A part of the "Walden" of Thoreau, here reproduced, is at once a study in literature, in sociology, and in character.

Lowell's "Present Crisis" is a noble study in poetic thought and expression, being a powerful and compelling sermon on duty, as well as a critical aid to the study of history. From Lowell's "Fable for Critics" are taken his criticisms on American authors. These are valuable to the student of literature, giving him the benefit of the author's clear and honest judgment. Emerson's "Compensation" is a study in the philosophy of life, which always commends itself to the student.

Wayland's "Political Economy," which has been studied in a great majority of the colleges of this country, is presented here in an abridged form. Gail Hamilton's "Ramble in the Old Paths" is included as a convenient conspectus of English literature. For the present purpose it has been revised and extended.

As an introduction to these studies, there is prefixed a brief summary of American authorship.

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VOL. XI.

INTRODUCTION--A REVIEW OF AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

POE'S MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE.

POE'S RAVEN.

HAWTHORNE'S DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.

THOREAU'S WALDEN.

LOWELL'S PRESENT CRISIS AND A FABLE FOR CRITICS (Abridged).

EMERSON'S COMPENSATION.

WAYLAND'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

GAIL HAMILTON'S A RAMBLE IN THE OLD PATHS. (Revised and Extended.)

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Introduction—American Authorship.

American authors have made notable contributions to the literature of the English-speaking world.

In their beginnings our people were but Colonists, depending upon the British nation for their literature as for all things else. We are now, in numbers, by far the greatest of the political communities using the English language. We have lost our sensitiveness to British criticism, which was so notable in the days of Dickens, and we have developed literature upon original and American lines. Owing to the composite character of our population, we regard all Europe as our mother country. Yet in all that relates to letters, the English-speaking peoples are one. Our writers have but contributed to the common stock of English literature, which knows nothing of political divisions. British writers of our own national period are household names in the United States, as our own authors are in the United Kingdom. It is as a matter of convenience, merely, that the contributions of American authors of English literature are considered separately in this volume.

The earliest American authorship was generally of a religious character, owing to the theological contentions of the period of our early settlements. Roger Williams (1606-1688), a Welshman and a Baptist, himself a sufferer from religious intolerance in New England, wrote his "Bloody Foot of Persecution for Cause of Conscience," which was published in England. John Eliot (1604-1690), a Cantab of England, is most famous as the "Apostle to the Indians." Among his writings is "The Christian Commonwealth."

Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672), of Massachusetts, our first poet, wrote in the sombre style of the Puritans her "Tenth Muse" and "Contemplations." Richard Mather (1596-1669), Increase Mather (1639-1728), and Cotton Mather (1663-1728), all of Boston, were of one family (father, son, and grandson), all divines, and all writers of polemics. Cotton Mather is best known for his "Magnalia," a history of the church in New England, and for his war against witchcraft.

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), was most famous for his "Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will."

The second period in American letters was political and revolutionary.

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), was a native of Boston, and long a resident of Philadelphia. His fame grows with each succeeding age. He united the characters of statesman, scientist, inventor, and author. His writings fill several large volumes. It has been said that they contain more of practical wisdom than those of any other writer for whom divine inspiration is not claimed.

John Witherspoon (1722-1794), a college president of New Jersey, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was an argumentative writer of this period.

Alexander Hamilton (1707-1804), of New York, and James Madison (1751-1836), of Virginia, were united in favor of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and both contributed largely to "The Federalist," which was published as a periodical in advocacy of that instrument. Madison was the author of the "Madison Papers," which were published by the Government after his death. Both writers exerted a profound and enduring influence upon the political destinies of the country.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), of Virginia, the sterling Republican, was the author of the "Declaration of Independence," and of many papers of a political nature which are still influential.

George Washington (1732-1799), of Virginia, while

not a trained writer, left many volumes of valuable state papers and letters, which are carefully preserved and are read with affectionate regard. His "Farewell Address" is admirable in its unaffected simplicity and in its political wisdom.

Thomas Paine, the patriot, was the author of "Common Sense," "The Rights of Man," and "The Age of Reason." Although he rendered great service to the American cause, his reputation long suffered from the hostility of the orthodox, to whom his religious views proved very offensive. Appreciation of his motives and of his services has grown in later years.

John Jay (1735-1826), of New York, and Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791) are remembered for their political and patriotic writings. The latter wrote the national anthem, "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land."

The national period of American letters began with the settlement of our political status.

Philip Freneau (1752-1832) wrote poems which found their way across the Atlantic.

Joel Barlow (1775-1819) wrote some fair poems. Timothy Dwight (1752-1817) dedicated to Voltaire a satire in verse entitled "The Triumph of Infidelity."

Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810), the author of "Wieland" and of "Arthur Mervin," was the first American novelist. His tone was melancholy, but his style was clear and nervous.

William Ellery Channing (1780-1842) and Theodore Parker (1810-1860) were New England pulpit orators of great power, whose liberality of view and freshness of thought render their writings still attractive.

Early in the last century the center of literary activity was to be found on the banks of the Hudson. A number of notable writers arose in and about the great metropolis.

Washington Irving (1783-1859), of New York, was the first American writer to attain full recognition

abroad. As the biographer of Columbus, Washington, and others, he made valuable contributions to history. His legendary tales include the immortal "Rip Van Winkle." His humorous "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which at first gave offense to the old families of New York city, has become a treasured classic. His "Tales of a Traveler" is written in his characteristic style, which is admirably adapted to legendary narratives. His "Sketchbook," which contains the "Rip Van Winkle," is to-day everywhere familiar.

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1829), of New York, wrote "The Culprit Fay," in which he transferred to the banks of the Hudson the fairy lore of the Old World, making valuable additions to it. The poem is a landmark in our literary history.

Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790-1867), of New York, a friend of Drake, wrote many beautiful lyrics. His best-known poem is "Marco Bozzaris."

James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), of New York, was our first very successful novelist. His stories of the Revolutionary war and of Indian life are still read. Among his best works are "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Naval History of the United States," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "The Prairie."

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), of New York, long regarded as the greatest of American poets, wrote his "Thanatopsis" at eighteen, it is said. The poem was published in the "North American Review" in 1817. Throughout his life he wrote lyric poems, the predominating characteristics of which were a love for nature, for truth, and for justice. He was for many years the editor of a newspaper in New York city. As a critic of literary style, of public morals, and of history he was severe, but not unjust. In his later years he compiled a collection of poems, and translated the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." His shorter poems are the ones best known.

Richard H. Dana (1787-1879), of Massachusetts, was the author of "The Buccaneer," a poetical romance, and of numerous short poems and prose sketches. The best-known volume is an autobiographical narrative entitled "Two Years Before the Mast."

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), a native of Baltimore, was the most original and creative of American poets; and while opinion in the United States has been much divided concerning him, he has been held in highest esteem abroad. His greatest poem is "The Raven." Other weird poetical compositions are "Ulalume," "Annabel Lee," and "The Bells." In prose, Poe was the creator of the detective story. His "Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug," and "The Mystery of Marie Roget" delighted the French, as well as the Americans, and established his fame in Europe. His life was cut short by irregularities.

During a large part of the century Boston was the one literary center, and the press of that city put forth a great number of works of conspicuous merit. The city was the home of many writers of high distinction.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), the most beloved of American writers, was a native of Maine, and spent the greater part of his life in Boston, where he held a professorship in Harvard University. His college duties and literary labors were varied by trips abroad. From the publication of his "Voices of the Night," in 1839, he was a favorite of the whole people. In 1847 he essayed the daring venture of writing an extended poem—"Evangeline"—in varied hexameters, the metrical effect being much like that of the "Iliad" and the "Æneid." Equally daring was his production, in 1855, of a long poem in trochaic tetrameter blank verse, which until then was wholly unknown in English literature. This poem was the "Hiawatha," which the author characterized as an Indian Edda. This is now the delight of young pupils in the schools of the country. "The Court-

ship of Miles Standish'' followed, and here again was the Homeric verse. The ''Tales of a Wayside Inn,'' suggested in some measure by the ''Canterbury Tales,'' includes among other valuable poems ''The Saga of King Olaf,'' a singularly happy counterpart of the Sagas of the North, in which the poet was always interested.

Longfellow's translation of Dante's ''Divine Comedy'' appeared in 1867. His original poems fill a large volume. They are notable for their delicacy, tenderness, and simplicity. Often the verses of a whole stanza are as direct and natural in statement as if they were written with no thought of rhyme or of meter. Longfellow's last poem was ''The Bells of San Blas.''

John G. Whittier (1808-1892), the ''Quaker Poet,'' and the ''Poet of Freedom,'' was a lifelong opponent of slavery, and for many years contributed to the newspapers of Abolitionist tendencies. His ''Prisoner for Debt'' and many other stirring or tender lyrics are widely known. His ''Snowbound,'' ''Tent on the Beach,'' and ''Among the Hills'' are among his best poems.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), a noted physician and member of the medical faculty of Harvard University, was one of our merriest writers of prose and verse. His ''Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,'' and numerous lyric poems, generally humorous though sometimes stirring and vehement, are everywhere read and quoted. His ''Elsie Venner'' is a psycho-physiological study of pre-natal influences.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was a native of Salem, Mass., and a classmate of Longfellow at Bowdoin College. ''The Scarlet Letter,'' which appeared in 1850, established his fame as a novelist. The ''House of the Seven Gables,'' and ''The Marble Faun,'' which followed, were much in the same vein, though widely different in plot and scene. The two former depicted Puritan life; the latter, life in Rome. In Hawthorne's fancy there is a

delicate play of humor, but there is tremendous moral power. So pitilessly does he portray the soul's punishment for sin, that the influence of his work is apt to produce morbidness of thought. In his field of psychological fiction he stands alone and unapproached. Hawthorne was a very successful writer of short stories. Of these his "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" is perhaps the best.

James Russell Lowell (1819-91), a native of Boston, and a professor at Harvard, was a voluminous writer of poems, generally brief. His "Biglow Papers" are in Yankee dialect, and are very clever, abounding in political "hits" of the stirring days of anti-slavery agitation. "The Present Crisis," which appeared in 1848, is full of moral grandeur. Lowell's "Fable for Critics" is an easy-going review of the writers of his time. His "Vision of Sir Launfal" is the most familiar of his poems.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), the greatest of American essayists, wrote several volumes of papers of permanent interest and value, and his fugitive poems make up a volume of themselves. He was the center of a group of independent thinkers and writers who are known as the Concord School of Philosophers. However, they did not properly constitute a school. They did not formulate a system of philosophy or a creed. Emerson did not always agree with the others, and he often contradicted himself. He seems to have been influenced by Carlyle, and by German thought. For many years he delivered lectures on such subjects as "Representative Men," "Social Aims," "Society and Solitude," etc. He was a pure idealist. His essay on "Compensation" is one of the most profound philosophical compositions in literature.

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) possessed, in common with others of the "Concord School," a spirit of revolt against conventional life, religious and social. He sought solitude, and lived for years alone in a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, near Boston. He produced frag-

ments of literature on nature topics chiefly, with homely philosophy intermingled. Seven volumes of his essays are preserved, and many of his writings are read with undiminished interest.

Bayard Taylor (1825-1878), a Pennsylvanian by birth, began his career with a foot-journey through Europe, which supplied him with materials for many popular letters and stories of travel in foreign lands. He contributed to newspapers and magazines for many years. His versatile pen produced a number of excellent poems. He translated from the German the "William Tell" of Schiller and the "Faust" of Goethe. He wrote a number of creditable novels, among which are "The Story of Kennett," and "John Godfrey's Fortunes." He was sent as Minister to Germany.

Harriet Beecher Stowe (1812-1896) was a native of Connecticut, and sought in youth to portray the life and scenery of New England in story form. Becoming enlisted in the all-engrossing agitation against slavery, she wrote the novel "Dred," later published under the name of "Nina Gordon." It was but moderately successful. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was published in 1851, achieved instantly a popularity never before attained by an American book. The story was dramatized, and was everywhere read and discussed. Mrs. Stowe's success, however, was never repeated. Her "Minister's Wooing," "Oldtown Folks," "Pink and White Tyranny," etc., elicited but a languid interest.

Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909), of Boston, is most famous for his quaint story of "A Man Without a Country," which appeared in the war time, and was of great service in fostering a spirit of patriotism among the young.

In the last third of the past century various Western and Southern writers came into note, and pictures of life in the various sections of the country were drawn in

forms to endure. There were no longer geographical groups of authors.

Bret Harte (1837-1905), in California, wrote "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Mrs. Skaggs' Husbands," "Gabriel Conroy," etc. His amusing little poem, "The Heathen Chinee," took the country by storm, and the quaint humor of his dialect poems distinguished them as constituting a class all their own.

John Hay (1838-1906), who was private secretary of President Lincoln, attracted attention by his quaint dialect poems, "Jim Bludsoe," "Little Breeches," and others. His great work, accomplished in partnership with F. Nicolay, is an extended biography of Abraham Lincoln. He was serving as Secretary of State at the time of his death, in 1906.

Edward Eggleston (1837-1899), a native of Indiana, came into fame in 1872 by the publication of his "Hoosier Schoolmaster," a vivid picture of the coarse, rude life of a pioneer settlement in his own State. This was speedily followed by "The End of the World," "Roxy," and "The Circuit Rider." "The Mystery of Metropolisville" is a picture of frontier life in Minnesota. In his later years Dr. Eggleston devoted himself to the critical study of phases of American history and life, and to sketchy stories for young readers.

For about a score of years, beginning with the early "sixties," Gail Hamilton was one of the most popular prose writers in America. She discussed sociological, political, and theological questions, described journeys, replied jauntily to critics, and delighted the reading public with her wit and courage. No writer was keener in repartee. She was remarkably versed in classic authorship, and her discourses seemed at times to be made up of adaptations of classic phrases. Her vocabulary was saturated with Milton, Chaucer, and Pope, and betrayed

an assimilation of Horace's thoughts and modes of speech.

Who was she? It was long suspected that she was writing under a *nom de plume,* before her identity was revealed. Gradually it came to be known that this most piquant of American writers was Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, a relative of Mrs. James G. Blaine, and long a member of the Blaine household. But of the details of her life she chose to give but little to the public. She was born at Hamilton, Mass., in 1838, and died in 1896.

Gail Hamilton belongs to a class of her own. To critics who besought her to modify her style she paid little attention. She united a singular originality of thought with a phraseology gathered from the masters of English literature. She combined earnestness with playfulness, wit with wisdom. That her numerous books are little read to-day is due to the fact that they were largely discussions of current topics and of passing issues. By study and by sympathy Gail Hamilton was eminently qualified to write a sketch of English literature.

Among her most noted books were "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Wool-Gathering," and "Skirmishes and Sketches," from the latter of which is taken the "Ramble in the Old Paths," which appears in this volume.

Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888), a daughter of Dr. Amos Bronson Alcott, was a writer of juvenile stories of moderate merit and recognition until she achieved, in 1868, a remarkable success in her book entitled "Little Women."

She was a native of Philadelphia, but from infancy her life was passed in and near Boston. Her education was conducted at home.

Among her later books, "Little Men" appeared in 1871, and "Joe's Boys" in 1886. Miss Alcott died in 1888.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892), of New York, a printer and carpenter, published in 1855 a volume of unconventional poems called "Leaves of Grass." They were written without either rhyme or meter, and their poetical character was indicated only by their play of feeling and of fancy. The place of Whitman in literature is a topic much discussed. He is known as "The Good, Gray Poet."

Cincinnatus Heine Miller ("Joaquin" Miller), of Indiana (1841-), achieved success by his publication in London of "Songs of the Sierras," in 1871. These fresh and breezy poems were followed by "Songs of the Sun Lands," "The Ship in the Desert," etc.

Helen Hunt Jackson (1831-1885), a native of New Hampshire, put forth a volume of commendable poems in 1874. Her prose and verse are associated with her life in the Rocky Mountain region. She is best known as a writer in behalf of the Indian, whose treatment she stigmatizes in a prose volume entitled "A Century of Dishonor."

American literary triumphs have been conspicuous in the field of historical writing.

George Bancroft (1800-1891), our greatest critic and writer of American history, made it his life work to collect and portray in their proper order the whole course of our history through the periods of discovery and settlement, Colonial development, the Revolution, and the Confederation. Like Lowell, in later days, he represented the United States at the British court; and in the time of Polk he was Secretary of the Navy. Bancroft's industry was great, for much difficulty was experienced in collecting the scattered materials which he required. His style is clear and entertaining, and the author was free from prejudice.

John Lothrop Motley (1814-1877), a graduate of Harvard and a student at noted universities of Germany, began his literary career as a novelist, but later resolved

to make the writing of history his life work. More than one manuscript, prepared with patient care, did he destroy in his effort to write a creditable life of William the Silent. Determined to write a monumental work, he went abroad and resided for years in Europe, where he was permitted to ransack the archives and the correspondence of the statesmen of centuries past, in order that he might fully understand the great drama of war in the Netherlands in the heroic days of old. His "Rise of the Dutch Republic," "Life of John of Barneveld," and "History of the United Netherlands" are world classics, and are translated into many languages. Motley served as Minister to Austria and to Great Britain.

William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859) was the third of our great trio of historians. Although he was almost blinded by an accident while a youth at Harvard, losing one of his eyes completely, he yet resolved to undertake the writing of history in a field requiring arduous research. He was engaged for ten years upon his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella." By means of translations it was at once received in all the great nations of Europe. His "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," and "Philip the Second" are standard historical works of world-wide reputation. The scenes which he describes are so romantic, the events so wonderful, that his histories have all the charm of fiction.

John Clark Ridpath (1840-99), a native of Indiana, and long a professor at DePauw University, was the most popular American writer of history in the later decades of the century. Having achieved success as a writer of school text-books and as a popular lecturer, he wrote a library "History of the World." Without undertaking the laboratory work of an investigator, his keen insight, ardent sympathies, and fascinating style enabled him to interest the public and to popularize, as never before, the study of history throughout the country.

John G. Palfrey, Richard Hildreth, Benson J. Lossing,

Jared Sparks, Horace Greeley, and others have made valuable contributions to American history. Eugene Lawrence contributed to periodicals some very valuable essays on periods of history and of literature, which are worthy to endure.

Of the lesser historians, Emma Hart Willard (1787-1870), long the most conspicuous champion of the higher education of women, and an educator of the Empire State, won honorable fame by her "Universal History in Perspective."

Francis Parkman (1823-93), of New England, was an investigator and recorder of the history of old French Colonial days in the North and West.

John Fiske (1842-1901) was a professor in Harvard University, whose original studies in the sources of history and in the development of the life of the people eminently qualified him for the ambitious task of writing an extended "History of the American People," which is recognized as a work of great merit. A work of similar title was undertaken by John Bach McMaster (1852-), a professor in the University of Pennsylvania and a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, whose biography he wrote. McMaster's great work begins with the organization of the government under the Constitution in 1789. It is marvelously comprehensive in its citation of authorities and of sources of information brought to light by his untiring research.

Francis Wayland (1796-1865), a native of New York, was for a quarter-century President of Brown University. He was the author of treatises on political economy, moral science, and mental philosophy which were long in almost universal use in the colleges of the country. His writings are characterized by keenness of insight, clearness of thought and expression, and a spirit of candor and independence.

The writers of a recent period are too numerous to

mention even briefly, yet a few names may be selected from the number.

William Dean Howells (1837-), a native of Ohio, began his literary career as a reporter and editor. He has written a number of novels which have been widely read.

James Whitcomb Riley (185 -) is a dialect poet of Indiana, some of whose quaint verses have become familiar as proverbs.

Henry James (1843-), of New York, first attracted attention by his magazine sketches of foreign travel. He has written a number of novels of psychological import, each being a study in life and character.

Frances Hodgson Burnet (1849-), English by birth, is the author of numerous books depicting English and American life. Her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is one of the best-known of these.

Julian Hawthorne (1846-), son of Nathaniel, has written novels of unconventional personages and incidents.

F. Marion Crawford is a Southern novelist with a genius for plots. His "Mr. Isaacs," published in 1883, was his first success.

Joel Chandler Harris, of Georgia, is famous as the author of dialect sketches of the South, bearing the general title of "Uncle Remus." He thoroughly understands the Negro, and his delineations are delightful.

Among American humorists are some noted names. The prince of mirth makers is Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain" (1835-), whose "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," "The Gilded Age," "A Tramp Abroad," etc., are among the most popular books of travel and description. The author mingles pathos with his humor, and carefully accurate statements among his quaint conceits. Yet it is always clear when he wishes to be taken seriously. Among his books are the weird narratives

"Prince and Pauper" and "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Conspicuous honors have been achieved by Americans in the field of philology.

Noah Webster (1758-1843), the greatest of lexicographers, was a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale University. Alone and unaided he brought out, in 1828, his "Dictionary of the English Language," instituting in it numerous reforms in orthography, and carefully systematizing the orthoepy. The Dictionary was enlarged by the author in 1840, and by C. A. Goodrich in 1859. In 1864 appeared the "Unabridged" edition, copiously illustrated and supplemented in many ways. The "International" was put forth in 1890.

Elihu Burritt (1810-1879), the "Learned Blacksmith," was also of Connecticut, but spent many years abroad. His education, self-acquired, included a working knowledge of the principal languages of the world, ancient and modern. "Sparks from the Anvil," and "A Walk from Land's End to John O'Groat's House" are among his unique books of study and meditation.

Goold Brown (1791-1857), the greatest of grammar writers, was a citizen of Massachusetts, whose life was devoted to an exhaustive study of the principles of English grammar, in which he ransacked English literature and lexicography. He was the author of "Institutes of English Grammar" and the "Grammar of English Grammars."

QUESTIONS.

1. Is English literature a unit? What has been America's contribution to it?

2. What was the nature of the earliest American authorship?

3. Mention three writers of the period of theological controversy.

4. What was characteristic of the second period in American letters?

5. Mention five noted writers of this period.

6. Name five New York writers of the first half of the last century.

7. What is said of Washington Irving?

8. What is said of James Fenimore Cooper?

9. Mention a poem by Joseph Rodman Drake. By Fitz-Greene Halleck.

10. Mention some of the characteristics of Bryant.

11. In what did Poe excel?

12. What are Longfellow's leading characteristics? Mention three of his poems. What were some of his innovations in metrical form?

13. Who was the "Poet of Freedom"? Mention three of his poems.

14. Who was our greatest novelist? What is said of his novels? Name three of his works.

15. Name three poems of Lowell, and characterize them.

16. What is the nature of Emerson's writings? What is his rank?

17. What was peculiar of Thoreau, in his life and writings?

18. Describe the range of Bayard Taylor's writings, and name three of his productions.

19. What great success was achieved by Harriet Beecher Stowe? Was it repeated?

20. What story by Edward Everett Hale appeared in the war time, and what was its influence?

21. When did Western writers begin to occupy a prominent place in American letters? Mention three of the productions of Bret Harte. What is said of John Hay?

22. Give the names of three of Edward Eggleston's novels. What did he portray?

23. What is said of Louisa M. Alcott?

24. What is said of Mary Abigail Dodge?

25. Describe the poetry of Walt Whitman. What is said of Helen Hunt Jackson?

26. Who have been our three greatest historians? Mention a work of each. What is said of John Fiske and of John Bach McMaster?

27. What is said of John Clark Ridpath? Of Emma Willard?

28. Mention three other writers on American history.

29. What was the notable work of Francis Wayland?

30. Who was our greatest lexicographer? What can you say of his work?

31. Who was the "Learned Blacksmith"? What can you say of him?

32. Who was our greatest grammarian? What can you say of his work?

33. Name and characterize five writers of a recent period.

Poe's Murders in the Rue Morgue.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions, are not beyond *all* conjecture.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

The mental features discoursed of as the analytical are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles.* He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of *acumen* which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence,* analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyze. A chess-player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will therefore take

occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and *bizarre* motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more actue player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are *unique* and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior *acumen.* To be less abstract—let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes, indeed, absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly tasking the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom *may* be little more

than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of *all* the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honor by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or of chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognizes what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A

casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation—all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the *truly* imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character suc-

cumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and upon the income arising from this, he managed by means of a rigorous economy to procure the necessaries of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candor which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is his theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting and furnishing, in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen —although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed, the locality of our retirement had been carefully

kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the Night for her own sake; and into this *bizarrerie,* as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect *abandon.* The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massive shutters of our old building; lighting a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise —if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the

Bi-part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolvent.

Let it not be supposed from what I have just said that I am detailing any mystery or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited or perhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both apparently occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words:

"He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the *Théâtre des Variétés.*"

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterwards I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I gravely, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of——?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

——"of Chantilly," said he, "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a *quondam* cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the *rôle* of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so-called, and been notoriously pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "the method—if method there is—by which you have been

enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne.*"

"The fruiterer!—you astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down by accident as we passed from the Rue C—— into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not at some period of their lives amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What then must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C——. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a

fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly sprained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones), until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word 'stereotomy,' a term very affectedly applied to this species of pavement. I knew that you could not say to yourself 'stereotomy' without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony; I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great *nebula* in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter *tirade* upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's *'Musée,'* the satirist making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mention the line—

Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.[1]

I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Urion, and from certain pungencies con-

[1] He has lost the ancient sound, from the first letter.

nected with this explanation I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far you had been stooping in your gait, but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he *was* a very little fellow that Chantilly, he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétés.*"

Not long after this we were looking over an evening edition of the "Gazette des Tribunaux," when the following paragraphs arrested our attention:

"Extraordinary Murders. — This morning about three o'clock the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered accompanied by two *gendarmes.* By this time the cries had ceased; but as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices in angry contention were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached these sounds also had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which, being found locked with the key inside, was forced open), a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder, the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead, and from this the bed had been removed and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of gray human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *métal d'Alger,* and two bags containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a *bureau* which stood in one corner were open, and had been apparently rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom, it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and upon the throat, dark bruises and deep indentations of finger nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without further discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body as well as the head was fearfully mutilated, the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clue."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars:

"The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.—Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair" [the word *"affaire"* has not yet in France that levity of import which it conveys with us], "but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

"*Pauline Dubourg,* laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate toward each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in her house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

"*Pierre Moreau,* tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighborhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweler, who underlet the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money.

Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons, neighbors, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house, not very old.

"*Isidore Muset, gendarme,* deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway endeavoring to gain admittance. Forced it open at length with a bayonet—not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted at neither bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced, and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony, were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way up-stairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words '*sacré*' and '*diable.*' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

"*Henri Duval,* a neighbor, and by trade a silversmith,

deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Muset in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

"—— *Odenheimer, restaurateur.*—This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes—probably ten. They were long and loud—very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly '*sacré,*' '*diable,*' and once '*mon Dieu.*'

"*Jules Mignaud,* banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue Deloraine.—Is the elder Mignaud. Madame L'Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking-house in the spring of the year (eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum

of 4000 francs. This sum was paid in gold and a clerk sent home with the money.

"*Adolphe Lebon,* clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a by-street—very lonely.

"*William Bird,* tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly '*sacré*' and '*mon Dieu.*' There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth story, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and

searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four-story one, with garrets *(mansardes)*. A trapdoor on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

"*Alfonzo Garcio,* undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed up-stairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

"*Alberto Montani,* confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

"Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded up-stairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly

wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

"*Paul Dumas,* physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about daybreak. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eyeballs protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced apparently by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left *tibia* much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor.

"*Alexandre Etienne,* surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony and the opinions of M. Dumas.

"Nothing further of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mys-

terious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clue apparent."

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully researched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Lebon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to criminate him beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Lebon had been imprisoned that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much extolled for *acumen,* are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not infrequently, these are so ill-adapted to the objects proposed as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdains calling for his *robe-de-chambre—pour mieux entendre la musique.* The results attained by them are not infrequently surprising, but for the most part are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But, without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close.

He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing, he necessarily lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she is invariably superficial. The truth lies not in the valleys where we seek her, but upon the mountain tops where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances—to view it in a side-long way, by turning towards it the exterior portions of the *retina* (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior), is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its lustre—a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *fully* upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but in the former there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement" [I thought this an odd term so applied, but said nothing], "and besides, Lebon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G——, the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it, as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found;

for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *loge du concierge*. Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighborhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went upstairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the "Gazette des Tribunaux." Dupin scrutinized everything—not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a *gendarme* accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home my companion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les ménageais*—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor now to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me suddenly, if I had observed anything *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word "peculiar," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"The 'Gazette,'" he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution—I mean for the *outré* character of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself, but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention with the facts that no one was discovered up-stairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted *acumen* of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before.' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who although perhaps not the perpetrator of those butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes com-

mitted, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterwards have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a *foreigner*. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish.*' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that '*not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter.*' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and '*does not understand German.*' The Spaniard 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation' altogether, '*as he has no knowledge of the English.*' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but '*has never conversed with a native of Russia.*' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice is that of an Italian; but, '*not being cognizant of that tongue,*' is, like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited!—in whose *tones*, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than shrill.' It is represented by two others

to have been 'quick and *unequal.*' No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

"I know not," continued Dupin, "what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding, but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all further progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions,' but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form—a certain tendency—to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision. Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to *their* eyes, I examined with my own.

"There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors lead-

ing from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore,* it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—*a posteriori.* The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from

the inside, as they were found fastened—the consideration which puts a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must,* then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nail. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught; but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner, driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but if you think so you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced

the secret to its ultimate result; and that result was *the nail.* It had, I say, in every respect the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here at this point terminated the clue. 'There *must* be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it, and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded in the top of the bottom sash the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail,—further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed

at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis, thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house they were both about half open—that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration.

"In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage an entrance into the window from the rod might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

"I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished; but, secondly and *chiefly*, I wish

to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*, the almost preternatural, character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

"You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that 'to make out my case' I should rather undervalue than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that *very unusual* activity of which I have just spoken with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend, as men at times find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able in the end to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best? Why did he not take all?

In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered in bags upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive,* engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it) happen to all of us every hour of our lives without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities—that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré*—something altogether irre-

concilable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several person was found barely sufficient to drag it *down!*

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvelous. On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of gray human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (hideous sight) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a thousand of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body—the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor, Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them—because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If, now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity

brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed —some raving maniac escaped from a neighboring *maison de santé.*"

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant; but the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it?"

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved, "this hair is most unusual—this is no *human* hair."

"I have not asserted that it is," said he; "but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a *fac-simile* drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises, and deep indentation of finger nails,' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne), as a 'series of livid spots evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally embedded itself. Attempt, now, to

place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. "This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Ourang-outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an Ourang-outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were *two* voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice, —the expression *'Mon Dieu!'* This, under the circumstances, has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words,

therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognizant of the murder. It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. This Ourang-outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. We will call them guesses, then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity this advertisement which I left last night upon our return home, at the office of 'Le Monde' (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought by sailors) will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:

"CAUGHT.—*In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the —— inst.* (the morning of the murder), *a very large, tawny Ourang-outang of the Bornese species. The owner* (*who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel*) *may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. — Rue ——, Faubourg St. Germain—au troisième.*"

"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do *not* know it," said Dupin. "I am not *sure* of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which, from its form and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar

to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained. Cognizant, although innocent, of the murder, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the Ourang-outang.

"He will reason thus: 'I am innocent; I am poor; my Ourang-outang is of great value—to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is, within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that the brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault—they have failed to procure the slightest clue. Should they even trace the animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognizant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognizance. Above all, *I am known.* The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value, which it is known that I possess, I will render the animal at least liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement, get the Ourang-outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over."

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor had entered without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision, and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, and muscular-looking person, with a certain daredevil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by whisker aud *mustachio*. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good evening" in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchatelish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Ourang-outang. Upon my word I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied in an assured tone:

"I have no way of telling—but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?"

"Oh, no; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property.

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble

for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, anything in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "this is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think! What should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this: You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked towards the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel, but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter—means of which you could never have dreamed. Now the thing stands thus: You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you

know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind in a great measure while Dupin uttered these words, but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all I know about this affair; but I do not expect you to believe one-half I say. I should be a fool indeed if I did. Still I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was in substance this: He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Ourang-outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in landing it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract towards himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailors' frolic on the night —or, rather, in the morning—of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the keyhole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the

creature, even in it fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from an open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the head-board of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Ourang-outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man to still follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor, but when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the

night which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night-clothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs towards the window, and from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Ourang-outang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, which no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation, throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter and

thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank back aghast to the rod, and, rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home, dreading the consequences of the butchery and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Ourang-outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Ourang-outang must have escaped from the chamber by the rod just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes*. Lebon was instantly released upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the *bureau* of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it; for, in truth, our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom he is no *stamen*. It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna—or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him especially for one masterstroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation

for ingenuity. I mean the way he has '*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*' ''[1]

QUESTIONS.

1. About what is the length of this story? Compare the story in this respect with some popular short story of the present time.

2. What does Poe say of the "analytical mental features"?

3. What thought does he put forth relative to analytical geometry, trigonometry, etc.?—to chess playing?

4. What does he say of draughts (checquers) and of whist?

5. What difference does he point out between analytical power and ingenuity?

6. Would such a preface as this commend a story to the general reader of to-day?

7. What do you think was Poe's purpose in writing such a preface?

8. Describe Dupin. Describe the lodgings of Poe and his friend.

9. Describe the life of the two friends at the Faubourg (suburb) St. Germain.

10. What was remarkable in the beginning of the conversation between them, with which the story begins?

11. Why was Chantilly *pasquinaded?*

12. Explain the meaning of the French words in this narrative.

13. How was the opening remark of Dupin explained?

14. Are the characters who give testimony in the murder case well drawn?

15. How, according to Dupin, do the Parisian police achieve success, if at all?

[1] To deny what is, and to explain what is not.

16. How does he criticize the "Gazette"?

17. What most impressed Dupin in reference to the testimony concerning the voice heard by the witnesses?

18. How did he analyze the problem of the exit of the murderer?

19. What is reasoning *a posteriori?* (See Dictionary.)

20. What did Dupin deduce from the appearance of the tuft of hair?

21. Relate the outcome of the story.

22. In what do you find this story to resemble any detective stories by Conan Doyle or others, that you may have read?

23. In what do you find it to differ in style or plan?

24. Would a writer of the present day be apt to use more or less of French terms than you find here? Why?

Poe's Raven.

(1845.)

I.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow. Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

III.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

IV.

Presently my soul grew stronger. Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore.
But the fact is, I was napping; and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door.
Darkness there, and nothing more.

V.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

VI.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore!
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

VII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven, of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

VIII.

Then, this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern docorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,—
Tell me what thy lordly name is, on the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

IX.

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast—upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

X.

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

XI.

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of "Never—nevermore!"

XII.

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

XIII.

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core—
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

XIV.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe[1] from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

[1] Ne-pĕn'the, a drug or medicine that relieves pain, and exhilarates.

XV.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XVI.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XVII.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! Quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

XVIII.

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting—still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming;
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

QUESTIONS.

1. When did this poem appear? Compare its metrical structure with that of Longfellow's Hiawatha, which appeared ten years later.

2. Had Poe any model in English literature for this form of verse?

3. Give instances of remarkable alliteration in this poem.

4. What can you say as to the perfection of the rhyme and of the meter? Is the reader expecting three rhymes together in the latter part of the stanza, or only two? Does the third of these rhymes add materially to the effect of the stanza?

5. What can you say of Poe's device of employing a refrain to close most of the stanzas? As a refrain, is the cry of a bird preferable to the boom of a distant gun or to a cry of the human voice?

6. How does Poe present to the reader a picture of luxury in the apartment described? What can you say of

the carpet, the chairs, the curtains, the statuary, the very ancient books? How would you complete the picture by describing in your own language, the grate and mantel, the pier-glass, the table, the bookcase, and the paintings which may be supposed to have a place in the chamber?

7. What is your picture of the German student? Has he probably a cap and gown? Has he probably a large book open on his lap? Has he probably books piled on the floor beside him? Why was there no necessity for lighting the chandelier when a wood fire was burning in the fireplace? Now that the fire has burned out, how do we know that the chamber is lighted from a hall lamp, the light sifting through a fan-light over the closed doors leading into the hall?

8. Is this student shown to be versed in the literature and thought of foreign lands, so as to use, naturally, foreign and classical expressions suggestive of foreign ideas?

9. Is skepticism sometimes mingled with superstition in the minds of cosmopolitan students and travelers, leading them by turns to deny the supernatural and to be much in awe and fear of it?

10. What great affliction has come to the student? Since the name of his lady love is too sacred to give to the public, what does he substitute as her pet name in Heaven? How does this suggestion indicate his feeling that the angels in Heaven know what is written on earth, —that they should apply this poetical name to the soul of the departed maiden on her entrance into Heaven?

11. What poem of Buerger, the German song writer, are the angels here supposed to know? When did Buerger live? How is the name *Lenore* appropriate to a betrothed maiden whose wedding is frustrated? (See "Dictionary of Fiction" in the International Dictionary.)

12. How has the student been endeavoring to divert himself? Of the "forgotten lore" of witchcraft, palmistry, astrology, chivalry, etc., which do you think

has been the subject of his last reading? Are the stories of combats between the old-time knights interesting to us at the present day, as they were in former generations?

13. What was the necessity for a knight to wear some sort of crest, in order that he might be distinguished? Would a man be likely to know his own brother incased in armor?

14. When a knight was proved a "craven," what was his punishment? If a person should meet a knight who had no crest, would it be polite in him to assume that the crest had been shorn as a punishment for cravenliness, or must he assume at first that the crest has been lost by some accident? Mention some ways in which a crest might be lost from the knight's helmet without his being aware of the fact.

15. Is it from the door leading into the hall, or from an outside door, that the student hears a noise? Describe the noise.

16. Is the student at first in fear of something supernatural when he hears the sound? Does he try to persuade himself that it has a perfectly natural and commonplace cause?

17. What is the real cause of the sound from the door? Is the bird, which is driven by a storm, a wild bird or a tame bird? What peculiar accomplishment does it possess? Can ravens be taught to speak? Is their range of speech equal to that of a parrot?

18. When the student opens the door and hears the indistinct muttering of the bird, what does it seem to him to whisper?

19. When the door is closed, is the bird emboldened? Where does it next present itself?

20. When the window is raised and the bird is admitted, what is comical in its appearance? Do most birds of the air dislike to be wet?

21. How far is the sad student moved by amuse-

ment at the actions of the bird—its flirting of head, wings, and feet in endeavoring to shake off the rain?

22. On entering the dimly-lighted room, what object is most plain to the half-blinded bird, and what use does the bird make of it? What reason have we to think that the student now makes use of an expression which he had just been reading in a romance of chivalry? Of what does the head of the bird, with its feathers soaked down by the rain, remind him, and what question does he ask of the bird?

23. Is the mind of the student relieved of its fear of the supernatural on seeing this unusual but perfectly natural explanation of the sounds heard?

24. How does the student now seek to give a natural explanation to the speech of the bird?

25. How is it shown that the student gradually comes to suspect that the bird itself may be supernatural, or may have a supernatural errand as the agent of some unseen power?

26. To a person fainting, what change seems to come to the atmosphere? Is fainting apt to be accompanied with a sensation of taste or smell? Do sounds appear to be distant and faint? Do objects seem to move unsteadily —to sway back and forth? How does the poet express the feeling of a person about to faint? Yielding to a sense of the supernatural, and conceiving that the chamber is tenanted by angel visitants, how does he characterize them by the use of an Oriental word?

27. How could the light footfall of an angel "tinkle" on a "tufted" carpet? What of the anklets and ring bangles of the Oriental nymphs?

28. Sinking now, as he believes, into insensibility, is he glad or sorry? Why does he call himself a "wretch," and why does he account it a boon to become unconscious? What interruption by the bird now indicates that he shall not have that satisfaction after all—that he is to continue to carry the consciousness of his sorrow?

29. Nearly satisfied, now, that the mission of the bird is a supernatural one, what inquiry does the student make as to any alleviation of the sorrow which he is doomed to suffer?

30. Literally speaking, what was the Oriental "*Balm of Gilead?*" What spiritual meaning is given to it here?

31. How does the reply of the bird tell the student that there shall be no alleviation of his sorrow here?

32. Since there is but one more question to be asked, and since the student must know in advance what the answer will be, why is he yet moved to ask it?

33. What picture of a future life is suggested by his use of the Arabic word for Heaven? Is Heaven apt to seem more vivid and realistic in the imagination of the Mohammedan than in the imagination of the Christian? What sort of Heaven does the student desire?

34. How does the final answer of the bird pronounce the student doomed not only for time, but for eternity as well? What tardy action does the student now take? With what gesture and voice do you imagine him starting up to hurl the bird from its perch, and to drive it away? Why are we led to understand that the student now falls into a fainting fit to the floor, in the shadow which the bird casts upon the carpet. Why is it necessary here that the only light shall come into the room from the hall, through the fan-light over the door? If the hall lamp is without a chimney, and the ancient building is not impervious to the blasts of wind without, will the shadow upon the floor seem to waver, or float?

35. How does the concluding stanza prove that this poem is an allegory, and not a mere story of a supposititious occurrence? Supposing the bird to represent some form of deep sin entering into the human heart, is this a powerful picture? To the young and pure in heart, is temptation to vice apt to come boldly and openly, or timidly and seductively? Is vice apt to enter directly through the door, or to slip in at a window of the soul?

Does temptation come with greatest power when one is well, strong, happy, and surrounded by friends, or in times of loneliness, weakness, and sadness? When vice is admitted to the human heart, is it generally the expectation or intention of the individual to admit it permanently, or just to dally with it for the time, and to say, "On the morrow he will leave me?

36. Does the power of vice grow with indulgence? When the soul which has tampered with vice is aroused to look the matter squarely in the face, what should be its disposition—to meet the issue instantly, firmly, and with strong resolve and hope for the future—or to cultivate forgetfulness of the past and wish only for oblivion?

37. Why is the course taken by the student a warning against delaying and paltering with what seems to be a "thing of evil?"

38. Viewing this poem thus as an allegory, is it one which can appeal to men universally, in whatever nation or time?

39. Has it moral power, like that of the drama of "Macbeth?"

40. Do you find in this poem any words which are used as a mere convenience in rhyming? Is there a real reason for using the word *craven* as an expression of old-time chivalry?—for using the Greek word, *nepenthe,* as illustrating an idea of the ancient Greeks?—for using *Aidenn,* as illustrating the vividness of the Mohammedan's picture of a Heaven of sense?—for using the Oriental *Seraphim,* to express the Oriental idea of the angels?—for selecting *Lenore,* to give some further hint of the range of the student's culture?

41. Viewed as a poem of moral power, as a psychological poem illustrating the strength and weakness of the human heart and will, or as a descriptive poem illustrating the luxury of the home of a wealthy family in the olden time, what rank do you assign to "The Raven"?

42. How does this poem seem to be the picture of a conflict in the writer's own soul, despite the very prosaic explanation of it, which he sought to have the public receive, and which really divests it of its moral power?

Hawthorne's
Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.

That very singular man old Dr. Heidegger once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen,—Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne,—and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves.

Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years and his health and substance in the pursuit of sinful pleasures which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout and diverse other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame—or, at least, had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day, but for a long while past she had lived in deep seclusion on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her.

It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen—Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne—were early lovers of the widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cut-

ting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding further I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not infrequently the case with old people when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward.

The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady, but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal-evening.

The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned. It was a ponderous folio volume bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chamber-maid had lifted it merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror, while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said, "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table as black as ebony stood in the center of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne-glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now, Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables—to my shame be it spoken—might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse with an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting

for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber and returned with the same ponderous folio bound in black leather which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh—"this same withered and crumbling flower—blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder, and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger. He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown, for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends—carelessly, however, for they had wit-

nessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show. "Pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the fountain of youth," asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous fountain of youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger. "And all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the fountain of youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas; for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were

inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respected old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be if, with your peculiar advantage, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing; "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the doctor's table without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly, there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party,—not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine,—together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at

one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water," cried they, eagerly. "We are younger, but we are still too old. Quick, give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old; surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour. But the water is at your service." Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren.

While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks. They sat around the table three gentlemen of middle age and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew of old that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze.

Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the fountain of youth possessed some intoxicating qualities—unless,

indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics; but whether relating to the past, present, or future could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents and a deeply-deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs. As for the widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror, courtesying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world besides. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished; she examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old Doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass."

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly," replied the complaisant doctor. "See! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses brimful of this

wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds.

It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever, but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time whose power had never been disputed save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the fountain of youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage. But the next moment the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream from which they had joyously awakened. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly-marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire—the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pre-

tended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an armchair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room.

The widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me;" and then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray, excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing-days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara," cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no! I will be her partner," shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago," exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp, another threw his arm about her waist, the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shriveled grandam. But they were young. Their burning passions proved them so.

Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-

widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious water of youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Come, Madam Wycherly!" exclaimed the doctor. "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered, for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their seats—the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds. "It appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips.

While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor. His guests shivered again. A strange chilliness—whether of the

body or spirit they could not tell—was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people sitting with their old friend Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The water of youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine; the delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes, they were old again. With a shuddering impulse that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and lo! the water of youth is all lavished on the ground. Well, I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me."

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida and quaff at morning, noon and night from the fountain of youth.

QUESTIONS.

1. About how many words does this story contain, and how does it compare in length with the short stories in leading magazines of to-day? Cite two of these.

2. How might the introductory paragraph be extended to cover some pages, as in the old-time stories, without the addition of any essential matters.

3. Are the individualities of the characters strongly marked? Is this a story of character, or a story of incident, or is it both, equally?

4. How does this story illustrate the author's love for the mysteries? What art is shown in his description of the furnishings of the chamber?

5. Do the individuality and self-assertion of the Doctor's guests preclude hypnotism as an explanation of the phenomena described? Does the reflection from the mirror preclude the ancient idea of magic, as a theory of explanation? By what theory would you explain the story?

6. Is this story a work of true art, for its own sake, or is it a "story with a purpose," to point a moral? If it contains a moral, is the latter subordinate and incidental, or is it the main purpose of the narrative?

7. Is there any superfluous description or incident in the story? Could it be improved by being lengthened or supplemented?

8. Are mysteries more interesting when merely hinted at than when clearly stated? What hints are contained in this story?

9. What expressions in the story contain suggestions of gentle humor?

10. In what respects do you find this a model short story, judged by the standard of to-day?

11. How important is the short story, as a department of the literature of the present time?

Thoreau's Walden (Selections).

I.—Economy.

When I wrote the following pages, or, rather, the bulk of them, I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.

I should not obtrude my affairs so much on the notice of my readers if very particular inquiries had not been made by my townsmen concerning my mode of life, which some would call impertinent, though they do not appear to me at all impertinent, but, considering the circumstances, very natural and pertinent. Some have asked what I got to eat; if I did not feel lonesome; if I was not afraid; and the like. Others have been curious to learn what portion of my income I devoted to charitable purposes; and some, who have large families, how many poor children I maintained. I will therefore ask those of my readers who feel no particular interest in me to pardon me if I undertake to answer some of these questions in this book. In most books, the *I*, or first person, is omitted; in this it will be retained; that, in respect to egotism, is the main difference. We commonly do not remember that it is, after all, always the first person that is speaking. I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well.

Unfortunately, I am confined to this theme by the narrowness of my experience. Moreover, I, on my side,

require of every writer, first or last, a simple and sincere account of his own life and not merely what he has heard of other men's lives; some such account as he would send to his kindred from a distant land; for if he has lived sincerely, it must have been in a distant land to me. Perhaps these pages are more particularly addressed to poor students. As for the rest of my readers, they will accept such portions as apply to them. I trust that none will stretch the seams in putting on the coat, for it may do good service to him whom it fits.

I would fain say something, not so much concerning the Chinese and Sandwich Islanders as you who read these pages, who are said to live in New England; something about your condition, especially your outward condition or circumstances in this world, in this town—what it is, whether it is necessary that it be as bad as it is, whether it cannot be improved as well as not. I have traveled a good deal in Concord; and everywhere, in shops, and offices, and fields, the inhabitants have appeared to me to be doing penance in a thousand remarkable ways. What I have heard of Brahmans sitting exposed to four fires and looking in the face of the sun; or hanging suspended, with their heads downward, over flames; or looking at the heavens over their shoulders "until it becomes impossible for them to resume their natural position, while from the twist of the neck nothing but liquids can pass into the stomach"; or dwelling, chained for life, at the foot of a tree; or measuring with their bodies, like caterpillars, the breadth of vast empires; or standing on one leg on the tops of pillars—even these forms of conscious penance are hardly more incredible and astonishing than the scenes which I daily witness. The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison with those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve, and had an end; but I could never see that these men slew or captured any monster or finished any labor.

They have no friend Iolas to burn with a hot iron the root of the hydra's head, but as soon as one head is crushed, two spring up.

I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when a man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them; and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh.

But men labor under a mistake. The better part of the man is soon plowed into the soil for compost. By a seeming fate, commonly called necessity, they are employed, as it says in an old book, laying up treasures which moth and rust will corrupt and thieves break through and steal. It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to an end of it, if not before. It is said that Deucalion and Pyrrha created men by throwing stones over their heads behind them:—

> Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque laborum,
> Et documenta damus qua simus origine nati.

Or, as Raleigh rhymes in it his sonorous way,—

> From thence our kind hard-hearted is, enduring pain and care,
> Approving that our bodies of a stony nature are.

So much for a blind obedience to a blundering oracle, throwing the stones over their heads behind them, and not seeing where they fell.

Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life, that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine. How can he remember well his ignorance—which his growth requires —who has so often to use his knowledge? We should feed and clothe him gratuitously sometimes, and recruit him with our cordials, before we judge of him. The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling. Yet we do not treat ourselves nor one another thus tenderly.

Some of you, we all know, are poor, find it hard to live, are sometimes, as it were, gasping for breath. I have no doubt that some of you who read this book are unable to pay for all the dinners which you have actually eaten, or for the coats and shoes which are fast wearing or are already worn out, and have come to this page to spend borrowed or stolen time, robbing your creditors of an hour. It is very evident what mean and sneaking lives many of you live, for my sight has been whetted by experience; always on the limits, trying to get into business and trying to get out of debt, of very ancient slough, called by the Latins *æs alienum,* another's brass, for some of their coins were made of brass; still living, and dying, and buried by this other's brass; always promising to pay, promising to pay to-morrow, and dying to-day, insolvent; seeking to curry favor, to get custom, by how

many modes, only not state-prison offenses; lying, flattering, voting, contracting yourselves into a nutshell of civility, or dilating into an atmosphere of thin and vaporous generosity, that you may persuade your neighbor to let you make his shoes, or his hat, or his coat, or his carriage, or import his groceries for him; making yourselves sick, that you may lay up something against a sick day, something to be tucked away in an old chest, or in a stocking behind the plastering, or, more safely, in the brick bank; no matter where, no matter how much or how little.

I sometimes wonder that we can be so frivolous, I may almost say, as to attend to the gross but somewhat foreign form of servitude called Negro Slavery; there are so many keen and subtle masters that enslave both north and south. It is hard to have a southern overseer; it is worse to have a northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself. Talk of a divinity in man! Look at the teamster on the highway, wending to market by day or night; does any divinity stir within him? His highest duty is to fodder and water his horses! What is his destiny to him compared with the shipping interests? Does not he drive for Squire Make-a-Stir? How god-like, how immortal, is he? See how he cowers and sneaks, how vaguely all the day he fears, not being immortal nor divine, but the slave and prisoner of his own opinion of himself, a fame won by his own deeds. Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. *What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.* Self-emancipation even in the West Indian provinces of the fancy and imagination—what Wilberforce is there to bring that about? Think, also, of the ladies of the land weaving toilet cushions against the last day, not to betray too green an interest in their fates! As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.

What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes after work. But it is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things.

When we consider what, to use the words of the catechism, is the chief end of man, and what are the true necessaries and means of life, it appears as if men had deliberately chosen the common mode of living because they preferred it to any other. Yet they honestly think there is no choice left. But alert and healthy natures remember that the sun rose clear. It is never too late to give up our prejudices.

No way of thinking or doing, however ancient, can be trusted without proof. What everybody echoes or in silence passes by as true to-day may turn out to be falsehood to-morrow, mere smoke of opinion, which some had trusted for a cloud that would sprinkle fertilizing rain on their fields. What old people say you cannot do you try and find that you can. Old deeds for old people, and new deeds for new. Old people did not know enough once, perchance, to fetch fresh fuel to keep the fire a-going; new people put a little dry wood under a pot, and are whirled round the globe with the speed of birds, in a way to kill old people, as the phrase is. Age is no better, hardly so well, qualified for an instructor as youth, for it has not profited so much as it has lost. One may almost doubt if the wisest man has learned anything of absolute value by living. Practically, the old have no very important advice to give the young, their own experience has been so partial, and their lives have been such miserable failures, for private reasons, as they must believe, and it may be that they have some faith left which belies that experience, and they are only less

young than they were. *I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors.* They have told me nothing, and probably cannot tell me anything, to the purpose. Here is life, an experiment to a great extent untried by me; but it does not avail me that they have tried it. If I have any experience which I think valuable, I am sure to reflect that this my Mentors said nothing about.

One farmer says to me, "You cannot live on vegetable food solely, for it furnishes nothing to make bones with"; and so he religiously devotes a part of his day to supplying his system with the raw material of bones; walking all the while he talks behind his oxen, which, with vegetable-made bones, jerk him and his lumbering plow along in spite of every obstacle. Some things are really necessaries of life in some circles, the most helpless and diseased, which in others are luxuries merely, and in others still are entirely unknown.

The whole ground of human life seems to some to have been gone over by their predecessors, both the heights and the valleys, and all things to have been cared for. According to Evelyn, "the wise Solomon prescribed ordinances for the very distances of trees; and the Roman prætors have decided how often you may go into your neighbor's land to gather the acorns which fall on it without trespass, and what share belongs to that neighbor." Hippocrates has even left directions how we should cut our nails; that is, even with the ends of the fingers, neither shorter nor longer. Undoubtedly the very tedium and ennui which presume to have exhausted the variety and the joys of life are as old as Adam. But man's capacities have never been measured; nor are we to judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried. Whatever have been thy failures hitherto, "be not afflicted, my child, for who shall assign to thee what thou hast left undone?"

We might try our lives by a thousand simple tests; as, for instance, that the same sun which ripens my beans illumines at once a system of earths like ours. If I had remembered this it would have prevented some mistakes. This was not the light in which I hoed them. The stars are the apexes of what wonderful triangles! What distant and different beings in the various mansions of the universe are contemplating the same one at the same moment! Nature and human life are as various as our several constitutions. Who shall say what prospect life offers to another? Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant? We should live in all the ages of the world in an hour; ay, in all the worlds of the ages. History, Poetry, Mythology!—I know of no reading of another's experience so startling and informing as this would be.

The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad, and if I repent of anything, it is very likely to be my good behavior. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well? You may say the wisest thing you can, old man—you who have lived seventy years, not without honor of a kind—I hear an irresistible voice which invites me away from all that. One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels.

I think that we may safely trust a good deal more than we do. We may waive just so much care of ourselves as we honestly bestow elsewhere. Nature is as well adapted to our weakness as to our strength. The incessant anxiety and strain of some is a well-nigh incurable form of disease. We are made to exaggerate the importance of what work we do; and yet how much is not done by us! or, what if we had been taken sick? How vigilant we are! determined not to live by faith if we can avoid it; all the day long on the alert, at night we unwillingly say our prayers and commit ourselves to uncertainties. So thoroughly and sincerely are we

compelled to live, reverencing our life, and denying the possibility of change. This is the only way, we say; but there are as many ways as there can be drawn radii from one centre. All change is a miracle to contemplate; but it is a miracle which is taking place every instant. Confucius said, "To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge." When one man has reduced a fact of the imagination to be a fact to his understanding, I foresee that all men will at length establish their lives on that basis.

Let us consider for a moment what most of the trouble and anxiety which I have referred to is about, and how much it is necessary that we be troubled, or, at least, careful. It would be some advantage to live a primitive and frontier life, though in the midst of an outward civilization, if only to learn what are the gross necessaries of life and what methods have been taken to obtain them; or even to look over the old day-books of the merchants, to see what it was that men most commonly bought at the stores, what they stored; that is, what are the grossest groceries. For the improvements of ages have had but little influence on the essential laws of man's existence; as our skeletons, probably, are not to be distinguished from those of our ancestors.

By the words, *necessary of life,* I mean whatever, of all that man obtains by his own exertions, has been from the first, or from long use has become, so important to human life that few, if any, whether from savageness, or poverty, or philosophy, ever attempt to do without it. To many creatures there is in this sense but one necessary of life—Food. To the bison of the prairie it is a few inches of palatable grass, with water to drink; unless he seeks the shelter of the forest or the mountain's shadow. None of the brute creation requires more than Food and Shelter. The necessaries of life for man in this climate may, accurately enough, be distributed under

the several heads of Food, Shelter, Clothing and Fuel; for not till we have secured these are we prepared to entertain the true problems of life with freedom and a prospect of success. Man has invented, not only houses, but clothes and cooked food; and possibly from the accidental discovery of the warmth of fire, and the consequent use of it, at first a luxury, arose the present necessity to sit by it.

We observe cats and dogs acquiring the same second nature. By proper Shelter and Clothing we legitimately retain our own internal heat; but with an excess of these, or of Fuel—that is, with an external heat greater than our own internal, may not cookery properly be said to begin? Darwin, the naturalist, says of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, that while his own party, who were well clothed and sitting close to a fire, were far from too warm, these naked savages, who were farther off, were observed, to his great surprise, "to be streaming with perspiration at undergoing such a roasting." So, we are told, the New Hollander goes naked with impunity, while the European shivers in his clothes. Is it impossible to combine the hardiness of these savages with the intellectualness of the civilized man? According to Liebig, man's body is a stove, and Food the Fuel which keeps up the internal combustion in the lungs. In cold weather we eat more, in warm weather less. The animal heat is the result of a slow combustion, and disease and death take place when this is too rapid; or for want of Fuel, or from some defect in the draught, the fire goes out.

Of course, the vital heat is not to be confounded with fire; but so much for analogy. It appears, therefore, from the above list, that the expression, *animal life,* is nearly synonymous with the expression, *animal heat;* for while Food may be regarded as the Fuel which keeps up the fire within us—and Fuel serves only to prepare that Food or to increase the warmth of our bodies by addi-

tion from without—Shelter and Clothing also serve only to retain the *heat* thus generated and absorbed.

The grand necessity, then, for our bodies, is to keep warm, to keep the vital heat in us. What pains we accordingly take, not only with our Food, and Clothing, and Shelter, but with our beds, which are our night-clothes, robbing the nests and breasts of birds to prepare this shelter within a shelter, as the mole has its bed of grass and leaves at the end of its burrow! The poor man is wont to complain that this is a cold world; and to cold, no less physical than social, we refer directly a great part of our ails. The summer, in some climates, makes possible to man a sort of Elysian life. Fuel, except to cook his Food, is then unnecessary; the sun is his fire, and many of the fruits are sufficiently cooked by its rays; while Food generally is more various, and more easily obtained, and Clothing and Shelter are wholly or half unnecessary. At the present day, and in this country, as I find by my own experience, a few implements, a knife, an ax, a spade, a wheelbarrow, etc., and for the studious, lamplight, stationery and access to a few books, rank next to necessaries, and can all be obtained at a trifling cost. Yet some, not wise, go to the other side of the globe, to barbarous and unhealthy regions, and devote themselves to trade for ten or twenty years, in order that they may live—that is, keep comfortably warm—and die in New England at last. The luxuriously rich are not simply kept comfortably warm, but unnaturally hot; as I implied before, they are cooked, of course *à la mode*.

Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meager life than the poor. The ancient philosophers, Chinese, Hindoo, Persian, and Greek, were a class than which none has been poorer in outward riches, none so rich in inward. We know not much about

them. It is remarkable that we know so much of them as we do.

The same is true of the more modern reformers and benefactors of their race. None can be an impartial and wise observer of human life but from the vantage ground of what we should call voluntary poverty. Of a life of luxury the fruit is luxury, whether in agriculture, or commerce, or literature, or art. There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but not philosophers. Yet it is admirable to profess because it was once admirable to live. To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically, but practically. The success of great scholars and thinkers is commonly a courtier-like success, not kingly, not manly. They makeshift merely by conformity, practically as their fathers did, and are in no sense the progenitors of a nobler race of men. But why do men degenerate ever? What makes families run out? What is the nature of the luxury which enervates and destroys nations? Are we sure that there is none of it in our own lives?

The philosopher is in advance of his age even in the outward form of his life. He is not fed, sheltered, clothed, warmed, like his contemporaries. How can a man be a philosopher and not maintain his vital heat by better methods than other men?

If I should attempt to tell how I have desired to spend my life in past years, it would probably surprise those of my readers who are somewhat acquainted with its actual history; it would certainly astonish those who know nothing about it. I will only hint at some of the enterprises which I have cherished.

In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch

it on my stick too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line. You will pardon some obscurities, for there are more secrets in my trade than in most men's, and yet not voluntarily kept, but inseparable from its very nature. I would gladly tell all that I know about it and never paint "No Admittance" on my gate.

To anticipate, not the sunrise and the dawn merely, but, if possible, Nature herself! How many mornings, summer and winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine! No doubt, many of my townsmen have met me returning from this enterprise, farmers starting for Boston in the twilight, or woodchoppers going to their work. It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it.

So many autumn—ay, and winter—days, spent outside the town, trying to hear what was in the wind, to hear and carry it express! I well-nigh sunk all my capital in it, and lost my own breath into the bargain, running in the face of it. If it had concerned either of the political parties, depend upon it, it would have appeared in the *Gazette* with the earliest intelligence. At other times watching from the observatory of some cliff or tree, to telegraph any new arrival; or waiting at evening on the hill-tops for the sky to fall, that I might catch something, though I never caught much, and that, manna-wise, would dissolve again in the sun.

For a long time I was reporter to a journal, of no very wide circulation, whose editor has never yet seen fit to print the bulk of my contributions, and, as is too common with writers, I got only my labor for my pains. However, in this case my pains were their own reward.

For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow storms and rain storms, and did my duty faithfully; surveyor, if not of highways, then of forest paths

and all across-lot routes, keeping them open, and ravines bridged and passable at all seasons, where the public heel had testified to their utility.

I have looked after the wild stock of the town, which give a faithful herdsman a good deal of trouble by leaping fences; and I have had an eye to the unfrequented nooks and corners of the farm; though I did not always know whether Jonas or Solomon worked in a particular field to-day; that was none of my business. I have watered the red huckleberry, the sand cherry and the nettle tree, the red pine and the black ash, the white grape and the yellow violet, which might have withered else in dry seasons.

In short, I went on thus for a long time, I may say it without boasting, faithfully minding my business, till it became more and more evident that my townsmen would not after all admit me into the list of town officers, nor make my place a sinecure with a moderate allowance. My accounts, which I can swear to have kept faithfully, I have, indeed, never got audited, still less accepted, still less paid and settled. However, I have not set my heart on that.

Not long since, a strolling Indian went to sell baskets at the house of a well known lawyer in my neighborhood. "Do you wish to buy any baskets?" he asked. "No, we do not want any," was the reply. "What!" exclaimed the Indian as he went out the gate, "do you mean to starve us?" Having seen his industrious white neighbors so well off—that the lawyer had only to weave arguments, and by some magic wealth and standing followed, he had said to himself: I will go into business; I will weave baskets; it is a thing which I can do. Thinking that when he had made the baskets he would have done his part, and then it would be the white man's to buy them. He had not discovered that it was necessary for him to make it worth the other's while to buy them, or at least make him think that it was so, or to make some-

thing else which it would be worth his while to buy. I too had woven a kind of basket of a delicate texture, but I had not made it worth any one's while to buy them. Yet not the less, in my case, did I think it worth my while to weave them, and instead of studying how to make it worth men's while to buy my baskets I studied rather how to avoid the necessity of selling them. The life which men praise and regard as successful is but one kind. Why should we exaggerate any one kind at the expense of the others?

Finding that my fellow-citizens were not likely to offer me any room in the court-house, or any curacy or living anywhere else, but I must shift for myself, I turned my face more exclusively than ever to the woods, where I was better known. I determined to go into business at once, and not wait to acquire the usual capital, using such slender means as I had already got. My purpose in going to Walden Pond was not to live cheaply nor to live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles; to be hindered from accomplishing which for want of a little common sense, a little enterprise and business talent, appeared not so sad as foolish.

I have always endeavored to acquire strict business habits; they are indispensable to every man. If your trade is with the Celestial Empire, then some small counting-house on the coast, in some Salem harbor, will be fixture enough. You will export such articles as the country affords, purely native products, much ice and pine timber and a little granite, always in native bottoms. These will be good ventures. To oversee all the details yourself in person; to be at once pilot and captain, and owner and underwriter; to buy and sell and keep the accounts; to read every letter received, and write or read every letter sent; to superintend the discharge of imports night and day; to be upon many parts of the coast almost at the same time—often the richest

freight will be discharged upon a Jersey shore; to be your own telegraph, unweariedly sweeping the horizon, speaking all passing vessels bound coastwise; to keep up a steady despatch of commodities, for the supply of such a distant and exorbitant market; to keep yourself informed of the state of the markets, prospects of war and peace everywhere, and anticipate the tendencies of trade and civilization—taking advantage of the results of all exploring expeditions, using new passages and all improvements in navigation; charts to be studied, the position of reefs and new lights and buoys to be ascertained, and ever, and ever, the logarithmic tables to be corrected, for by the error of some calculator the vessel often splits upon a rock that should have reached a friendly pier—there is the untold fate of La Perouse; universal science to be kept pace with, studying the lives of all great discoverers and navigators, great adventurers and merchants, from Hanno and the Phœnicians down to our day; in fine, account of stock to be taken from time to time, to know how you stand. It is a labor to task the faculties of a man—such problems of profit and loss, of interest, of tare and tret, and gauging of all kinds in it, as demand a universal knowledge.

I have thought that Walden Pond would be a good place for business, not solely on account of the railroad or the ice trade; it offers advantages which it may not be good policy to divulge; it is a good post and a good foundation. No Neva marshes to be filled; though you must everywhere build on piles of your own driving. It is said that a flood-tide, with a westerly wind, and ice in the Neva, would sweep St. Petersburg from the face of the earth.

As this business was to be entered into without the usual capital, it may not be easy to conjecture where those means, that will still be indispensable to every such undertaking, were to be obtained. As for Clothing, to come at once to the practical part of the question,

perhaps we are led oftener by the love of novelty, and a regard for the opinions of men, in procuring it, than by a true utility. Let him who has work to do recollect that the object of clothing is, first, to retain the vital heat, and secondly, in this state of society, to cover nakedness, and he may judge how much of any necessary or important work may be accomplished without adding to his wardrobe. Kings and queens who wear a suit but once, though made by some tailor or dressmaker to their majesties, cannot know the comfort of wearing a suit that fits. They are no better than wooden horses to hang the clean clothes on. Every day our garments become more assimilated to ourselves, receiving the impress of the wearer's character, until we hesitate to lay them aside, without such delay and medical appliances and some such solemnity even as our bodies.

I sometimes try my acquaintances by such tests as this: Who could wear a patch, or two extra seams only, over the knee? Most behave as if they believed that their prospects for life would be ruined if they should do it. It would be easier for them to hobble down to town with a broken leg than with a broken pantaloon. Often if an accident happens to a gentlemen's legs, they can be mended; but if a similar accident happens to the leg of his pantaloons, there is no help for it; for he considers, not what is truly respectable, but what is respected.

We know but few men, a great many coats and breeches. Dress a scare-crow in your last shift, you standing shiftless by, who would not soonest salute the scare-crow? Passing a cornfield the other day, close by a hat and coat on a stake, I recognized the owner of the farm. He was only a little more weather-beaten than when I saw him last. I have heard of a dog that barked at every stranger who approached his master's premises with clothes on, but was easily quieted by a naked thief. It is an interesting question how far men would retain

their relative rank if they were divested of their clothes. Could you, in such a case, tell surely of any company of civilized men, which belonged to the most respected class?

When Madam Pfeiffer, in her adventurous travels round the world, from east to west, had got so near home as Asiatic Russia, she says that she felt the necessity of wearing other than a traveling dress, when she went to meet the authorities, for she "was now in a civilized country, where people are judged of by their clothes." Even in our democratic New England towns, the accidental possession of wealth, and its manifestation in dress and equipage alone, obtain for the possessor almost universal respect. But they who yield such respect, numerous as they are, are so far heathen, and need to have a missionary sent to them. Besides, clothes introduced sewing, a kind of work which you may call endless; a woman's dress, at least, is never done.

If you have any enterprise before you, try it in your old clothes. All men want, not something to *do with,* but something to *do,* or rather, something to *be.* Perhaps we should never procure a new suit, however ragged or dirty the old, until we have so conducted, so enterprised or sailed in some way, that we feel like new men in the old, and that to retain it would be like keeping new wine in old bottles. Our molting season, like that of the fowls, must be a crisis in our lives. The loon retires to solitary ponds to spend it. Thus also the snake casts its slough, and the caterpillar its wormy coat, by an internal industry and expansion; for clothes are but our outmost cuticle and mortal coil. Otherwise we shall be found sailing under false colors, and be inevitably cashiered at last by our own opinion, as well as that of mankind.

We don garment after garment, as if we grew like exogenous plants by addition without. Our outside and often thin and fanciful clothes are our epidermis or false

skin, which partakes not of our life, and may be stripped off here and there without fatal injury; our thicker garments, constantly worn, are our cellular integument, or cortex; but our shirts are our liber or true bark, which cannot be removed without girdling and so destroying the man. I believe that all races at some seasons wear something equivalent to the shirt. It is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark, and that he live in all respects so compactly and preparedly that, if an enemy take the town, he can, like the old philosopher, walk out the gate empty-handed without anxiety. While one thick garment is, for most purposes, as good as three thin ones, and cheap clothing can be obtained at prices really to suit customers; while a thick coat can be bought for five dollars, which will last as many years, thick pantaloons for two dollars, cowhide boots for a dollar and a half a pair, a summer hat for a quarter of a dollar, and a winter cap for sixty-two and a half cents, or a better be made at home at a nominal cost; where is he so poor that, clad in such a suit, *of his own earning,* there will not be found wise men to do him reverence?

When I ask for a garment of a particular form, my tailoress tells me gravely, "They do not make them so now," not emphasizing the "They" at all, as if she quoted an authority as impersonal as the fates, and I find it difficult to get made what I want, simply because she cannot believe that I mean what I say, that I am so rash. When I hear this oracular sentence, I am for a moment absorbed in thought, emphasizing to myself each word separately that I may come at the meaning of it, that I may find out by what degree of consanguinity *they* are related to *me,* and what authority they may have in an affair which affects me so nearly; and, finally, I am inclined to answer her with equal mystery, and without any more emphasis of the "they": "It is true, they did not make them so recently, but they do now." Of

what use this measuring of me if she does not measure my character, but only the breadth of my shoulders, as it were a peg to hang the coat on? We worship not the Graces, nor the Parcæ, but Fashion. She spins and weaves and cuts with full authority. The head monkey at Paris puts on a traveler's cap, and all the monkeys in America do the same. I sometimes despair of getting anything quite simple and honest done in this world by the help of men.

On the whole, I think that it cannot be maintained that dressing has in this or any country risen to the dignity of an art. At present men make shift to wear what they can get. Like shipwrecked sailors, they put on what they can find on the beach, and at a little distance, whether of space or time, laugh at each other's masquerade. Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new. We are amused at beholding the costume of Henry VIII, or Queen Elizabeth, as much as if it was that of the King and Queen of the Cannibal Islands. All costume off a man is pitiful or grotesque. It is only the serious eye peering from and the sincere life passed within it, which restrain laughter and consecrate the costume of any people. Let Harlequin be taken with a fit of the colic and his trappings will have to serve that mood too. When the soldier is hit by a cannon ball, rags are as becoming as purple.

The childish and savage taste of men and women for new patterns keeps how many shaking and squinting through kaleidoscopes that they may discover the particular figure which this generation requires to-day. The whimsical. Of two patterns which differ only by a few threads more or less of a particular color, the one will be sold readily, the other lie on the shelf, though it frequently happens that after the lapse of a season the latter becomes the most fashionable. Comparatively, tattooing is not the hideous custom which it is called. It is not

barbarous merely because the printing is skin-deep and unalterable.

I cannot believe that our factory system is the best mode by which men may get clothing. The condition of the operatives is becoming every day more like that of the English; and it cannot be wondered at, since, as far as I have heard or observed, the principal object is, not that mankind may be well and honestly clad, but, unquestionably, that the corporations may be enriched. In the long run, men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high.

As for a shelter, I will not deny that this is now a necessary of life, though there are instances of men having done without it for long periods in colder countries than this. Samuel Laing says that "The Laplander in his skin dress, and in a skin bag which he puts over his head and shoulders, will sleep night after night on the snow—in a degree of cold which would extinguish the life of one exposed to it in any woollen clothing." He had seen them asleep thus. Yet he adds, "They are not hardier than other people." But, probably, man did not live long on the earth without discovering the convenience which there is in a house, the domestic comforts, which phrase may have originally signified the satisfactions of the house more than of the family; though these must be extremely partial and occasional in those climates where the house is associated in our thoughts with winter or the rainy season chiefly, and two-thirds of the year, except for a parasol, is unnecessary.

In our climate, in the summer, it was formerly almost solely a covering at night. In the Indian gazettes a wigwam was the symbol of a day's march, and a row of them cut or painted on the bark of a tree signified that so many times they had camped. Man was not made so large limbed and robust but that he must seek to

narrow his world, and wall in a space such as fitted him. He was at first bare and out of doors; but though this was pleasant enough in serene and warm weather, by daylight, the rainy season and the winter, to say nothing of the torrid sun, would perhaps have nipped his race in the bud if he had not made haste to clothe himself with the shelter of a house. Adam and Eve, according to the fable, wore the bower before other clothes. Man wanted a home, a place of warmth, or comfort, first of physical warmth, then the warmth of the affections.

We may imagine a time when, in the infancy of the human race, some enterprising mortal crept into a hollow in a rock for shelter. Every child begins the world again, to some extent, and loves to stay out-doors, even in wet and cold. It plays house, as well as horse, having an instinct for it. Who does not remember the interest with which, when young, he looked at shelving rocks, or any approach to a cave? It was the natural yearning of that portion of our most primitive ancestor which still survived in us. From the cave we have advanced to roofs of palm leaves, of bark and boughs, of linen woven and stretched, of grass and straw, of boards and shingles, of stones and tiles. At last, we know not what it is to live in the open air, and our lives are domestic in more senses than we think. From the hearth to the field is a great distance. It would be well, perhaps, if we were to spend more of our days and nights without any obstruction between us and the celestial bodies, if the poet did not speak so much from under a roof, or the saint dwell there so long. Birds do not sing in caves, nor do doves cherish their innocence in dovecots.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is Thoreau's excuse for publishing details of his personal affairs?

2. To what class of students does he especially address himself?

3. To what does he compare the self-inflicted tortures of the Hindus, and the Labors of Hercules?

4. Why does he regard it as being, often, a misfortune for a youth to inherit a farm? What does he characterize as "a fool's life"?

5. How does he castigate people who are in debt?

6. What does he say of slavery in the North?

7. What is stronger than public opinion?

8. How does he regard age, as an instructor of youth?

9. What answer does he make to the farmer who opposes vegetarianism?

10. What does he say would occur if we could look into each other's souls?

11. What is his opinion of good and bad, as held by society?

12. Does Thoreau call for more or less faith and trust?

13. How does he define *necessary of life?*

14. What are the necessaries which he recognizes?

15. What does he deem most of the luxuries of life to be?

16. What is it to be a philosopher?

CONCLUSION.

To the sick the doctors wisely recommend a change of air and scenery. Thank Heaven, here is not all the world. The buckeye does not grow in New England, and the mocking-bird is rarely heard here. The wild goose is more of a cosmopolite than we; he breaks his fast in Canada, takes a luncheon in the Ohio, and plumes himself for the night in a southern bayou. Even the bison, to some extent, keeps pace with the seasons, cropping the pastures of the Colorado only till a greener and sweeter grass awaits him by the Yellowstone. Yet

we think that if rail fences are pulled down, and stone walls piled up on our farms, bounds are henceforth set to our lives and our fates decided. If you are chosen town clerk, forsooth, you cannot go to Tierra del Fuego this summer. But you may go to the land of infernal fire nevertheless. The universe is wider than our views of it.

Yet we should oftener look over the tafferel of our craft, like curious passengers, and not make the voyage like stupid sailors picking oakum. The other side of the globe is but the home of our correspondent. Our voyaging is only great-circle sailing, and the doctors prescribe for diseases of the skin merely. One hastens to southern Africa to chase the giraffe; but surely that is not the game he would be after. How long, pray, would a man hunt giraffes if he could? Snipes and woodcocks also may afford rare sport; but I trust it would be nobler game to shoot one's self.

> Direct your eye right inward, and you'll find
> A thousand regions in your mind
> Yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be
> Expert in home-cosmography.

What does Africa,—what does the West stand for? Is not our own interior white on the chart? Black though it may prove, like the coast, when discovered. Is it the source of the Nile, or the Niger, or the Mississippi, or a North-West Passage around this continent, that we would find? Are these the problems which most concern mankind? Is Franklin[1] the only man who is lost, that his wife should be so earnest to find him? Does Mr. Grinnell know where he himself is? Be rather the Mungo Park, the Lewis and Clark, and Frobischer, of your own streams and oceans; explore your own higher latitudes,—with shiploads of preserved meats to support you, if they be necessary; and pile the empty cans sky-high for a sign. Were preserved meats invented

[1] Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer.

to preserve meat merely? Nay, be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice. Yet some can be patriotic who have no *self*-respect, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads. What was the meaning of that South-Sea Exploring Expedition, with all its parade and expense, but an indirect recognition of the fact that there are continents and seas in the moral world, to which every man is an isthmus or an inlet, yet unexplored by him; but that it is easier to sail many thousand miles through cold and storm and cannibals, in a government ship, with five hundred men and boys to assist one, than it is to explore the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans of one's being alone.

> Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.
> Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.
>
> (Let another wander and scrutinize the farthest Iberians,
> This one has more of life, that one more of the road.)

It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. Yet do this even till you can do better, and you may perhaps find some "Symmes' Hole"[1] by which to get at the inside at last. England and France, Spain and Portugal, Gold Coast and Slave Coast, all front on this private sea; but no bark from them has ventured out of sight of land, though it is without doubt the direct way to India. If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations; if you would travel farther than all travelers, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the Sphinx to

[1] A reference to the theory of Symmes, that the earth is hollow from pole to pole.

dash her head against a stone, even obey the precept of the old philosopher, and *explore thyself*. Herein are demanded the eye and the nerve. Only the defeated and deserters go to the wars, cowards that run away and enlist. Start now on that farthest western way, which does not pause at the Mississippi or the Pacific, nor conduct toward a worn-out China or Japan, but leads on direct a tangent to this sphere, summer and winter, day and night, sun down, moon down, and at last earth down too.

It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery "to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society." He declared that "a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad,"—that "honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve." This was manly, as the world goes; and yet it was idle, if not desperate. A saner man would have found himself often enough "in formal opposition" to what are deemed "the most sacred laws of society," through obedience to yet more sacred laws, and so have tested his resolution without going out of his way. It is not for a man to put himself in such an attitude to society, but to maintain himself in whatever attitude he finds himself through obedience to the laws of his being, which will never be one of opposition to a just government, if he should chance to meet with such.

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side; and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear that others may have fallen into it, and

so helped to keep it open. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

It is a ridiculous demand which England and America make, that you shall speak so that they can understand you. Neither men nor toadstools grow so. As if that were important, and there were not enough to understand you without them. As if Nature could support but one order of understandings, could not sustain birds as well as quadrupeds, flying as well as creeping things, and *hush* and *who,* which Bright can understand, were the best English. As if there were safety in stupidity alone. I fear chiefly lest my expression may not be *extra-vagant* enough, may not wander far enough beyond the narrow limits of my daily experience, so as

to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced. *Extra Vagance!* it depends on how you are yarded. The migrating buffalo, which seeks new pastures in another latitude, is not extravagant like the cow which kicks over the pail, leaps the cow-yard fence, and runs after her calf, in milking time. I desire to speak somewhere *without* bounds; like a man in a waking moment, to men in their waking moments; for I am convinced that I cannot exaggerate enough even to lay the foundation of a true expression.

Who that has heard a strain of music feared then lest he should speak extravagantly any more forever? In view of the future or possible, we should live quite laxly and undefined in front, our outlines dim and misty on that side; as our shadows reveal an insensible perspiration toward the sun. The volatile truth of our words should continually betray the inadequacy of the residual statement. Their truth is instantly *translated;* its literal monument alone remains. The words which express our faith and piety are not definite; yet they are significant and fragrant like frankincense to superior natures.

Why level downward to our dullest perception always, and praise that as common sense? The commonest sense is the sense of men asleep, which they express by snoring. Sometimes we are inclined to class those who are once-and-a-half witted, with the half-witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit. Some would find fault with the morning-red, if they ever got up early enough. "They pretend," as I hear, "that the verses of Kabir have four different senses; illusion, spirit, intellect, and the exoteric doctrine of the Vedas"; but in this part of the world it is considered a ground for complaint if a man's writings admit of more than one interpretation. While England endeavors to cure the potato-rot, will not any endeavor

to cure the brain-rot, which prevails so much more widely and fatally?

I do not suppose that I have attained to obscurity, but I should be proud if no more fatal fault were found with my pages on this score than was found with the Walden ice. Southern customers objected to its blue color, which is the evidence of its purity, as if it were muddy, and preferred the Cambridge ice, which is white, but tastes of weeds. The purity men love is like the mists which envelop the earth, and not like the azure ether beyond.

Some are dinning in our ears that we Americans, and moderns generally, are intellectual dwarfs compared with the ancients, or even the Elizabethan men. But what is that to the purpose? A living dog is better than a dead lion. Shall a man go and hang himself because he belongs to the race of pygmies, and not be the biggest pygmy that he can? Let every one mind his own business, and endeavor to be what he was made.

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not?

There was an artist in the city of Kouroo who was disposed to strive after perfection. One day it came into his mind to make a staff. Having considered that in an imperfect work time is an ingredient, but into

a perfect work time does not enter, he said to himself, It shall be perfect in all respects, though I should do nothing else in my life. He proceeded instantly to the forest for wood, being resolved that it should not be made of unsuitable material; and as he searched for and rejected stick after stick, his friends gradually deserted him, for they grew old in their works and died, but he grew not older by a moment. His singleness of purpose and resolution, and his elevated piety, endowed him, without his knowledge, with perennial youth. As he made no compromise with Time, Time kept out of his way, and only sighed at a distance because he could not overcome him. Before he had found a stick in all respects suitable the city of Kouroo was a hoary ruin, and he sat on one of its mounds to peel the stick. Before he had given it the proper shape the dynasty of the Kandahars was at an end, and with the point of the stick he wrote the name of the last of that race in the sand, and then resumed his work. By the time he had smoothed and polished the staff Kalpa was no longer the pole-star; and ere he had put on the ferule and the head adorned with precious stones, Brahma had awoke and slumbered many times.

But why do I stay to mention these things?

When the finishing stroke was put to his work, it suddenly expanded before the eyes of the astonished artist into the fairest of all the creations of Brahma. He had made a new system in making a staff, a world with full and fair proportions; in which, though the old cities and dynasties had passed away, fairer and more glorious ones had taken their places. And now he saw by the heap of shavings still fresh at his feet, that, for him and his work, the former lapse of time had been an illusion, and that no more time had elapsed than is required for a single scintillation from the brain of Brahma to fall on and inflame the tinder of a mortal

brain. The material was pure, and his art was pure; how could the result be other than wonderful?

No face which we can give to a matter will stead us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. Through an infirmity of our natures, we suppose a case, and put ourselves into it, and hence are in two cases at the same time, and it is doubly difficult to get out. In sane moments we regard only the facts, the case that is. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than make-believe. Tom Hyde, the tinker, standing on the gallows, was asked if he had anything to say. "Tell the tailors," said he, "to remember to make a knot in their thread before they take the first stitch." His companion's prayer is forgotten.

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor-house. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the alms-house as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace.

The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. May be they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old; return to

them. Things do not change; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts.

God will see that you do not want society. If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me. The philosopher said: "From an army of three divisions one can take away its general, and put it in disorder; from the man the most abject and vulgar one cannot take away his thought." Do not seek so anxiously to be developed, to subject yourself to many influences to be played on; it is all dissipation. Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, "and lo! creation widens to our view."

We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Crœsus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences; you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest. You are defended from being a trifler. No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher. Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.

I live in the angle of a leaden wall, into whose composition was poured a little alloy of bell metal. Often, in the repose of my mid-day, there reaches my ears a confused *tintinnabulum* from without. It is the noise of my contemporaries. My neighbors tell me of their adventures with famous gentlemen and ladies, what notabilities they met at the dinner-table; but I am no more interested in such things than in the contents of the Daily Times. The interest and the conversation are about costume and manners chiefly; but a goose is a goose still,

dress it as you will. They tell me of California and Texas, of England and the Indies, of the Hon. Mr. ——— of Georgia or of Massachusetts, all transient and fleeting phenomena, till I am ready to leap from their court-yard like the Mameluke Bey. I delight to come to my bearings, —not walk in procession with pomp and parade, in a conspicuous place, but to walk even with the Builder of the universe, if I may,—not to live in this restless, nervous, bustling, trivial Nineteenth Century, but stand or sit thoughtfully while it goes by. What are men celebrating? They are all on a committee of arrangements, and hourly expect a speech from somebody. God is only the president of the day, and Webster is his orator.

I love to weigh, to settle, to gravitate toward that which most strongly and rightfully attracts me;—not hang by the beam of the scale and try to weigh less,—not suppose a case, but take the case that is; to travel the only path I can, and that on which no power can resist me. It affords me no satisfaction to commence to spring an arch before I have got a solid foundation. Let us not play at kittybenders. There is a solid bottom everywhere. We read that the traveler asked the boy if the swamp before him had a hard bottom. The boy replied that it had. But presently the traveler's horse sank in up to the girths, and he observed to the boy:

"I thought you said that this bog had a hard bottom."

"So it has," answered the latter, "but you have not got half way to it yet."

So it is with the bogs and quicksands of society; but he is an old boy that knows it. Only what is thought, said, or done at a certain rare coincidence is good. I would not be one of those who will foolishly drive a nail into a mere lath and plastering; such a deed would keep me awake nights. Give me a hammer, and let me feel for the furrowing. Do not depend on the putty. Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake

up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction, —a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. So will help you God, and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe, you carrying on the work.

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth. I sat at a table where were rich food and wine in abundance, and obsequious attendance, but sincerity and truth were not; and I went away hungry from the inhospitable board. The hospitality was as cold as the ices. I thought that there was no need of ice to freeze them. They talked to me of the age of the wine and the fame of the vintage; but I thought of an older, a newer, and purer wine, of a more glorious vintage, which they had not got, and could not buy. The style, the house and grounds, and "entertainment" pass for nothing with me. I called on the king, but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighborhood who lived in a hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called on him.

How long shall we sit in our porticoes practicing idle and musty virtues, which any work would make impertinent? As if one were to begin the day with long-suffering, and hire a man to hoe his potatoes; and in the afternoon go forth to practice Christian meekness and charity with goodness aforethought! Consider the China pride and stagnant self-complacency of mankind. This generation reclines a little to congratulate itself on being the last of an illustrious line; and in Boston and London and Paris and Rome, thinking of its long descent, it speaks of its progress in art and science and literature with satisfaction. There are the Records of the Philosophical Societies, and the public Eulogies of *Great Men!* It is the good Adam contemplating his own virtue. "Yes, we have done great deeds, and sung divine songs, which

shall never die,"—that is, as long as *we* can remember them.

The learned societies and great men of Assyria,—where are they? What youthful philosophers and experimentalists we are! There is not one of my readers who has yet lived a whole human life. These may be but the spring months in the life of the race. If we have had the seven-years' itch, we have not seen the seventeen-year locust yet in Concord. We are acquainted with a mere pellicle of the globe on which we live. Most have not delved six feet beneath the surface, nor leaped as many above it. We know not where we are. Besides, we are sound asleep nearly half our time. Yet we esteem ourselves wise, and have established order on the surface. Truly, we are deep thinkers, we are ambitious spirits! As I stand over the insect crawling amid the pine needles on the forest floor, and endeavoring to conceal itself from my sight, and ask myself why it will cherish those humble thoughts, and hide its head from me who might, perhaps, be its benefactor, and impart to its race some cheering information, I am reminded of the greater Benefactor and Intelligence that stands over me, the human insect.

There is an incessant influx of novelty into the world, and yet we tolerate incredible dullness. I need only suggest what kind of sermons are still listened to in the most enlightened countries. There are such words as joy and sorrow, but they are only the burden of a psalm, sung with a nasal twang, while we believe in the ordinary and mean. We think that we can change our clothes only. It is said that the British Empire is very large and respectable, and that the United States are a first rate power. We do not believe that a tide rises and falls behind every man which can float the British Empire like a chip, if he should ever harbor it in his mind. Who knows what sort of seventeen-year locust will next come out of the ground? The government of the world I live

in was not framed, like that of Britain, in after-dinner conversations over the wine.

The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year, which will drown out all our muskrats. It was not always dry land where we dwell. I see far inland the banks which the stream anciently washed, before science began to record its freshets.

Every one has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood, which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut, and afterwards in Massachusetts,—from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it; which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feel his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society, deposited at first in the alburnum of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well-seasoned tomb,—heard perchance gnawing out now for years by the astonished family of man, as they sat round the festive board,—may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer life at last!

I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the purport of the author's whimsical suggestions as to foreign travel?

2. To what ancient fable does his mention of the Sphinx refer? (See Mythology.)

3. What should be the attitude of a man toward society?

4. What was Thoreau's reason for leaving his home in the solitudes? What does he say of the tendency to follow a path once made?

5. What etymological allusion is found in his manner of using the word extravagant? (See derivation in the Dictionary.)

6. What does he say of "common sense"?

7. What does he say of intellectual dwarfs?

8. What happy figure of a military character does he employ?

9. What tale of the ancient Hindus does he relate?

10. What does he say of truth?

11. What does he say of the pauper?

12. How does he describe the social interests of his time?

13. How does he refer to the Deity, when speaking of the "human insect"?

14. What figure does he employ to illustrate the resurrection? What intimation of immortality limited as to persons is contained in the closing paragraph?

15. What are some of Thoreau's characteristics of style?

16. Is the influence of this essay wholesome in the main? Is it wholly so?

17. Do Thoreau's classic references and allusions add to the value of his work?

Lowell's Present Crisis.

(1845.)

I.

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem
of time.

II.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instan-
taneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to
and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips
apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath
the Future's heart.

III.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies
with God

In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod
Where a corpse sprawls round unburied, delving in the noble clod.

IV.

For mankind are one in spirit; and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame.
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.

V.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light.

VI.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, in whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng

Troops of beautiful, tall angels. to enshield her from all wrong.

VII.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon moments see
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low, foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

VIII.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne!
Yet that scaffold sways the future; and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

IX.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate.
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous, stern whisper from the Delphic cave within—
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

x.

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellow of the giant-brood,
Son of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for its miserable prey;
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?

xi.

Then to side with truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

xii.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;—
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

xiii.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvarys ever, with the cross that turns not back;

And thus mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that great *Credo,* which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered, with his face to heaven upturned.

XIV.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands.
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

XV.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.
Worshipers of light ancestral make the present light a crime.
Was the "Mayflower" launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future. that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

XVI.

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hording it in moldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

XVII.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar fires.
Shall we make their truth our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr fagots of the prophets of to-day?

XVIII.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.

Lo, before us gleam her campfires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our "Mayflower," and steer boldly through the desperate wintry sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key!

December, 1845.

QUESTIONS.

1. When was this poem written? Who had been inaugurated President in that year?

2. What war was impending, and what were the fears of the Abolitionists in reference to the extension of slavery in the United States?

3. Were these fears justified by latter events? Was African slavery prohibited in Mexico?

4. Are some years so prolific of great events as to justify the figure in the first stanza?

5. What unusual figure is realistically employed in the second stanza?

6. What humanitarian sentiment is expressed in the fourth stanza?

7. To what text in Christ's Sermon on the Mount is allusion made in the fifth stanza?

8. In what text of Scripture is found the figure of the sandals, in the sixth stanza? In this stanza, is the word *people* singular or plural in meaning?

9. What striking figure is employed in the seventh stanza?—in the eighth? Which is the more frequently quoted?

10. What new response of the Oracle at Delphi is given in the ninth stanza?

11. What regions of the United States were "unblasted" of slavery in 1845? What classic characterization of slavery is found here?

12. How does Lowell describe earth's "chosen heroes" in the twelfth stanza?

13. What scriptural allusions are found in the thirteenth and fourteenth stanzas?

14. What is the author's estimate of the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower" as men for their time?

15. Does he regard them as models for us to imitate to-day?

16. Is the "truth" of one age the "falsehood" of another if no progress is made?

17. What is Lowell's injunction in the last stanza? Do you think that he refers to slavery alone? Does this have any application to mental and moral freedom of the individual?

Lowell's Fables for Critics (1848).

(Abridged).

"There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on;
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,
Is some of it pr—— No, 't is not even prose;
I'm speaking of metres. Some poems have welled
From those rare depths of soul that have ne'er been excelled;
They're not epics, but that doesn't matter a pin,
In creating, the only hard thing's to begin;
A grass-blade's no easier to make than an oak,
If you've once found the way, you've achieved the grand stroke;
In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a clatter.
Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves, singly perfect may be,
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.

"But, to come back to Emerson (whom by the way,
I believe we left waiting)—his is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range

Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;
He seems, to my thinking (although I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl coexist;
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me,
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself—just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.
So perfect a balance there is in his head,
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer;
You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,
With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em,
But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post mortem.*

"There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,
Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer;
He sees fewer objects, but clearlier, truelier,
If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,

Of the other he's more of an Emerson;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek.
Where the one's most abounding, the other's to seek;
C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass,—
E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
C. gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,—
E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense;
C. shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,—
While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every day;
C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fuseli,—
He don't[1] sketch their bundles of muscles and thews illy,
But he paints and with a brush so untamed and profuse,
They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews;
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines straight and severe,
And a colorless outline, but full, round, and clear;—
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue in words.
C. labors to get at the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from there of his actions and men;
E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.

"He has imitators in scores, who omit
No part of the man but his wisdom and wit,—
Who go carefully o'er the sky-blue of his brain,
And when he has skimmed it once, skim it again;
If at all they resemble him, you may be sure it is
Because their shoals mirror his mists and obscurities,
As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven for a minute,
While a cloud that floats o'er is reflected within it.

[1] This is, of course, ungrammatical.

"There is Willis, so *natty*[1] and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose.
Just conceive of a Muse with a ring in her nose!
His prose had a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;
But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where he might have admired;
Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,
It runs like a stream with a musical waste,
And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep;—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?

"He's so innate a cockney, that had he been born
Where plain bare-skin's the only full-dress that is worn,
He'd have given his own such an air that you'd say
'T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broadway.

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation,[2]
(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme *iceolation)*
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on.
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

[1] A play upon Willis' Christian name—Nathaniel.

[2] When this was written Bryant was considered the greatest American poet. It has been said, however, that there was "ice in his blood."

"He is very nice reading in summer, but *inter*
Nos, we don't want *extra* freezing in winter;
Take him up in the depth of July, my advice is,
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to *ices.*[1]
But, deduct all you can, there's enough that's right good
in him,
He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in him;
And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or where'er
it is,
Glows, softens, and thrills with the tenderest charities.

"There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement
heart
Strains the straight-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect;
There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing;
And his failures arise (though perhaps he don't[2] know it)
From the very same cause that has made him a poet,—
A fervor of mind which knows no separation
'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration.

"All honor and praise to the right-hearted bard
Who was true to The Voice[3] when such service was hard,
Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
When to look but a protest *in silence* was brave;
All honor and praise to the women and men
Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden then!
I need not to name them, already for each
I see History preparing the statue and niche;
They were harsh, but shall *you* be so shocked at hard
words
Who have beaten your pruning-hooks up into swords?

[1] A play upon the word Isis, the name of an Egyptian divinity.
[2] This use of don't is, of course, ungrammatical, and would not be tolerated in our day.
[3] The "inward monitor" of the Quaker.

"Here comes Dana, abstractedly loitering along
Involved in a paulo-post-future of song,
Who'll be going to write what'll never be written
Till the Muse, ere he thinks of it, gives him the mitten,—
Who is so well aware of how things should be done,
That his own works displease him before they're begun.

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet;
'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages had stood,
With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone trembly and rathe;
His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek,—
He's a John Bunyan Fouqué,[1] a Puritan Tieck;[2]
When nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted;
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man.

"Here's Cooper, who's written six volumes to show
He's as good as a lord. Well, let's grant that he's so;
If a person prefer that description of praise,
Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper than bays;
But he need take no pains to convince us he's not
(As his enemies say) the American Scott.
Choose any twelve men, and let C. read aloud
That one of his novels of which he's most proud,
And I'd lay any bet that, without ever quitting

[1] and [2] For Fouqué and Tieck see Dictionary.

Their box, they'd be all, to a man, for acquitting.
He has drawn you one character, though, that is new;
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew
Of this fresh Western world, and, the thing not to mince,
He has done naught but copy it ill ever since;
His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumpo daubed over with red;
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'-wester hat
(Though once in a Coffin, a good chance was found
To have slipt the old fellow away underground).
All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,
The *dernière chemise*[1] of a man in a fix
(As a captain besieged, when his garrison's small,
Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er the wall);
And the women he draws from one model don't vary,
All sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.
When a character's wanted, he goes to the task
As a cooper would do in composing a cask;
He picks out the staves, of their qualities heedful,
Just hoops them together as tight as is needful,
And, if the best fortune should crown the attempt, he
Has made at the most something wooden and empty.

"Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities,
If I thought you'd do that, I should feel very ill at ease;
The men who have given to *one* character life
And objective existence, are not very rife.
You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers;
And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson[2] or Primrose the vicar.[3]

"There is one thing in Cooper I like, too, and that is
That on manners he lectures his countrymen gratis,

[1] The last shirt.
[2] and [3] See Dictionary of Fiction for these characters.

Not precisely so either, because, for a rarity,
He is paid for his tickets in unpopularity.
Now he may overcharge his American pictures,
But you'll grant there's a good deal of truth in his strictures;
And I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

"There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common-sense damn metres;
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind;
Who—but hey-day! What's this? Messieurs Mathews and Poe,
You mustn't fling mud-balls at Longfellow so.[1]

"Does it make a man worse that his character's such
As to make his friends love him (as you think) too much?
Why, there is not a bard at this moment alive
More willing than he that his fellows should thrive.
While you are abusing him thus, even now
He would help either one of you out of a slough;
You may say that he's smooth and all that till you're hoarse,
But remember that elegance also is force;
After polishing granite as much as you will,
The heart keeps its tough old persistency still;
Deduct all you can that still keeps you at bay,—

[1] Poe as a critic was severe in his censure of Longfellow.

Why, he'll live till men weary of Collins and Gray.
I'm not over-fond of Greek metres in English,
To me rhyme's a gain, so it be not too jinglish,
And your modern hexameter verses are no more
Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is like Homer;
As the roar of the sea to the coo of a pigeon is,
So, compared to your moderns, sounds old Melesigenes;
I may be too partial, the reason, perhaps, o' 'tis
That I've heard the old blind man recite his own rhapsodies,
And my ear with that music impregnate may be,
Like the poor exiled shell with the soul of the sea,
Or as one can't bear Strauss when his nature is cloven
To its deeps within deeps by the stroke of Beethoven;
But, set that aside, and 'tis truth that I speak,
Had Theocritus written in English, not Greek,
I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce change a line
In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral "Evangeline."
That's not ancient nor modern, its place is apart
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art,
'Tis a shrine of retreat from Earth's hubbub and strife,
As quiet and chaste as the author's own life.

"What! Irving? Thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit of Spain;
And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,—
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,—
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,

With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm, lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee,—just Irving.

"There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit;
In long poems 't is painful sometimes and invites
A thought of the way the new Telegraph writes,
Which pricks down its little sharp sentences spitefully
As if you got more than you'd title to rightfully,
And you find yourself hoping its wild father Lightning
Would flame in for a second and give you a fright'ning.
He has perfect sway of what *I* call a sham metre,
But many admire it, the English pentameter,
And Campbell, I think, wrote most commonly worse,
With less nerve, swing, and fire in the same kind of verse,
Nor e'er achieved aught in 't so worthy of praise
As the tribute of Holmes to the grand *Marseillaise*.
You went crazy last year over Bulwer's New Timon;—
Why, if B., to the day of his dying, should rhyme on,
Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon tomes,
He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of Holmes.
His are just the fine hands, too, to wave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
That are trodden upon are your own or your foes'.

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme.
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem.

"There goes Halleck, whose Fanny's a pseudo Don Juan,
With the wickedness out that gave salt to the true one;
He's a wit, though, I hear, of the very first order,
And once made a pun on the words soft Recorder;
More than this, he's a very great poet, I'm told,
And has had his works published in crimson and gold,
With something they call 'Illustrations,' to wit,
Like those with which Chapman obscured Holy Writ,
Which are said to illustrate, because, as I view it,
Like *lucus a non*,[1] they precisely don't do it;
Let a man who can write what himself understands
Keep clear, if he can, of designing men's hands,
Who bury the sense, if there's any worth having,
And then very honestly call it engraving.
But, to quit *badinage*, which there isn't much wit in,
Halleck's better, I doubt not, than all he has written;
In his verse a clear glimpse you will frequently find,
If not of a great, of a fortunate mind,
Which contrives to be true to its natural loves
In a world of back-offices, ledgers, and stoves.
When his heart breaks away from the brokers and banks,
And kneels in its own private shrine to give thanks,
There's a genial manliness in him that earns

[1] See "Words, phrases, etc.," in Vol. VIII.

Our sincerest respect (read, for instance, his 'Burns'),
And we can't but regret (seek excuse where we may)
That so much of a man has been peddled away.

"Nature fits all her children with something to do,
He who would write and can't write, can surely review,
Can set up a small booth as critic and sell us his
Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies;
Thus a lawyer's apprentice, just out of his teens,
Will do for the Jeffrey of six magazines;
Having read Johnson's lives of the poets half through,
There's nothing on earth he's not competent to;
He reviews with as much nonchalance as he whistles,—
He goes through a book and just picks out the thistles.
It matters not whether he blame or commend,
If he's bad as a foe, he's far worse as a friend;
Let an author but write what's above his poor scope,
And he'll go to work gravely and twist up a rope,
And, inviting the world to see punishment done,
Hang himself up to bleach in the wind and the sun;
'Tis delightful to see, when a man comes along
Who has anything in him peculiar and strong,
Every cockboat that swims, clear its fierce (pop) gun-deck
at him
And make, as he passes, its ludicrous Peck at him."

QUESTIONS.

1. How does Lowell characterize Emerson?
2. How does he contrast Emerson and Carlyle?
3. What does he say of Willis' writings, and of his personality? Is Willis read to-day?
4. To what place does the author assign Bryant, among American poets? What American poet would now be accounted first?
5. What is Lowell's estimate of Whittier?

6. What does the writer predict of Dana?

7. What does he say of Hawthorne?

8. What is his criticism of Cooper? For what does he praise Cooper?

9. What is said of Poe?

10. What is said of Longfellow as a man and as a poet?—of the *hexameters* of Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish"?—of the poem "Evangeline"?

11. How does Lowell describe the make-up of Irving?

12. What does he say of Holmes? How does he compare Holmes with Bulwer Lytton?

13. How does Lowell characterize himself?

14. How does he characterize Halleck?

15. What does he say of literary critics?

Emerson's Compensation.

Ever since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on compensation; for it seemed to me, when very young, that on this subject life was ahead of theology, and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents, too, from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling house, greetings, relations, debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men.

It seemed to me also that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition; and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star, in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far

as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day,—bank stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now! The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, "We are to have *such* a good time *as the sinners have now;*" or, to push it to its extreme import, "You sin now, we shall sin by and by. We would sin now if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow!"

The fallacy lay in the immense concession, that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market, of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the soul, the omnipotence of the will, and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day, and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate; for men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits

without afterthought, if said in conversation would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the Divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of compensation, happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the equation of quantity and quality in the fluids of the animal body; in the systole and diastole of the heart; in the undulations of fluids, and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle; the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a

reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces[1] is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time; and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history is another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest, swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society, and by temper and position a bad citizen,—a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him?—nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters, who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in, and keeps her balance true.

[1] The mechanical powers.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great, and overlooks thousands, has the charges of that eminence. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light?—he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets?—he must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a byword and a hissing.

This law writes the laws of cities and nations. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari.* Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. If the law is too mild, private vengeance comes in. If the government is a terrific democracy, the pressure is resisted by an overcharge of energy in the citizen, and life glows with a fiercer flame. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition, and to establish themselves with great indifferency under all varieties of circumstances. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same,—in Turkey and in New England about alike. Under the primeval

despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies, and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world, and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man, and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity,—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is, that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul, which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. "The dice of God are always loaded." The world looks like a multiplication table, or a mathematical equation,

which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates itself, in a twofold manner; first, in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly, in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preëxists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Whilst thus the world will be whole, and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example,—to gratify the senses, we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem,—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, Eat; the body would feast.

The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it,—power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for himself; to truck and higgle for a private good; and, in particulars, to ride, that he may ride; to dress, that he may be dressed; to eat, that he may eat; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to possess one side of nature,—the sweet, without the other side,—the bitter.

This dividing and detaching is steadily counteracted. Up to this day, it must be owned, no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, as soon as we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive out nature with a fork, she comes running back."

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know; that they do not touch him;—but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form, and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life, and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death.

So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment

would not be tried,—since to try it is to be mad,—but for the circumstance, that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurement of an object, and not see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head, but not the dragon's tail; and thinks he can cut off that which he would have, from that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!"

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to reason, by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret which Jove must bargain for; Minerva, another. He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them.

> Of all the gods, I only know the keys
> That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
> His thunders sleep.

A plain confession of the in-working of the All, and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask Youth for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable; the sacred waters did not wash the heel by which Thetis held him. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it must be. There is a crack in everything God has made. It would seem, there is

always this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares, even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday, and to shake itself free of the old laws,—this back-stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the universe, and lets no offense go unchastised. The Furies, they said, are attendants on Justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path, they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls, and iron swords, and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded, that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night, and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer, which has nothing private in it; that which he does not know; that which flowed out of his constitution, and not from his too active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many, you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world, that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrass when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, but the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth, without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and workshops by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

"All things are double, one against another."

"Tit for tat."

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"Blood for blood."

"Measure for measure."

"Love for love."

"Give, and it shall be given you."

"He that watereth shall be watered himself."

"What will you have?" quoth God; "pay for it and take it."

"Nothing venture, nothing have."

"Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done; no more, no less."

"Who doth not work shall not eat."

"Harm watch, harm catch."

"Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them."

"If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own."

"Bad counsel confounds the adviser."

"The Devil is an ass."

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by

irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak, but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat; and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, universal and particular; all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates,[1] the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have

[1] Polycrates, an ancient Greek King, threw an emerald into the sea. It was returned to him by a fisherman, who found it in the body of a fish.

ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price that he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt. Pay it away quickly in one way or another.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate.

But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like

paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price,—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price,—is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state,—do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You

cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offense, poverty, prove benefactors:

> Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing.

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men, until he has suffered from the one, and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. The indignation which arms itself with secret forces does not

awaken until we are pricked and stung and sorely assailed. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect, and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long, under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest

on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason, and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right. It would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison, a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified.

Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content.

But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, "What boots it to do well? There is one event to good and evil. If I gain any good, I must pay for it. If I lose any good, I gain some other. All actions are indifferent."

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation; to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul is. Under all this running sea of

circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being Essence, or God, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it. It cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good, it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy, and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him, he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. *There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom;* they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action, I properly *am;* in a virtuous act, I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. *There can be no excess to love; none to knowledge; none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense.* The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in appli-

cation to man, of the *presence of the soul,* and not of its absence. The brave man is greater than the coward. The true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man, and not less, than the fool and knave. There is no tax on the good of virtue; for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence without any comparative. Material good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had, if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow.

I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn; for example, to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new burdens. I do not wish more external goods,—neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists, and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene, eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard: "Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More or Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad, and knows not well what to make of it. He almost shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly, and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them, as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother, and my

brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the nature of the soul to appropriate all things. Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue,—is not that mine? His wit,—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit?

Such, also, is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates, and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing; resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that

archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

QUESTIONS.

1. For how long a time did Emerson contemplate writing his essay on "Compensation"? What was his reason for writing it?

2. What were the "documents" from which he was to draw his doctrine?

3. To what does he object in a sermon which he describes?

4. Was the thought of the sermon reflected in the popular religious works of Emerson's time?

5. What illustrations of the positive and negative does he find in nature?

6. What law of the mechanical powers illustrates the principle of compensation?

7. How are you reminded of Macaulay by Emerson's application of the theory of compensation to evils in government?

8. How is the universe mirrored in its particles?

9. How is compensation visible in the moral world?

10. What illustrations are found in mythology?—in the story of Troy?

11. What illustrations does he find in the proverbs of all nations?

12. How do the exclusive in society or in religion cheat themselves?

13. What does Emerson say of fear?

14. What does he say is the highest price that one can pay for a thing?

15. Is the cheapest labor the most economical? How is human labor one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe?

16. How may our weaknesses and defects serve for our advantage?

17. What is a great man always willing to be?

18. How does Emerson regard censure and praise?

19. What does he say of the history of persecution?

20. What, according to Emerson, do all things preach?

21. Why is not the doctrine of compensation, then, the doctrine of indifferency?

22. What seems to be Emerson's idea of evil? Does it, in his opinion, really exist?

23. Is virtue necessarily bought by loss? Can there be an excess of the virtues?

24. How does moral good differ from material good?

25. What is the soul's compensation for the inequalities of condition in this life?

26. How should the calamities of our lives be interpreted?

27. What is your estimate of the philosophical value of this essay?—of its moral value?

28. What do you note as characteristics of Emerson's style? Is it simple?—clear?—forceful?—natural?

29. Are Emerson's quotations from the classics justifiable? Should you prefer the Essay to be without them?

30. How does the theory of compensation accord with Herbert Spencer's theory of punishment? Wherein does it remind you of Wayland's theories of political economy?—of Thoreau's theory of economy?

31. Cite some of the couplets of Pope's "Essay on Man" which might have been quoted appropriately in this Essay.

Wayland's Political Economy.

Introduction.

Political economy is the science of wealth. It is sometimes defined the science of national wealth. This definition seems not sufficiently comprehensive, inasmuch as the laws which govern the creation of wealth are essentially the same whether they are considered in respect to man as an individual or to man as a society.

The universe around us is composed of objects suited to gratify our desire, and thus to minister to our happiness. The capacity to gratify desire is the first element that enters into our notion of wealth. But as the gratification of our desires by means of an external object almost always supposes some change effected in that object; and as we could have no right to effect that change unless that object were our own, another element which enters into the notion of wealth is the idea of possession. Wealth may be defined as any object having the power of gratifying human desire, which is capable of being appropriated.

The particular quality in any substance which renders it capable of gratifying human desire is called its value. Thus that quality of fuel which constitutes its value is its power of generating heat, or of gratifying this desire in man. A particular substance may have the power of gratifying either one or several desires, and thus it may have either one or several values.

The degree of the value of any substance depends upon the nature and the number of the desires which it can gratify. If the gratification of that desire to which

it is subservient be necessary to the existence or to the comfort of man, its value will be great. Such is the case with air, water, clothing, food, and fuel. If the gratification which it affords can be easily dispensed with, its value will be small. Such is the case with articles of luxury, or the means of mere amusement. The inferiority of the value of this latter class is evident from the fact that in seasons of scarcity these are first relinquished.

We have thus far treated only of intrinsic value, or of the power which any particular substance possesses of gratifying human desire.

If we examine the various articles of value around us we shall observe a very remarkable difference between them. Some of them may be made the means of procuring for us, by exchange, other objects of desire. Such are gold, silver, iron, coal, wood, etc. He who possesses a large quantity of either of these may ordinarily procure for himself by exchange anything else that he needs. Others, and those of great intrinsic value, are destitute of this property. What has greater intrinsic value than air, the light of the sun, or water? Yet we can get nothing in exchange for air or sunlight, or generally for water. Substances having an exchangeable value do not possess that value in proportion to their intrinsic value. Iron has a far greater intrinsic value than gold, yet an ounce of gold has a far greater exchangeable value than an ounce of iron.

Those substances which have not, and those which have, exchangeable value, differ in the following respects:

1. Those which have no exchangeable value are everywhere abundant and inexhaustible. The supply of the others is limited in quantity, or is limited in place. Air, and the light of the sun, are inexhaustible everywhere. Coal is in some places inexhaustible, but it is not so in others.

2. The value of the first class of substances has

received no addition from human labor. The value of the other has always received some addition, and frequently it is derived altogether from human labor. Thus water, which ordinarily has no exchangeable value, is frequently sold by the gallon in cities, because it can be procured in purity only from a distance, and it requires the labor of transportation to be added to it.

The former are gratuitously received, and gratuitously parted with. The latter have cost human labor, and therefore cannot be obtained without an equivalent. It is the latter alone that enter into computation in fixing exchangeable value.

Moral Philosophy teaches us that if a man expend labor in the creation of a value, this labor gives him a right to the exclusive possession of that value, supposing the original elements belonged to no one else. As almost all the qualities which gratify human desire can exist only by the exertion of this labor, it follows that all such objects must have already become the exclusive possession of some human being.

Cost forms the standard by which the degree of exchangeable value for long periods is to be estimated. Temporary circumstances may create a variation from this standard, and may for a short time elevate this value above, or depress it below, the cost.

A benefit to one, is a benefit to all. Other things being equal, the greater the supply of any article, the less is its exchangeable value; that is, the less amount of other things can it procure in exchange.

An injury to one, is an injury to all. Other things being equal, the less the supply, the greater the exchangeable value.

The supply being the same, the greater the demand, the greater the exchangeable value.

The supply being the same, the less the demand, the less the exchangeable value.

It is the operation of these principles that keeps the supply of any article throughout the world always equal to the demand; and it is surprising to observe with what accuracy this effect is procured. In the largest cities there is always just enough butcher's meat and vegetables and clothing to supply the wants of the inhabitants, and no more. The moment the price of an article falls below cost, it ceases to be produced until the price rises. As soon as it rises above ordinary profit, capital and labor are directed to it, and it is produced in sufficient quantity to meet the unusual demand. Thus we see why the high price of any article is commonly followed by a low price of the same article, and the reverse. When the price of any article is low, men leave off this kind of production in too great numbers, and hence follows a comparative scarcity of the product which they furnish. When the price is high, men rush in too great numbers into this sort of production, and hence arises a temporary glut and a depreciation of its exchangeable value.

It will be seen that this valuation in the exchangeable value of any article is dependent greatly on its perishableness. An article which is not liable to be destroyed by keeping will neither fall so rapidly nor so low by either a diminution of demand or an increase of supply as one which is in its nature rapidly perishable.

Another source of variation in the exchangeable value of products is the time necessary for their production.

A small rise of price in a manufactured article when the material is abundant will cause the quantity produced to be greatly increased; hence the rise is never excessive. But when a long time is necessary for the production of an article, and it is an article of prime necessity, the rise of price is frequently great.

So far as the seller and the buyer are concerned, these variations balance each other. When products rise on the merchant's hands, he charges an additional price;

when they fall, he is frequently obliged to sell at a reduced profit, or even to sell below cost. The gain in one case makes up for the loss in the other. As no one sympathizes with the merchant when he sells at a loss, no one should complain when he sells for a short time at more than an ordinary gain.

In general, cost being fixed, exchangeable value is inversely as the supply, and directly as the demand.

Or, still more generally, at any particular time the exchangeable value will be the cost plus the effect produced by the variation in supply and demand.

Wealth consists of all objects which have an exchangeable value.

Exchangeable value is slightly distinguishable from price. The first is the power which any object possesses of procuring for us any object whatever. The second, price, is the power that it has to procure for us one particular object; that is money.

Production is the act by which we confer a particular value upon any object whatever, or by which we give to any object its adaptedness to gratify desire. We can neither create nor annihiliate anything. All that we can do is to modify what already exists.

The modifications which objects need, in order to render them capable of gratifying desire, are various. Sometimes the elements of the substance, sometimes its form, and sometimes its place, require to be changed. Whenever human industry accomplishes any of these results, it is called production; the person who exerts this agency is called a producer, and the substance itself, on which this agency is exerted, is called a product.

In some cases we find the substance, as for instance ore in the mine or stone in the quarry, in its natural state; in others, we receive it from those who have imparted to it one value, and we add to it another. The material which, in either case, we obtain for the purpose of com-

bining it with our own industry, and forming it into a product, is called capital; and, after the labor has been exerted, and the value created, it is called a product.

Thus, the same article may be product to one, and capital to another. Leather is the product of the currier, and the capital of the shoemaker.

The term capital is not applied merely to the material on which industry is to be exerted, but also to all the instruments by which human industry is assisted, as well as to whatever is necessary to the support of that industry.

The mode of every man's industry is decided by his individual tastes and circumstances. It is commonly confined to the creation of one kind of product, inasmuch as it is thus vastly more available. His desires, on the other hand, are as innumerable as the objects created to gratify them.

Hence the necessity of universal and ceaseless exchange. Hence the reason why so large a portion of mankind devote themselves to the business of effecting exchanges. Those who do so are called merchants. Those who are employed in the transportation of wares or merchandise by sea or by land are all engaged in effecting the same object.

In even the very first stages of society it is found that the productive result of human power is greatly increased by union of effort and division of labor. Ten men laboring together will accomplish much more than ten men laboring separately. Especially is this the case where the various parts of a process are divided, and each one performs that part for which he is best adapted. And, as capital accumulates, it is commonly the case that one who owns the capital unites in production with another or others who perform the labor. When the product is realized and the gains are to be divided, some equitable law is to be adopted in the distribution. Dif-

ferent laborers are entitled to different wages; and there are just proportions to be observed between the wages of labor and the wages of capital. The principles of this adjustment are treated of by political economists, under the head of distribution.

Suppose, now, the value to be created, and brought within the reach of him who desires it; he uses it, and in the very act of use its value is destroyed. We exchange labor or money or wheat for fuel: we use the fuel in our fireplaces, and its value is destroyed. We purchase bread; we eat it, and its value ceases forever. This act by which we annihilate any particular value is called consumption. It is exactly the opposite of production.

Sometimes the utility is destroyed, with no other result than merely the gratification of desire. Such is the case with fireworks, shows, and amusements of almost every sort. At other times the value or utility is destroyed, but it reappears in another and much more valuable form. Thus, a side of sole leather is cut up into soles for shoes. Its value as a side of sole leather is destroyed forever; but its value reappears in another form and with an increased exchangeable value. The food which we eat disappears; but its value reappears in reanimated health and vigor, by which we are prepared for subsequent labor. The former is termed unproductive; the latter, productive consumption.

The whole subject of political economy may be divided into four parts:

The First Part treats of Production, or the laws which govern the application of labor to capital in the creation of value.

The Second, or Exchange, treats of the principles which govern men, when they wish, by means of their own labor, to avail themselves of the labor of others.

The Third, or Distribution, treats of the laws by which those who have united in the creation of a product receive, respectively, their portion of the result.

The Fourth, or Consumption, treats of the laws which should govern us in the destruction of value.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is political economy? How is it sometimes defined in a manner not sufficiently comprehensive?
2. What is wealth?
3. What is value?—intrinsic value?—purchasing value?
4. By what standard is the exchangeable value of property estimated?
5. What effect has supply upon exchangeable values?
6. What effect has demand upon exchangeable values?
7. Is the supply generally equal to the demand?
8. What effect has perishableness upon exchangeable value?
9. What effect has the time required for production?
10. How does the author tersely state the law of supply and demand?
11. What is the difference between price and exchangeable value?
12. What is meant by *production?*—by *capital?*
13. What is the necessity for exchange?
14. What is meant by *distribution?*—by *consumption?*
15. Into what four parts is the science of political economy divided?

I.

PRODUCTION.

CAPITAL.

The subject of Production is naturally divided into three parts. 1st. Capital. 2d. Industry. 3d. The principles by which the application of industry to capital are governed.

The word capital is used in two senses.

When used in relation to product, it means any substance on which industry is to be exerted. After that industry has been exerted, it then becomes product. Thus leather is the capital of the shoemaker, and shoes are his product.

When used in relation to industry, however, it has a much wider signification. It then signifies the material on which industry is about to confer value, that on which it has conferred value, and the instruments which are used for the conferring of value, as well as the means of sustenance by which the being is supported whilst he is engaged in performing the operation. The capital of an individual will be found to be composed of all these. The capital of a nation is composed of raw material, of articles ready to be consumed, of buildings, ships, manufactories, and also of the various substances by which human life is prolonged and rendered desirable.

The forms of capital must be as various as the various employments of man.

It is evident that capital derives its value from labor, and that the effect of labor exerted is to produce some change in it. Capital in every industrious country must be always undergoing changes; and it frequently reappears in forms very different from those in which it at first existed. The form, however, is of no consequence if

a superior value be the result. Political Economy, unmindful of the form, looks only at an augmentation either of the amount or of the degree of value.

The material undergoes changes.

The seed and manures of the farmer are changed into vegetables, and these again into the grain of the harvest.

The cotton and wool of the manufacturer are changed into the fabrics which he produces. The wood and nails of the carpenter are changed into houses.

The commodities of the merchant undergo changes. He exports cotton, rice, wheat, or manufactures; and imports calicoes, silks, wine, hardware, etc.

The various kinds of food, clothing, and shelter, necessary for the existence and comfort of the human being, are also changed.

The mature product of every laborer is constantly changing. As soon as he has created a product, he is anxious to dispose of it to some one else, that he may invest its increased value in some other material which he may again, with increased advantage, unite with industry.

Capital is undergoing perpetual changes, and the course of these changes is constantly from a state of less, to a state of greater value; that is, from a state more remotely adapted to the gratification of human desire, to a state less remotely adapted to it; and so soon as it has become precisely adapted to this gratification, its change ceases, and it is consumed in some mode or other.

In all these changes there is a destruction of value. He who changes iron into steel consumes the iron, destroys that particular value, and creates another in its place. He who sows wheat destroys the value of that wheat, for food; and he who spins cotton destroys the value of cotton wool as cotton wool. The amount of difference between the exchangeable value of his original material, together with his labor and the exchangeable value of his product, is his profit. The annual

amount of the profit is his annual gross revenue. The annual amount of profit in a nation, is the gross national revenue.

It matters not in what form capital reappears, if it only reappear in a form bearing greater exchangeable value.

We see in what manner nations and individuals grow rich. It is by uniting the industry of this year to the capital of last year, and, by this process, creating an augmentation of capital. Industry and frugality are the great sources of wealth. Nor is this the less true of nations. Wars, unnecessarily expensive governments, or high taxes of whatever purpose, may keep the most enterprising and industrious nation always poor.

Productive capital is that which, being in any manner united with industry, is in the process of augmentation. Unproductive capital is that which, not being united with industry, remains at the end of the year just the same as it was at the beginning. Money at interest, capital undergoing the various transformations effected by industry, tilled land, and manufactories in operation, are productive capital. Money lying in coffers, materials unsalable, manufactories unoccupied, and land lying waste, are unproductive capital.

When capital is unproductive it may be considered as losing annually its ordinary rate of interest because it must have been purchased with that which would have yielded that interest. Every sound economist is anxious to have the whole of his capital productively invested. He who acts otherwise is ignorant of the principles of production, or is indolent or slovenly.

It is evident that the process of accumulation in all branches of production is the same. It will also appear that where capital is free,—that is, where there are no restrictions upon the use of it,—there can be no great permanent difference in the rate of accumulation between the different modes in which it is employed. If the

profits of one kind of business are above the average rate, other capital will flow into that channel. If the profit in any branch of production be below the ordinary rate, capital will be withdrawn from it. If commerce be unusually lucrative, men will leave other pursuits and devote themselves to commerce until by competition they reduce the profits to the ordinary rate. If commerce be depressed, men will leave it until by the reduction of the supply of commercial facilities the rate of profit is increased. Rates of profit cannot be rendered permanently unequal in any manner other than by oppressive legislation. The differences in profit in the various departments of industry are more apparent than real. When profit is sure it is of course less than when it is uncertain. But how much soever individual cases may differ, it will be found that the average for long periods is very nearly equal.

FIXED AND CIRCULATING CAPITAL.

The capital from which the owners derive profit only by exchanging its form or place, is circulating capital. The wares of the merchant, the products of the manufacturer, the harvests of the farmer, are circulating capital. On the other hand, the instruments which each of these producers uses in performing his various operations are fixed capital. Such are the ships and warehouses of the one, the machines and buildings of the other, and the tools and land of the third.

The amount of fixed capital employed in some branches of industry is much greater than in others. Some mechanical trades require no more fixed capital than a cheap set of tools. Others, as large manufacturing establishments, require a large fixed investment.

There is an obvious tendency in the nature of things to convert circulating into fixed capital. As circulating capital is annually consumed, it must be annually

replaced, or mankind after the first year would all perish. It is replaced by the annual productions of the earth—vegetable, animal, or mineral. But if the industry of man has been successfully exerted, the amount of annual production will be sufficient not only to supply the ordinary wants of the producers, and to repair the waste and wear of fixed capital, but also to leave a surplus unappropriated. As this kind of capital is annual, and as it is also perishable, if it be not used in some way this surplus must be a total loss.

We may easily see the natural course which a nation takes in its progressive accumulation of wealth. Its first productions are circulating or annual capital, the products of the field, of the forest, or of the ocean. Next follows improvement in permanent conveniences, and the construction of instruments for agricultural production; then the exchange of its own products for other circulating capital, or for the annual necessaries of life; and then the exchange for fixed capital of the most necessary kind. Thus the Dutch, on their first settlement in this country, used to import their bricks from Holland. Commerce being thus commenced with an older country, they soon engage in it for themselves, and invest a large portion of their annual surplus in ships. Before manufactures had commenced in this country, previous to the Revolution, the commerce of the Colonies had become already extensive. Thus is prepared the way for the investment of capital in manufactures, which in their proper and natural time must be established. When that time arrives, they will be established, without the aid of legislative enactment, and by the very laws by which accumulation is governed.

We see the reason why the traffic between savage and civilized nations is so greatly in favor of the latter. The latter are enabled to offer in barter what is of inestimable value to the savage, but which the civilized man can

produce with a very small portion of labor. An ax would cost a savage the labor of weeks or of months, while a smith in New England would make it in a few hours. Hence it is not wonderful that the one should be willing to give for it vastly more than it cost the other. And on the other hand the commodities of the savage are of very little value to him, but of high value to the mechanic or artisan. Hence, the gain to him also is great. An Indian who exchanges peltry which is worth in New England fifty or one hundred dollars, for a rifle, powder and bullets, has improved his condition by means of the purchase really more than the gunsmith who has made so exorbitant a profit.

Although this is not the place in which to treat of the functions of money, yet it may be proper here to add a single remark concerning it.

Money forms but a very small part of the capital of any country. Every one may easily judge of this, from his own observation. How very small a portion of any one's possessions is in money. And if this be true of every individual separately, it must be so of all the individuals collectively.

The sole use of money is to facilitate exchanges. It is an instrument for the saving of labor, and for the performing of labor with greater accuracy. Of this any one may convince himself in a moment if he will imagine two cases, in the one of which he was obliged to make several exchanges without money, and the other in which he could make them with it.

Money gains nothing by exchange, but rather loses in value, like every other machinery which is worn out while it accomplishes its object. Hence, it belongs to the class of fixed capital. It is subject to slow wear, which must be replaced out of the circulating capital of the country.

If a country has more money than is sufficient to accomplish its exchanges, it sends it abroad, and receives

back something that it needs more. Such is, permanently, the case in mining countries; and such is, temporarily, the condition of almost every commercial nation.

Industry.

OBJECTS AND FORMS OF HUMAN INDUSTRY.

The changes which may be produced in the substances of nature, may all be reduced to three: change, in the elementary form, in the aggregate form, and in place. To effect one or the other of these, all valuable human labor is directed.

These divisions, in general, correspond with the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial departments of human industry.

It frequently happens that he who labors in one is also obliged to labor in one or both of the others. Thus the farmer who raises a crop is obliged to transport the seed to the field, and frequently to transport his harvest to market.

Each one of these forms of industry is equally important in conferring intrinsic value upon substances; that is, in giving them capacity to gratify human desire.

Hence we see how incorrect is the notion sometimes advanced, that all wealth is the production of one or two, and not of all these forms of human industry. All these changes must be effected in almost every article which we consume, and if either of them were to be suspended, our desires would not be gratified, and the other two must also be discontinued.

These various forms of human industry enter, in different degrees, into the value of different articles of use. For instance, butcher's meat and green vegetables derive almost their whole value from the first kind of labor, as they require very little modification, and will bear but short transportation. On the contrary, salted provisions

may derive a large portion of their value from change of place. Clothing, cutlery, and what are commonly denominated manufactures, derive the greater portion of their value from change in the aggregate form. The original material constitutes, in general, but a small part of their price, and, not being of great bulk, their transportation is not very expensive.

As, however, the human race is scattered over the face of the globe, and as its wants in all latitudes are so nearly the same, while no country affords facilities for supplying more than a very small number of these wants, it is evident that the labor employed in change of place must, in civilized countries, be the most universal, and must enter essentially into the greatest number of commodities.

Thus far in the progress of society, the ingenuity of man has been more successful in devising means for increasing the productiveness of labor in the second and third than in the first kind of human industry. Improved agricultural utensils, a better knowledge of the nature of soils, and of the different kinds of grain and edible vegetables and of manures have added considerably to the quantity of product that can be raised by a given amount of labor. But this increase bears no sort of proportion to that effected by the use of machinery in the case of the cotton manufacture, the use of locomotive and many other forces.

Industry is any form of human exertion employed for the creation of value. This includes exertion, both of body and mind.

The object of industry is to produce change of some sort, since change is necessary either to the creation or to the increase of intrinsic value, and is always necessary to the existence of exchangeable value.

The changes which can be effected in matter are not produced at random, but in obedience to certain laws. If we wish to make a fire it is not every kind of effort

that will do it, but effort exerted in obedience to the laws of combustion. If we wish to raise wheat it is not every kind of labor that will do it, but labor exerted in obedience to the laws of vegetation.

The industry of which man is susceptible is capable of assuming three different forms, namely: industry of discovery or investigation; industry of application or invention; and industry of operation.

Under the first class of laborers are to be comprehended those who discover the laws of nature, and those who make them known to mankind, after they have been discovered.

It is very rarely that a simple law can be of any use without some adjustment by which we may avail ourselves of its advantages. Hence a very important department of human industry is that which teaches us how to make the application of the principle, so as to accomplish a particular purpose.

Under this class may also be comprehended professional labor generally. The lawyer teaches us how to avail ourselves of the laws of that civil society of which we are the members. The physician teaches us how to obey the physiological laws under which we are created, so that we may be relieved from sickness, or preserved in health.

To the third class of human industry belong all those who put forth the physical effort necessary in order to create the values desired. They are the laborers who produce those changes in elementary form, in aggregate form, or in place, of which we have already spoken; and they compose by far the most numerous class of society.

Two of these forms of labor are frequently performed by the same person. For instance, he who discovers a law sometimes also teaches us how to apply it.

All the classes of laborers are necessary to each other. Without a knowledge of the laws of nature, we should all be savages. Without the skill and labor of the mechanic,

there would neither exist the opportunity of acquiring knowledge, nor would our knowledge, if acquired, be of any practical value. Nothing can be more unreasonable than the prejudices which sometimes exist between these different classes of laborers, and nothing can be more beautiful than their harmonious co-operation in every effort to increase production, and thus add to the conveniences and happiness of man.

THE MODES BY WHICH THE PRODUCTIVENESS OF HUMAN INDUSTRY MAY BE INCREASED.

It is obvious that if the capital and the number of laborers be at any one period the same, the annual amount of product created will be as the amount of industry exerted.

When the whole physical power of man is employed upon the capital which he possesses, this may be considered the natural limit of human productiveness.

But it is evident that if by any means we could increase this power tenfold, there would be a tenfold increase of production.

There are many values which are necessary to the happiness and even to the existence of man, which he could not create by his unassisted powers.

Thus we discover the second use of natural agents. They enable him to create values necessary to his existence, which without their aid could never be produced.

It is found that a man, by devoting himself to one particular pursuit, is able to create a vastly greater amount of product in a given time, than if he devoted himself to several pursuits. Hence, if there are ten products to be created, and there are ten men to create them, they will in a day create a vastly greater amount if each one labors entirely upon one than if each one labors upon them all. The product of the whole ten, by such a division of labor, will be greatly augmented.

Hence we see the inconceivable importance of science, and of the labors of those who are devoted to the discovery of the laws of nature, and to the invention of new modes of applying these laws, to the service of man.

THE USE OF NATURAL AGENTS.

A natural agent is any quality or relation of things which can be used for the purpose of assisting us in production. Thus the light and heat of the sun are natural agents. Electricity is a natural agent. Caloric, or artificial heat, is a natural agent.

The various powers and instincts of animals are natural agents, by which we accomplish purposes which could not be accomplished without them.

Wind, the gravitating power of water, and steam, are natural agents.

A tool, or a machine, is any combination of matter, by means of which we are enabled to avail ourselves of the qualities or relations of a natural agent.

A mariner's compass is a tool, by which we avail ourselves of the peculiar quality of the magnetic needle.

A water wheel is a tool, by means of which we avail ourselves of the gravitating power of water.

A steam engine is a tool, by means of which we avail ourselves of the expansive power of steam.

The only difference between a tool and a machine is, that the one is more complicated than the other.

The natural agents connected with the use of momentum may be divided into two classes—those which create momentum, and those which enable us to use it.

1. Of those which create momentum.

This class of agents may be subdivided into two kinds: animate and inanimate.

Animate agents are beasts of draft and burden, generally. The most common of these are the ox, the horse, and the mule; others in use in particular districts are the camel, the elephant, and the dog.

The inanimate agents most commonly in use are the force of explosives, wind, the gravitating power of water, and the expansive power of steam.[1]

Explosives are used in the blasting of rocks, in hunting, and in war.[2]

Wind, as a stationary agent, is an important mechanical power in countries destitute of water power or of the fuel necessary for the production of steam or of the capital which must be invested in the machinery required in the use of more expensive agents. Its principle advantage is its cheapness. It costs nothing to create it, and the machinery by which it is applied is simple and easily constructed.

The disadvantages of wind are its uncertainty, both in quantity and in time, and the difficulty with which it is regulated. In consequence of the irregularity of its force, it is impossible to employ it in labor requiring delicacy of operation; and in consequence of its uncertainty in time, it could not be employed where the labor of many persons was dependent on its assistance.

The gravitating power of water is used only as a stationary agent. Its advantages are that it is cheap, tolerably constant, and frequently is capable of exerting great mechanical force. Its disadvantages are that it is stationary; that is, that it can be used only in situations where it has been created by nature.

The power most commonly in use at present is steam. Its advantages are that it can be used to create any required degree of mechanical force; that it is perfectly under human control; that it may be created in any place where fuel can be obtained; that it can be used at will, either as a stationary, or a locomotive power; and that it can be made to act with perfect regularity. Its chief

[1] To these must be added the power of electricity, so generally employed at the present time for illuminating purposes, for traction, and for the running of light machinery.

[2] The expansive or explosive force of gasoline is now very largely employed in the operation of gas machinery for manufacturing and for the propulsion of automobiles.

disadvantage is its expensiveness. The machinery by which it is generated is costly, and requires frequent repairs; and the fuel by which it is maintained is a very serious item of consumption. The price of engines, however, will be gradually reduced, as the demand for them increases. The advantages of electricity are found to be often greater than those of steam.

The advantages of inanimate over animate natural agents are several. Inanimate agents can, within a small compass, and with comparatively little weight, produce a vastly greater amount of momentum, than animate agents.

They are continuous; that is, they are never liable to fatigue, and never need rest.

Hence, there is great gain in economy.

There is also commonly a gain in personal safety. Inanimate agents act under laws which may be known and obeyed, and of which the results may be commonly foreseen and guarded against.

Inanimate agents can be used without the infliction of pain. Inanimate agents are insensible.

Animate power decreases with velocity. Hence, we must soon arrive at a point, beyond which it can no further be used to create momentum.

Inanimate is rapidly taking the place of animate power, both where stationary and where locomotive force is required. By the additional speed which it is capable of producing, it gives rise to great economy of time.

It is obvious that a great addition is made to human power where the agents for creating momentum have been discovered. But this is not all. There may be formed several combinations of matter by which mere human force may be greatly assisted, and which by being united with the agents for creating momentum may greatly increase, and vary, and give adaptation to, its utility. These are called the mechanical powers, which are treated of at large, in works on mechanics and phys-

ics. In their simple form they are the lever, the wheel and axle, the inclined plane, the screw, the pulley, and the wedge. They are variously combined for producing the different results of mechanics, but may be all reduced to these simple elements.

By means of these the muscular power of man is enabled greatly to increase its effect; that is, a man, by his own strength can accomplish labor which he could not have accomplished without them. Though these instruments give no new strength, yet they greatly increase the effectiveness of that which already exists.

The triumph of human skill is achieved, when these two forms of natural agency are combined in a single machine. By the one we generate power to what extent soever we choose; and by the other we modify it in any form, give to it any application, and direct it to any purpose that our convenience may require.

We are thus enabled to change the direction of the power. Thus in the cylinder of the steam engine the momentum is created in perpendicular or horizontal strokes. This, being changed into a circular motion, by means of an arm and crank, moves the paddle-wheels of a steamboat.

We exchange power for velocity. This is done in all spinning machinery. By water or by steam we cause a large wheel to revolve ten, twenty, or thirty times in a minute, and with a power equal to that which could be produced by fifty or one hundred horses.

We are thus enabled to exert forces too great for animate power. By water power or by steam we can generate as great a force as we please; and we have only to combine with it the proper adjustments in order to exert any momentum which we desire.

We are thus also enabled to execute operations too delicate for human touch.

By means of machinery we are enabled to accumulate power. We thus exchange a continuous and small

force for a sudden and violent one. Such is the case with the pile-driver and the common beetle or mallet when used in combination with the wedge.

By the same means we are enabled to exchange a short and irregular effort for a continuous and regular movement, or to spread the action of a short, over a long period of time. This is done in clocks, watches and other similar machinery. Here we spread the action of a minute over a day or a week, and with almost mathematical accuracy.

QUESTIONS.

1. In what two senses is *capital* used? How various are its forms? From what does it derive its value?
2. How does capital change? Illustrate. What is the object of the change?
3. What are the great sources of wealth? What is productive capital?
4. What is fixed capital?—circulating capital? What is the tendency of circulating capital?
5. Why is the traffic between savage and civilized peoples so greatly in favor of the latter?
6. Does money form a large part of the capital of any people?
7. Is money fixed capital, or circulating capital? Why?
8. How many are the changes produced in the natural substances? What are they? Is all wealth the product of one or two of these?
9. What is industry? What is its object? How many primary forms does it possess?
10. Are all the classes of laborers necessary to each other?
11. Of what advantage is it for a man to follow a single pursuit?

12. What is a natural agent? Name five.

13. What is the difference between a tool and an engine?

14. What are the advantages and disadvantages of wind as a motive power?—of water?

15. What are the advantages and disadvantages of steam?

16. What are the advantages of inanimate over animate agents as a motive power?

17. What are the mechanical powers? Name them.

18. To what may power be changed, in accordance with the laws governing the mechanical powers?

DIVISION OF LABOR.

Supposing that the agents of nature, and also their mode of application are known, and that a given number of men are about to perform an operation, they may make such arrangements among themselves as will in a given time, and with a given expenditure of labor, enable them to accomplish a vastly greater result than could be accomplished without such arrangements. The mode in which this is effected is *by division of labor.*

It is only the savage that combines in his own person, in all their departments, the character of philosopher, inventor, and operator. He approximates to the civilized state only in so far as he begins to confine himself to some periods of civilization that division of labor is carried to its ultimate limits.

The different parts of a single operation may be analyzed, and to each part the whole labor of a single individual may be confined. Thus the labor of making a pin may be divided into wire drawing, wire straightening, pointing, heading, tinning, etc. In political economy, labor is said to be divided just in so far as these several processes are assigned to separate operators. It is found by experience that such an arrangement in-

creases the productiveness of human labor to an extent, which, to a person who had not examined the facts, would appear wholly incredible.

Division of labor shortens the period required for learning an operation. The more complicated the operation, the longer is the time necessary for acquiring the skill requisite to the performing of it successfully.

Every one, in learning an art, must by unskillfulness destroy a considerable portion of capital. And this amount of capital will be in proportion to the number of operations which he is obliged to learn.

When one man performs all the operations required in a complicated process, much time is lost in passing from one operation to another. By division of labor, this loss is avoided.

The effect of habit is known to every one. It renders any operation easy, which is frequently repeated. He who is in the habit of performing an operation, can perform it, without sensible fatigue, for hours together.

Where complicated tools are to be used, and there is no division of labor, much time is also lost in adjusting them to the different kinds of work. By division of labor, this disadvantage is obviated.

By constantly pursuing the same occupation, a degree of skill and dexterity is acquired, which greatly increases the productiveness of human labor. This advantage is lost, by employing the same individual upon several operations. Adam Smith informs us, that a blacksmith, who occasionally makes nails, but whose whole business is not that of a nail-maker, can make but from eight hundred to one thousand nails a day; whilst a lad, who has never exercised any other trade, can make upwards of twenty-three hundred a day.

Division of labor suggests the contrivance of tools for the performance of the operation in which it is employed.

The more completely any process is analyzed, the

simpler must become the individual operations of which it is composed. And the simpler any operation is, the easier is it to contrive a tool or an adjustment by which it may be performed. Adam Smith informs us, that in the first steam engines boys were constantly employed to open a communication between the boiler and cylinder according as the piston ascended or descended. One of these boys observed that, by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to play with his fellows. One of the most important improvements of this machine was thus, by division of labor, brought within the capacity of a playful boy.

This is the first step in invention. But this is not all. After these several single instruments have been invented, the next step is to combine them. This is the most finished effort of mechanical genius. This is the principal difference between a tool and a machine. A tool performs one single operation; a machine combines several tools together, and accomplishes either the whole, or a considerable part, of a complicated process.

By division of labor, a manufacturer is enabled to employ, upon each operation, precisely the labor adapted to it, and is obliged to pay for each portion of the labor no more than it is actually worth. This must greatly diminish the cost of production.

Nor are the benefits of the division of labor confined to mechanical processes. Their results have been equally interesting in those cases where the principle has been applied to intellectual labor.

Thus the productiveness of human labor may be increased: 1st, By discovering the various agents of nature. 2d, By applying these agents to the service of man; 3d, By so arranging and adjusting human industry that the labor necessary to be employed, may operate

with the greatest possible advantage. In one or other of these methods, must every improvement in the physical condition of mankind operate. And, civilization advances just in proportion as all of them combined are brought to bear upon the work of production; that is, of creation of objects of desire, in other words, of means for human happiness.

THE LIMITATIONS TO THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

Every process can be analyzed into its ultimate elements; that is, into the various simple processes of which it is composed. But when we have reduced it to its simple operations, we can now proceed no further. Hence, here is our necessary limit; for it is no division of labor to employ to men to perform precisely the same operation. Hence, an establishment which carries division to this limit will be able to undersell another which does not carry it to the same degree of perfection. And hence, in establishing a manufactory, it is important so to adjust the number and kind of workmen that when the different operations of a process have been assigned to different persons, these persons may be in such proportions as exactly and fully to employ each other.

Division of labor may be limited by other causes. These are capital and demand.

Division of labor in manufactures cannot be carried or unless the proprietor has sufficient capital to employ at the same time all the persons necessary to such a division, and to keep them so employed until the proceeds of their work enable him to furnish them again with fresh material.

Division of labor is controlled by the demand for the article produced. Suppose that, in a given district, there is a demand for one hundred pounds of nails per day, and that these can be made by two men. If three men could, by division of labor, make two hundred pounds

per day, there would be but small gain, either to the workmen or to the public; because these men would of course lie idle half of their time, and for this time they must be paid, as well as for the time in which they were employed.

But this demand must depend upon several circumstances. The most important of these are the following:

1. The number of the consumers. When the number of inhabitants is small, as in a newly settled country, or in an isolated situation, the demand must, of course, correspond to their number.

2. By the wealth of the inhabitants. Demand does not signify simple desire for an article, but desire for it, combined with the ability and willingness to give for it what will remunerate the producer. Hence, the greater the ability, in a given population, to remunerate the producer, the greater will be the demand.

3. By the cost of the article. The greater the cost of a product, the smaller will be the number of persons who are able to purchase it. Hence, the less will be the demand; and hence, also, the less opportunity will there be for division of labor Hence it is, that division of labor is but sparingly used in the manufacture of rich jewelry, and in articles of expensive luxury; while it is so universally used in the production of all articles of common use.

4. By facilities of transportation. The cost of an article depends not only on the cost of its original production, but also upon the cost necessary to bring it to the consumer.

THE EFFECT OF INCREASED PRODUCTIVENESS OF HUMAN LABOR.

The result of increased productiveness of human industry is, with the same labor, increased product, value, or means of gratifying human desire. That is, in

general, increased productiveness is equivalent to increased means of human happiness.

The effects of natural agents upon producers are either immediate, or ultimate.

It is said that every improvement in machinery enables the work to be done by fewer laborers, and hence many persons are thrown out of employment; and that every change in the manner of labor deprives many persons of the use of that skill which is their whole means of subsistence.

So far as change in the manner of labor is concerned, but little need be said, as this is but a temporary inconvenience. If a new kind of work is to be done, some person must learn to do it, and must be paid for learning. If a man do not choose to learn it, although he would be paid for learning it, and be supported by his labor after he has learned it, it is his own fault. He may quarrel with his own obstinacy, but he has nothing else to blame. Nor is the simple change of employment a peculiar hardship. Few men pass through life without at some time or other materially modifying their mode of employment from choice, instead of from necessity.

The main difficulty which is supposed to result from the use of improved methods of production is that they employ a less number of laborers, and, hence, that many laborers are thrown out of employment.

What is the testimony of facts in this case? Improvements in machinery have been going on ever since the creation. Has the demand for labor diminished? Improvements have been made in particular districts. Have the laborers been by these means driven away? Are not these the very districts to which they inevitably resort for employment?

Aside from this, let us examine the assertion that some laborers are thrown out of employment. Let us first endeavor to ascertain how great the evil is.

1. It is not universal. The improved mode of labor

always requires some labor, and a portion of those formerly employed must still find employment. To these there results no other disadvantage than that of a change in the mode of employment; but with the ameliorating circumstances of higher wages and less fatiguing labor.

2. It is by necessity gradual. Improvements in machinery are made by slow degrees. Although the total change may show a greatly increased productiveness of labor, yet no one single change is often of itself great enough to produce a great change in the demand for laborers. Let the change be ever so great, it cannot be introduced at once over a whole nation. Its effects will be, at first, to reduce the wages of those engaged in the former methods of manufacturing. The consequence will be, that no new laborers will learn the trade. This will tend to keep up the wages of those who remain in it. Lastly, if a new instrument is to be employed, there must be an additional number of men employed to manufacture it. This will require an additional number of laborers, who must be withdrawn from other employments. This will tend to raise the price of labor, and either to furnish employment for those who wish to leave the former occupation, or else to keep up their wages while they remain in it.

3. The infelicity here spoken of is no other than that which belongs to the tenure of all property whatsoever. Skill and labor, as well as capital, are always liable in the revolutions of society to depreciate in value, or even to become worthless.

Let us, however, proceed to consider the ultimate effects of increased productiveness upon producers.

1. The producer shares with the rest of the community in the benefit derived from increased productiveness.

2. From this increased productiveness there must be throughout the whole community an increased demand for labor. And hence, by just so much as increased pro-

ductiveness of labor increases the amount of capital, must it also tend to raise the price of labor throughout a whole country. That is to say, the obvious tendency of the use of natural agents is, to increase the wages of laborers in general.

3. The tendency of the use of machinery is to increase the wages of laborers in that very department of industry in which they are employed. The reason for this is obvious. Reduction of price produces an additional demand, more than sufficient to compensate for the diminished amount of labor necessary for the creation of the particular product.

If the demand be precisely doubled, there will be wanted just as many laborers as before; so that their condition will be in no manner altered except by change of labor, with its correspondent advantages, and the gradual rise of wages. And it is evident that every degree of increase of demand beyond what is sufficient to produce this equilibrium must be for the benefit of those engaged in this sort of labor.

But it is evident, for several reasons, that the reduction of price one-half, must more than double the demand.

It will be seen that the introduction of machinery reduces the price of articles of consumption; that is, renders the wages of the operative, whatever they may be, of more value.

By the more rapid multiplication of capital, it produces a greater demand for labor in general—that is, it makes the wages of all labor greater; and

Its tendency is to create an increased demand for labor; that is, to produce a rise of wages in that department of industry, into which natural agents are specially introduced. It does this according to the degree in which they are introduced.

The effects of increased productiveness upon consumers may be easily explained, on the principles already illustrated.

INDUSTRY WILL BE APPLIED TO CAPITAL AS EVERY MAN ENJOYS THE ADVANTAGES OF HIS LABOR AND CAPITAL.

In order that every man may enjoy in the greatest degree the advantages of his labor, it is necessary, provided he do not violate the rights of his neighbor, that he be allowed to gain all that he can, and that he be allowed to use it as he will.

It is necessary that the arrangements of society be so constructed that every man shall be able to render his labor in the highest degree available to himself. This will require

That property be divided. When property is held in common, every individual of the society to which it belongs has an equal, but undivided and undetermined, right to his portion of the revenue. Hence every one is at liberty to take what he will, and as much as he will, and to labor as much or as little as he pleases. Under such an arrangement there is no connection between labor and the rewards of labor.

Hence we see the reason why property held in common is so generally prejudiced to the best interests of a society.

Moral Philosophy teaches us that the right of property may be violated by the individual or by society. It is violated by the individual by cheating, stealing, robbery, and violation of contracts. Just as these crimes prevail, production languishes, industry diminishes, and the richest soil fails to support its few and impoverished inhabitants. Such was the case in Europe during the feudal oppression. There was no encouragement to labor, because no one knew whether he or a baronial tyrant would reap the fruit of his industry.

Hence we see the economical importance of all means which shall prevent the individual violation of the right of property. These means are two:

1. The first is the inculcation of those moral and reli-

gious principles which teach men to respect the rights of others as their own.

2. Inasmuch as all men are not influenced in their conduct by moral and religious principles; it is necessary that aggression be somehow prevented, and violations of property, so far as possible, redressed.

But the right of property may be violated by society. It sometimes happens that society, or government, which is its agent, though it may prevent the infliction of wrong by individuals upon individuals, is itself by no means averse to inflicting wrong or violating the right of individuals.

Of all the destructve agencies which can be brought to bear upon production, by far the most fatal is public oppression. It drinks up the spirit of a people, by inflicting wrong through means of an agency created for the sole purpose of preventing wrong; and intended to be the ultimate and faithful refuge of the friendless.

Hence we see the importance to the industry of a country, of a constitution which guarantees immunity not only from private, but also from public oppression.

It may be said that men, if left to themselves, will be liable to invest their capital unwisely. Granted. Man is not omniscient, and therefore this liability cannot be avoided. The question therefore is, how shall it be rendered as small as possible? Will a man, who reaps the benefit of success and suffers the evils of failure, be less likely to judge correctly, than he whose faculties are quickened by no such responsibility? Nor is this all. Legislators who generally assume the labor of directing the manner in which our labor or capital shall be employed are in no manner peculiarly qualified for this task; they are in many respects peculiarly disqualified for it.

Besides, every man feels, instinctively, that he has a right to use his capital and his industry as he pleases,

provided he interfere not with the rights of another, and that to restrict him in this use is injustice.

We see the impolicy of several forms of legislative interference in relation to this subject.

A monopoly is an exclusive right granted to a man or to a company of men to employ their labor or capital in some particular manner.

The tendency of this system may be easily seen; for, were all the modes of employing capital thus restricted, the additional capital that might be accumulated would be utterly worthless.

These remarks, of course, do not apply to patent-right and copyright, which are a species of monopoly. They, however, differ from that which we have described, in that they leave the consumer at option to use the invention or not, as he chooses.

We see the impolicy of obliging an individual, or a class of individuals, to engage in any labor, or to make any investment, contrary to their wishes. Thus, we are told that during the French revolution some individuals were punished capitally for raising cattle, instead of wheat. Men may call this legislation, but the true name for it is robbery.

Another form of injury under this class is seen in the restrictions upon industry formerly, if not now, existing in many of the countries of Europe. By these regulations artisans were prohibited the exercise of more than one trade; they were not allowed to exercise that trade unless they had served a prescribed apprenticeship, nor unless they joined a particular trade-society, and bound themselves to comply with certain restrictions, as for instance to sell at particular prices, and never to employ beyond a certain number of apprentices. The result of all this oppression is most iniquitous.

The same effect is partially produced by any mode of legislation by which, in consequence of favor shown to one party, which of course another party must pay for,

men are obliged to exchange an employment which they prefer, and for which they have peculiar facilities, for another which they do not prefer, and for which they have not the same facilities.

Hence we also see the impolicy of laws regulating consumption. Such are sumptuary laws, or those which limit the degree of expensiveness in our dress, clothing or equipage. These were formerly common in Europe. Such also are laws which forbid or restrict the expenditure of money for the purposes of benevolence, religion, or anything of this sort.

INDUSTRY WILL BE APPLIED TO CAPITAL IN PROPORTION AS EVERY MAN SUFFERS THE INCONVENIENCES OF IDLENESS.

When property is perfectly divided, and everything is owned by someone, and everyone knows what is his own, nothing is left in common.

But suppose property to be universally divided. A man may possess himself, either dishonestly or by begging, of the property for which he has not labored. The dishonest acquisition of property, as by cheating, stealing, or robbery, will be prevented by the strict and impartial administration of just and equitable laws.

Men may be relieved from the necessity of labor, by charity. I do not here refer to the sick, the infirm, the aged, the helpless, the widow, the fatherless, and the orphan. I speak only of provisions for the support of the poor, simply because he is poor, and of provision to supply his wants without requiring the previous exertion of his labor. Of this kind are poor laws, as they are established in England, and in some parts of our own country.

They are at variance with the fundamental law of government, that he who is able to labor shall enjoy only that for which he has labored.

They remove from men the fear of want, one of the most natural and universal stimulants to labor.

By teaching a man to depend upon others, rather than upon himself, they destroy the healthful feeling of independence.

Hence such a system must tend greatly to increase the number of paupers.

They are, in principle, destructive to the right of property, because they must proceed upon the concession that the rich are under obligation to support the poor.

Hence they tend to insubordination. For if the rich are under obligation to support the poor, why not to support them better; nay, why not to support them as well as themselves?

If this be so, we see, that

1. [Productive] Property should be universally appropriated, so that nothing is left in common.

2. The right of property should be perfectly protected, both against individual and social spoliation.

3. There should be no common funds for the support of those who are not willing to labor.

4. If a man be reduced by indolence or prodigality to such extreme penury that he is in danger of perishing, he should be relieved through the medium of labor; that is, that he should be furnished with work, and be remunerated with the proceeds.

5. Those who are enabled only in part to earn their subsistence should be provided for to the amount of that deficiency only.

For the same reason, penitentiaries and State prisons should always be places of assiduous and productive labor.

THE GREATER THE RATIO OF CAPITAL TO LABOR, THE GREATER WILL BE THE STIMULUS TO LABOR.

Capital is useless—that is, will yield no revenue—unless it be united with labor.

I have said above that the stimulus to labor is in proportion to the wages of labor. This will be true only of those cases where the facilities of gratifying desire are equal.

In a newly settled country of great fertility wages are high, because a vast amount of land is open for cultivation, and a proprietor can afford to give a high price for labor. Industry is not active in proportion to the rate of wages, because the desires which can be gratified in a new country are few, and a man can procure all that is procurable with a less amount of labor than he is able to exert. Hence the reason why men labor so intensely in prosperous seasons, in large cities.

The accumulation of capital is more for the advantage of the laborer than of the capitalist.

The accumulation of capital in any nation does not depend simply upon its annual production, but upon the proportion that its annual production bears to its annual expenditure.

Every mode of unnecessary expenditure, whether individual or national, by diminishing the annual accumulation of capital, tends directly to lower the rate of wages, and thus to injure the condition of the laboring classes.

Intellectual cultivation excites a people to exertion. Ignorant men are indolent because they know not the results that may be accomplished nor the benefits that may be secured by industry.

Intellectual cultivation directs to a profitable end the industry which it has previously excited.

Improvement in knowledge, in order to be in any signal degree beneficial, must be universal. A single individual can derive but little advantage from his knowledge and industry if he be surrounded by a community both ignorant and indolent.

The efforts of a government may be usefully directed in this respect to the increase and the dissemination of knowledge.

The increase of knowledge may be pronounced in several ways:

1. By the establishment of colleges, universities, and other seminaries of learning.

2. By rewarding those who have been successful in the advancement of science.

This may be done, first, directly, as by bestowing premiums, rewards, grants of money, etc., to those who have made discoveries of pre-eminent utility; indirectly, by granting to those who labor in science or invention, the right to derive advantage from their discoveries or inventions. This is done by laws of copy and patent right.

A government may improve the intellectual character of a people, by the dissemination of knowledge. This will be done, so far as provision is made, for the universal instruction of a people in the elements of a common education.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by division of labor? How does it increase production?

2. What is the limit of the division of labor?

3. How may the division of labor be modified by capital?—by demand?

4. Mention some of the circumstances by which demand is affected.

5. What is the immediate effect of improvement in machinery, so far as the laborer is concerned?

6. What is the ultimate effect?

7. What two things are requisite, in order that every man may enjoy in the fullest degree the advantages of his labor?

8. How may the right of property be violated by society?

9. How is the impolicy of governmental interference with labor shown?

10. What is said of the impolicy of sumptuary laws?

11. What are the evils of the public support of men who will not labor?

12. Why, in the author's opinion, should there be no unappropriated productive property?

13. What provision should be made for the indigent?

14. What is caused by an increased application of capital to labor?

15. Upon what does the accumulation of capital by a nation depend?

16. What is the influence of intellectual cultivation upon industry?

17. How may the government promote the increase of knowledge?

18. How may the government promote the diffusion of knowledge?

PROTECTIVE DUTIES.

I have thus far said nothing upon the effect of legislative enactments, by means of bounties and protective duties, as a means of increasing production. The reason is that I have not yet been able to discover in what manner they produce this effect. Nevertheless, since many persons suppose them to be of great importance, it might seem that a discussion of this subject was incomplete if they were passed over in silence. I shall devote this section to a consideration of their effects.

Of discriminating, or, as they are frequently called, protective duties:

1. Duties of this sort are to be considered apart from duties levied for the support of government, because they are either not necessary for this purpose, or else they are levied for a different object.

2. If such a duty have any effect upon the productiveness of a nation, it must be in one of these ways: It must either (first) increase the capital of a country, or

(second) increase its number of laborers, or (third) create a greater stimulus to labor.

3. I think it evident that legislation of this sort cannot increase the capital of a country. The capital of a country at any moment is its present amount of anuual and fixed capital. A law cannot create capital. If it could there would be no necessity for any other labor than of legislation; and in order to grow rich, a nation would have nothing to do but meet in public assembly and spend its whole time in making and hearing speeches and enacting laws. I believe, however, that this mode of growing rich has never been found remarkably successful.

If it be said that in this manner we shall attract foreign capital to our own country I answer: This depends not upon legislation, but upon the rate of interest, and the security of property. If these conditions be more favorable here than in another country, capital will flow hither. If they be more favorable in another country than here, it will flow thither. The system of Great Britain has been exclusive, but capital did not go from this country to be invested there.

4. Legislation of this kind cannot increase the actual number of laborers. The number of laborers is as the number of inhabitants. Legislation has never been supposed to have any power to create men.

It may be said we may thus induce laborers to come from other countries. To this it may be answered: this will depend upon the wages of labor.

5. If discriminating duties produce any effect upon production, it must be by stimulating industry; that is, while the amount of capital and the number of laborers remain the same, by stimulating men to labor more, and thus to create a greater amount of production than they would under other circumstances.

The productiveness of labor is not by this operation increased.

It is evident that government possesses nothing. All that it possesses is precisely so much taken from the annual revenue of individuals.

If this be the fact, inasmuch as what is added to the productiveness of the industry of the one class is taken from the productiveness of the industry of the other class, it would seem that what the one gained the other lost; and hence, that there could be no increased stimulus to industry on the whole, since, by as much as the one is stimulated, the other is depressed.

As the price of the article is increased, the demand for it is diminished. There will therefore be less of the article made, because less of it is wanted. By all this diminution is the demand for labor diminished; the price of labor must fall, and the stimulus to labor be, by so much decreased.

The system of discriminating duties proceeds upon the principle that the more of our own labor we employ upon a product, the greater is the encouragement to our own industry. This is the reason why we are advised to do our own labor and manufacture our own goods, instead of allowing other nations to manufacture them for us. We have no disposition, at present, to deny this assertion, and are willing by it to test the system in question. In the one case we import cloth for five dollars a yard, and in the other we make it for ten dollars a yard. When we make it for ten dollars we employ only the labor necessary for making it. When we import it we employ, first, the labor necessary in making the articles which we send abroad, with which we purchase it; and, secondly, the labor necessary to transport those articles to a foreign port; and, thirdly, the labor necessary to transport the cloth here, together with the labor necessary for the construction of shipping, for the two voyages. Now it is manifest that our labor makes up a much larger portion of the price of the imported cloth than of that which is made at home. By all this differ-

ence, therefore, the imported cloth creates a larger demand for domestic industry.

What is the tendency of a system of this kind? So far as the manufacturer is concerned, it cannot increase his profit beyond the average profits of every other employment; for if competition be allowed, capital and labor will flow into it, whatever may be its advantages, until its profits fall to the general level.

The rise of prices must follow a protecting duty, for this is its very object. Its object is to raise the price of some particular product, so that it may be created where it could not be created before. If it produce no rise of prices it is useless. A rise of prices raises the cost of production, and by its whole effect must raise the price of every product which we create. By this whole effect, therefore, is our foreign market injured.

By such a system the course of industry and of capital in a nation must be greatly changed. Thus when an article is imported, one class of producers must labor to create the article which we exchange for it; another class must build ships to transport it; and another class must carry on the transportation. By a discriminating duty all these classes must, either in whole or in part, be thrown out of employment, and this capital be either reduced in value, or rendered wholly useless. This is a serious injury, both to the capitalist and to the laborer. The property of the one and the skill of the other are rendered useless, and by so much is it a total loss to the country. It may be said let them seek other employments. True; they must do this or starve. But this renders it not the less true that there has been so much loss. If a man's house be burned down it is easy to say to him, move into another house; but this does not alter the fact that his house has been burned down, and that he has suffered loss to precisely this amount.

But suppose he turns to the other employment. It has been shown that the average of profit in this employ-

ment cannot be higher than the average of profit was in the employment which he left.

Of bounties. The principle of bounties is the same as that of discriminating duties.

The principal reasons urged above apply to bounties. They are, however, less objectionable, for several reasons:

1. The price of the article is not visibly raised, and the consumption, therefore, on this account is not so much diminished.

2. The encouragement given, in this manner, is cheaper; that is, we pay only for what is made, while by discriminating duties we pay the same, whether anything is made or not.

I have thus far considered this subject solely in respect to its connection with economy; that is, as it is favorable or unfavorable to production. It is, however, obvious, that an entirely distinct argument might be constructed on another—that is, a moral ground.

But, as these are questions of right and belong rather to Moral Philosophy than to Political Economy, we shall not in this place discuss them any further.

But in opposition to what has been offered several objections have been urged. It may be proper to notice here some of those which are most commonly advanced.

The foregoing argument is made to turn upon production alone, and proceeds upon the supposition that the prosperity of a nation depends upon the abundance of the productiveness of its industry more than upon anything else. To meet this view of the case it has been said that production is a matter of no consequence to a nation's prosperity, and that in order to make a nation rich, happy and powerful, all that is necessary is to encourage and stimulate consumption.

1. To this it may be answered that this assertion leaves the argument untouched, so far as production is concerned; that is, it does not deny that the effects of

discriminating duties upon production are such as we have shown.

2. If a man assert that the wealth of a nation is the result of its consumption, and not of its production, he must also assert that the hand of the prodigal, and not that of the diligent, maketh rich; that industry and frugality are the sources not of wealth, but of poverty; that fire and sword, devastation and murder are national blessings; that we ought to pay other nations, instead of their paying us, for spoliations of property; that incendiaries should be rewarded, instead of being hanged; and that the way to render a city rich, happy and prosperous, is to reduce it to ashes.

It has also been urged that the only method of rendering products cheap is to encourage competition; that competition is the great source of increased productiveness of labor, and that to excite competition among our own manufacturers by means of higher duties is the only sure method by which to cause any article of necessity to be produced at the lowest possible rate.

To this objection we reply that the principle assumed is erroneous, and that the reasoning from it is self-destructive.

The principle assumed is erroneous. Although free competition is necessary to reduce prices to their natural rate, yet beyond this, competition within long periods can have no effect whatever. The price of every article is determined by the cost of its production; that is, by the labor and capital necessary to produce it. Its price can be reduced in no other manner than by reducing this cost. If the materials can be furnished cheaper, and it can be produced by less labor, its price will fall; but it can fall from no other cause. If it be a monopolized article the producer may, over and above a fair remuneration for his expenses, demand an excessive profit. If there be a free competition his profits will be reduced to the general average of other capital and labor. A

competition which obliged a producer to sell for less than cost would, of course, ruin him, and would be a loss to the community. Such is the case in times of manufacturing depression, when the producer is obliged to sell at a loss. These are surely not times of prosperity. The result of such competition is to drive a portion of the producers out of employment; a less amount of the product is created, competition is diminished, prices rise to their natural level, and the whole effect of competition is at an end. If, then, when there is no monopoly, competition, be it ever so great, can reduce the price of no article permanently below the cost and charges of its production; and that by this cost its prices will always be determined, be the competition whatever it may; it is evident that the only way in which the price of anything can be really reduced must be by diminishing the price of the material and labor employed in creating it; that is, by rendering everything as cheap as possible. And it is also evident that by raising the price of articles of consumption—that is, of the articles of living—we shall raise the price of whatever is produced, let the competition be ever so great.

The argument drawn from the assertion is self-destructive. If it be the fact that competition is the great and proper cause of reduction of price, then the wider competition the greater will be the reduction of price. If this be so we should not only open our ports to every nation, but should abolish import duties altogether, even for the sake of raising a revenue, and should sustain the expenses of civil government altogether by direct taxation.

I think, therefore, that the system of discriminating duties cannot be defended on the ground that they, by competition, tend to reduce prices.

Again: It is asked, is it not better to labor for ourselves, than to have others labor for us?

I answer, undoubtedly. We must labor for ourselves, unless we mean to live either by begging or by stealing.

Whatever either a man or a nation possesses, except by robbery or begging, must be the production of their own labor. The question then is, whether it is better for us to receive a greater, or to receive a less result from our labor.

But it is said, although we may be obliged at first to procure manufactures at a higher price, yet having once introduced them they will in the end become cheaper than before; and thus our ultimate benefit will more than repay our temporary loss.

It is evident that the investment in fixed capital will be, first, in those instruments themselves necessary for the direct increase of annual production, as plows, fences, houses, barns, etc.; and, secondly, in the machinery necessary to the creation of these, and of the productions for annual consumption; that is, it will be in manufacturing establishments. But inasmuch as the capital of a country is at first small, a nation will at first invest its annual surplus in those manufactures which require the least capital, and of which the price is most enhanced by transportation. As capital increased it would be able to make larger investments of fixed capital. Manufactures, which it would have been impossible for it to conduct profitably in its tenth year, it may conduct profitably in its fiftieth year; and what it could not conduct profitably in its fiftieth year, it may very profitably conduct in its one hundredth year. And the reason of this variation is twofold. In the one case, it did not, and in the other case it did, possess the capital necessary for the investment in this particular branch of manufactures; and, in the second place, though it possessed the requisite capital, that capital could not be taken from the employments in which it was at present engaged, and invested in anything else, without a loss; that is, a diminution of profit. As soon, however, as the most necessary investments have

been made, their annual product will enable the nation to commence something else. By the multiplication of capital, interest is diminished, and a nation is gradually enabled to produce for herself everything for which she has the natural facilities.

Now, suppose that the system of discriminating duties left the prices and means of accumulation unaffected. In this case the period of profitably producing the article in question would arrive, at the same time as if no such system had been adopted.

That a discriminating duty does not increase productiveness, but that, on the contrary, it diminishes it, has, I think, been already shown. By just so much as it diminishes productiveness, and of course diminishes annual capital, by so much it postpones the period, at which the manufacture in question can be profitably established. Hence, the state of the case is this: In the present condition of capital and labor, the manufacture of a particular product is unprofitable. In order to produce it now, instead of producing at a later period, we diminish the productiveness of all other labor. And the only effect of this imposition which we have laid upon ourselves is, instead of hastening the period of its profitable establishment, to postpone it to a still more distant period.

For these reasons, I do not believe that the direct efforts of government are to be numbered among the means for encouraging the application of labor to capital. Their good effect, if it exist, must therefore be sought, not in their effect upon production, but upon something else.

HOW A GOVERNMENT CAN PROMOTE THE INDUSTRY OF THE PEOPLE.

Can a government do nothing to promote the industry of a people, and to increase the amount of their production? It can do much.

1. It can enact wise, wholesome, and equitable laws,

and thus protect the individual in the exercise of his right of person and property.

2. It can do much to accomplish the universal diffusion of the means of knowledge, by the promotion of education among all classes of people.

3. It can do much for the promotion and extension of science, by fostering seminaries of learning.

4. It can originate that knowledge, which must otherwise be obtained at great individual expense. As,

1. By experimental farms, of which the results should be accurately registered, and published to the whole community.

2. By experimental manufactures, which might show, from time to time, what branches of manufacture could profitably be introduced into a country, and how they might be most successfully conducted.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the difference between a tariff for revenue and a protective tariff?

2. What are the three ways in which productiveness may be affected, if at all, by a protective tariff?

3. Can such a tariff increase the country's capital? Give reasons.

4. Can such a tariff stimulate industry? Give reasons.

5. Are the manufacturer's profits apt to be greatly increased by a protective tariff? Give reasons.

6. What effect has a protective tariff upon foreign markets?

7. Is a system of bounties for manufacturers better or worse than that of a protective tariff? Give reasons.

8. Is any moral question involved in a protective tariff?

9. What is the first objection made to the author's argument concerning a protective tariff?

10. How does the author reply to the objector? Beyond what point is competition without effect? How is the objector's argument self-destructive?

11. What is the second objection? How is it answered?

12. What is the third objection? How is it answered?

13. In your opinion are the objections fully met?

14. Can the government wisely legislate to promote industry? If so, in what way?

II.

EXCHANGE.

Exchange is a transaction in which two individuals mutually and voluntarily transfer to each other the right of property, to a given amount, either in capital or labor.

This transfer must be both mutual and voluntary by both parties, or else it is robbery by the one party. Exchange is of three kinds, viz.:

Barter in general, or exchange in kind.

Exchange by means of a metallic currency.

Exchange by means of a paper currency.

Human labor of some kind is necessary to production; that is, to the creation of whatever has the power of gratifying human desire. Hence without labor no desire would be gratified; that is, the race would speedily perish. The law of our being, imposed upon every individual, enacts that by the sweat of our face we shall eat our bread.

But we are taught by moral philosophy that by labor exerted upon any substance in such manner as to give it value, we establish over that value, either in whole or in part, the right of property.

From the very conditions of our being, that the very act of creating a value appropriates it to a possessor.

Different men are constituted with different aptitudes for different pursuits, and with different dispositions towards those pursuits. One man is adapted to investigate, and another to apply to practice, the laws of nature, and another to perform the operation by which those laws are made to create value. And these aptitudes are still further subdivided.

Hence, a great public as well as private advantage, arises from every one's devoting himself to that occu-

pation which he prefers, and for which he is specially fitted.

Were this all, though every man created his own particular value with the greatest possible success, yet each man would possess but one value. The wheat grower would have nothing but granaries full of wheat; the carpenter, nothing but ranges of houses; the stone-cutter, nothing but piles of stone; and the shoemaker, nothing but thousands of shoes. But while there exists in every man, both the aptitude and the disposition for the creation of a particular value, there exists equally in every man, a desire to enjoy every value that can be created. Civilization and social happiness advance, just in proportion as the greatest number of the desires of man are gratified, in conformity with the laws of the Creator.

Man is created with the aptitude and the desire for the creation of one product, but with the desire for the enjoyment of a thousand products. He is intended to produce one thing, and to hold this thing produced by the right of property, while at the same time, every man is intended to require, for the gratification of his desires, a thousand things. It is the existence of these contrary indications in his nature that creates the necessity for exchange. The right to use his product as he pleases is also the right to transfer it to whomsoever he pleases, and for whatever he pleases.

The necessity for exchange as truly enters into the conditions of our being as that for production. Without exchange there could be no division of labor, and only the smallest possible amount of production. Without exchange, there would rarely be any stimulus to labor; for labor could add but little to our means of gratification, beyond the most absolute necessaries of life.

I have spoken merely of exchange between the individuals of the same society. I think it evident, however,

that the same principles apply with equal force to the exchanges between different societies.

The aptitudes of different nations for the creating of different products has in many cases been fixed by unchangeable geographical and physiological laws. Cotton, coffee, spices, dye-stuffs, sugar, rice, and many of the most valuable fruits and medicines, can be cultivated only in southern latitudes. Wool, wheat, and breadstuffs generally, flax, and the most valuable animals, are found only in temperate climates. Iron is found in northern latitudes; and furs, hemp, and feathers are brought from climates still further north. Besides, one country is better adapted to commerce, another to agriculture, and another to manufactures.

It is evident that by each nation's devoting itself to that branch of production for which it has the greatest facilities, either original or acquired, its own happiness will be better promoted, and a greater amount of production created, than in any other manner.

But whilst it is thus evident that every nation is intended by the Creator to improve its own advantages, that is, to create that product for the creation of which it has the greatest facilities, it is also the fact that every nation, and every individual of that nation, desires the productions of every other nation, and is happy in proportion as it enjoys them.

And the final cause of this constitution is, in both cases, equally evident.

Where men are mutually dependent upon each other the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, and the adversity of one is the adversity of all.

Hence, it is as truly our interest to seek the happiness, peace and prosperity of other nations, as it is to seek the happiness, peace and prosperity of our own nation.

From this it is evident that universal exchange is as necessary to the welfare and even to the existence of

the human race, as universal production. We have already seen that in all the departments of human industry a great saving, both of time and expense, is effected by division of labor. This is as true of labor in exchange, as in any other case. Since, then, exchanges must be made, it will be better for the whole, if a part of a society devote themselves exclusively to the business of making them.

Exchangers are as necessary to the cheapness of production, as producers themselves. Hence we also see, how absurd is the outcry sometimes raised against them, because it is said they produce nothing. Did not a large class of the community devote themselves to this employment, it is impossible to conceive what would be the price of the most common and necessary utensil.

The persons who conduct the exchanges of a community are called merchants. They are of two classes, retail merchants and wholesale merchants.

The retail merchant carries on exchanges between the inhabitants of the same country. He purchases of the manufacturer or the importer, in quantities too large for the means of the individual consumer, and sells again, in any quantities that the consumer may desire. This produces a great saving of time and of expense to the whole community.

The wholesale merchant conducts the exchanges between the individuals of different nations. He exports in bulk the commodities of his own country, and imports in return the commodities of another country. His own interest induces him to export whatever is at the lowest price in his own country—that is, of what may be there in the greatest abundance—and to bring back in return whatever will command the highest price at home; that is, of which there is the greatest need. And his own interest will teach him to procure what he brings home, at the place where it can be had at the cheapest rate, so that he may be able to furnish it at the highest profit

to himself, and at the lowest price to others. Hence his interest and that of the community are the same.

His gain will be in proportion as he can transfer the productions of the earth from those regions where they are least wanted to those regions where they are most wanted. And this is precisely what the interests of society require should be done.

To the merchant it is, of course, a matter of no consequence what he exports and what he imports. Unless a commodity were more wanted at home than that for which he would exchange it, he could have no motive to make the transfer. Hence there is no reason why he should, in any manner, be restricted in the nature or the quantity of the articles which he exports or imports. The constitution of things, and his own self-interest, provide all the regulating forces which the nature of the case requires.

THE RATE OF EXCHANGE, OR THE EXCHANGEABLE VALUE OF PRODUCTS.

If two men have created their respective products and are prepared to exchange them, it is manifest that they will not commonly exchange them quantity for quantity, because a given amount of labor will procure a much larger amount of some products than of others. The same labor which will procure an ounce of gold will procure a hundred pounds of iron.

We have previously seen that labor appears in two forms, that of annual capital, and of fixed capital. Both of these enter into consideration, when we speak of labor as determining the exchangeable value of products.

The producer can never for a long period charge more than a fair remuneration for his labor and capital, because then it would be cheaper for the other party to produce it for himself. He cannot for a long period charge less, because in that case he will be ruined, and

must leave the employment; and thus the value of the product will rise to the average rate of profit.

Nevertheless, for short periods the exchangeable value of any product may be raised above the reasonable rate of profit. If the demand exceeds the supply there will be a competition among the buyers; the more wealthy will overbid the less wealthy, and the price will rise. If the supply be greater than the demand, there will arise a competition among the sellers, and the price will fall, and will remain depressed until either the demand increases or so many leave the employment as shall reduce the supply to the average demand.

It is evident that it makes no difference as to the result whether the ratio between supply and demand be disturbed by a change in supply or in demand.

This effect produced by the disturbance of the ratio between supply and demand will be greater or less, according to several circumstances. These are:

1. The durability of the commodity. If it be one which, unless it be consumed immediately, will become worthless, the fall of price, from increased supply, is great.

2. Variation of price, from this cause, depends also upon the ease or difficulty with which the supply may be increased. Thus, manufactured articles can generally be produced in a short time, and, if necessary, in a much more than usual quantity. Agricultural products, on the contrary, require a year in order to be brought to perfection. Hence, if a crop fail this year, we know that there must be a diminished supply in the whole country, for the remainder of the year; and hence, as there must be a scarcity, every one is prepared to give as much as he is able.

3. It will be affected by the nature of the demand for the article. If it be an article of universal necessity, it will rise more rapidly by scarcity, and sink less rapidly by increased supply; while, if it be an article of mere

luxury, it will rise less rapidly by scarcity, and sink more rapidly by increased supply.

These are the principal circumstances which enter into the exchangeable value of products. They are variously combined and modified, so that they may sometimes counteract and sometimes exaggerate each other. But by applying them to the actual occurrences of life we may generally be able to explain the fluctuations of price which are daily taking place in the market.

When an article of produce is offered for exchange, the producer has conferred upon it his last value, and it is now ready for the consumer.

By the consumer I do not mean him only who gratifies his desire by the ultimate destruction of the product, but also him who receives it for the purpose of giving to it some other modification.

Hence it will be seen that the more rapidly exchanges are made, the better. The more rapidly they are made, the less is the loss of interest, and the smaller the advance which the exchanger must charge for his labor.

Hence brisk exchanges are for the benefit of both buyer and seller; and a benefit to the one is a benefit to all. It is for this reason, among others, that we can frequently purchase at a cheaper rate in a large city than in a country town.

And hence we see a reason why the profit upon one operation in some kinds of exchange is greater than that in others. The profits of the wholesale merchant are greater than those of the retail merchant.

But though the act of exchange add nothing either to the intrinsic or to the exchangeable value of the commodity, it adds greatly to the convenience both of the buyer and the seller, inasmuch as it enables both to gratify a desire, which, otherwise, would have been unsatisfied.

The case is the same with nations. If a nation exchange iron, of which it has more than it can consume,

for wheat, of which it does not raise enough for consumption, with a nation which has more wheat than it can consume, but produces no iron, the wheat and the iron are the same as before; but each nation is richer and happier. Each has one more desire gratified than before, and is able, the next year, to increase more largely its stock of production.

Hence we see how fallacious is the notion formerly entertained that by exchange only one party is benefited, and that what one party gains the other party loses. Were this the case, no country could grow rich by exchange, unless by impoverishing every other country; and the gain of one nation would be nothing else than a transfer of the wealth of other countries to itself. On the contrary, precisely the reverse is the case. The most favorable commerce to any one country is that by which the riches of both countries are the most rapidly increased.

The labor of transportation gives an additional value to an article. It is true, a merchant frequently performs this labor, or causes it to be performed. In this case he is entitled to a double profit, for the labor of transportation and for the labor and skill of exchange.

THE CONDITIONS ON WHICH THE FREQUENCY OR INFREQUENCY OF EXCHANGES DEPENDS.

The more numerous are the exchanges, the better must it be for a community. As no one exchanges except to gratify his desires and to improve his condition, the more numerous the exchanges, the more desires will be gratified, and the more universally will the condition of a people be improved. Facility of exchange is one of the greatest stimulants to production.

There must exist, in each party:

1. A mutual desire for the property of the other, greater than the desire for his own.

2. Mutual ability; that is, each party must be able to offer to the other such a consideration as will induce him to make the exchange.

As, however, the right of property alone is frequently transferred, while the property itself is not delivered at the time of the exchange, there is always, in every such act of exchange, a liability to fraud.

The desires of a people for exchange will depend principally upon their intelligence. Their ability will depend upon the productiveness of their labor and capital; and the security of property will depend upon their individual and social morality. That is, exchanges will be frequent in proportion to the intelligence, wealth and moral character of a people.

1. Exchanges will be frequent or unfrequent in proportion to the intelligence or ignorance of a people. It is only by the diffusion of knowledge that men ascertain how their desires may be gratified. Everyone knows how the dormant desire for exchange is awakened in the bosom of a child the moment he enters a toy shop. I suppose that strangers rarely pass through the streets of a large city without being strongly, if not successfully, tempted to lighten their pockets before the termination of their journey. Every reader knows how strongly his desire for books is enkindled by passing a few minutes in a book store.

I by no means refer exclusively to the knowledge and mental discipline which is acquired by the reading of books. Books are only one means of introducing and circulating knowledge. Knowledge is gained by observation and by conversation, and is absorbed from the intellectual atmosphere which we breathe. It is derived from the general spirit of the community in which we live.

We see all this illustrated in every district separated by nature from the surrounding country, as a valley inclosed by mountains difficult of access, or an island which has but rare communication with the mainland.

The progress of such a population in the arts, and in possessing themselves of the conveniences of life, is always much less rapid than that of their more highly favored neighbors.

2. Exchanges will be numerous in proportion to the productiveness of a country.

Simple desire in both parties is not sufficient to effect exchanges. Each party must possess, and be willing to part with, so large a portion of the product desired by the other party that the other is willing to make the desired exchange.

We see, moreover, that this principle is of universal application. A good harvest in one country is a benefit to every other country, because the favored country desires a larger amount of the productions of her neighbors and has a larger fund wherewith to pay for them. Hence the exchanges between such a country and every other country are increased. On the contrary, a famine or a war, or any other calamity happening to one country, is a calamity to every other country, because the unfortunate country wants less of the productions of its neighbors, since it has less wherewith to pay for them. Its exchanges, therefore, are of necessity diminished.

3. Exchanges will be numerous in proportion to the moral character of a people.

Individual morality is highly favorable to exchange, inasmuch as it lessens the liability to fraud and, of course, the risk to which exchanges are exposed. No one will trade with a knave if he can avoid it. In proportion to the prevalence of knavery will be the disinclination to exchange.

On the general moral character of a people depend the equity of their laws and, of course, the full enjoyment of the right of property.

On the morality and intelligence of a people will greatly depend the freedom of its civil constitution; that is, the accuracy with which it limits the power of the

society, that is, of the government, over the person and property of the individual. When these are improperly understood, or insufficiently guarded, the property of the citizen is liable to suffer from the avarice or oppression of rulers.

The frequency of exchanges will be in proportion to the wealth and to the intellectual and moral character of a people. And as the progress of a nation in these respects will promote its mercantile prosperity, we may easily see what will depress it.

While, however, the government and laws of a country remain the same, there frequently occurs a temporary diminution of exchanges, which is denominated a stagnation of business. As the business of a merchant is to execute exchanges, a stagnation of mercantile business must occur when there is less of this operation to be performed; that is, he is ready to perform the exchange, but a less number of persons desire it to be performed.

The reason why the merchant feels this more seriously than any other man is obvious. All his capital is invested in this kind of operation. The principal causes of stagnation in business are the following:

1. It may arise from a diminished desire for a particular product. Thus the decrease of the Catholic religion, during the wars of the French revolution, diminished the desire for fish, which the Catholics eat in Lent and on fast days. This produced a stagnation of business in the fish trade.

It may arise from change of fashion. Thus when shoe-strings were substituted for shoe-buckles, the demand for shoe-buckles ceased; the manufacturers of shoe-buckles were thrown out of employment, and there was a stagnation of business in this kind of trade.

It may arise from the fact that one particular product has been supplanted by another. Thus the increasing cheapness of cotton cloth materially diminished the demand for linen.

Whenever, from any cause, the desires of men change, then the traffic in the article neglected must be diminished.

2. Stagnation in business may arise from a failure in production. This must, of necessity, produce it; since, as we have already seen, two men cannot exchange unless they both have something to part with; and the amount and number of every man's exchanges will be in proportion to the amount which he is able to part with, and the amount which others are able to offer him in exchange.

A partial stagnation of business may also arise from poverty in one of the parties making the exchange. If a nation is able to produce but one hundred thousand dollars' worth of exports, it can purchase but one hundred thousand dollars' worth of imports. This, then, will generally be the annual amount that will be brought to its market. But if from any cause a larger amount, say one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth, is brought thither, there will arise a glut, or temporary stagnation. There will be fifty thousand dollars' worth more than can be exchanged.

3. A stagnation of business may be the effects of legislation. Suppose the importation of coffee into this country be a million pounds per annum. This must be paid for in some way by the productions of our own industry; and the demand for those productions to this extent is for the sole purpose of paying for this coffee. There must be a great variety of exchanges required to collect these products, to bring them to the sea ports, to exchange them for coffee, and again to circulate this coffee throughout the country. Let a duty be laid upon coffee, which shall double its price, and thus diminish its consumption one-half. The demand for one-half of the products by which it was paid for ceases; the demand for coffee, to this extent, also ceases; and the labor of transportation on both articles is reduced one-half. Here must be a stagnation of business in both of these articles;

and half the shipping thus employed will for a time be useless.

THE EFFECTS OF LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENTS ON EXCHANGE.

Duties on imports can have no favorable effect on exchange. Their only effect must be to raise the price of the products and to diminish the ability in both parties to exchange. Everyone knows that the exchanges between two places are diminished by any natural obstacle to communication. In a severe winter our northern harbors are closed for weeks or months by the ice. This is a natural tariff and imposes a large protecting duty, inasmuch as exchanges must be effected, if they be effected at all, at a vastly greater price than in summer. I suppose it is not generally believed that this has no effect on the number of exchanges; and I have never heard it mentioned, as specially favorable to domestic industry.

I think it evident that governments can do nothing to facilitate exchanges by means of discriminating duties. They have attempted to accomplish this result by means of bounties on particular exports.

The manner in which this is accomplished is this: Suppose we were not able profitably to produce and offer to other nations in exchange some particular article, say, for instance, steel. To encourage this export a bounty is granted on every ton of steel exported, equal to the difference between our cost of producing it and that at which other nations produce it. Our producer can then sell it in a foreign port as cheap as the producer from another nation. But where does this bounty come from? It is from a duty laid on some other import, or else from a tax laid on some other product. The iron worker is no better off than any other man, and all the other exchangers or producers, or both, are just so much worse off; and the value of capital and labor is, by the whole operation, diminished, as we have shown in the article on the effect of legislative enactments upon production.

We have said that exchanges are the natural result of mutual desire and mutual ability. In what manner may these be influenced by legislative enactments?

The desire for exchange may be increased:

1. By the general diffusion of knowledge, especially of that sort of knowledge by which man is taught how he may benefit his condition.

2. By removing all impediments to the diffusion of knowledge. In this respect duties on imported books, which is really a tax on knowledge, are, in a free government, absurdly injudicious.

3. By increasing the physical means for the dissemination of knowledge and intelligence. This will be done by allowing every facility for internal improvement; by an efficient and cheap postoffice system, pervading every portion of the country, and bringing to every man's door the information circulating throughout the civilized world.

ABILITY TO EXCHANGE.

The ability to exchange depends upon productiveness. Hence, every means by which the productiveness of industry is increased will also benefit exchange.

There is, however, one branch of productive industry which is more immediately connected with exchange than any other, and which deserves, on that account, in this place, a more minute consideration. I refer to internal improvements.

An internal improvement is any means by which the operation of change in place may be performed at a less expense than formerly. It is, in fact, a labor-saving machine, peculiar to this branch of industry. Of those at present in use the most common are roads, railways and canals.

What is peculiar to these machines is, First, they are very costly, and hence, in general, require more capital than can be commanded by a single individual, and there-

fore must be owned by a number of persons associated together. Second, they must pass through the lands of various individuals who have no special interest in them and are thus liable to interfere with the right of property. This interference can be allowed only by the whole community, and hence there arises a necessity for legislative enactment, granting permission to this effect.

Inasmuch as such machines, if property constructed and skillfully managed, are greatly for the benefit of the whole society, it is manifestly the duty of society to grant all suitable facilities for constructing them. Inasmuch, however, as they, like any other privileges, are liable to be abused, and may in the end injure the interests which they were intended to benefit, it becomes a legislature on all such occasions to reserve at the outset the right of visitation and the power to modify or amend on equitable terms the privileges granted, in such manner as the exigencies of the public may require.

Whether a government should itself undertake the work of internal improvements is, however, not so clear. On this subject it may be suggested:

1. If it will not be profitable,—that is, if capital thus invested will not be as productive as that invested in other employments,—it ought not to be undertaken by the public, because the capital thus invested must be taken from other employments; that is, it must be taken by force from a more productive to be invested in a less productive employment. It may be said that though it be not itself productive it may enrich the district in which it is constructed. The answer to this is, Then let that district pay for it, unless it can be shown to be either wise or just to impoverish one district for the purpose of enriching another.

2. If it will be productive, private associations in an intelligent community will, with proper encouragement, be ready to undertake it. And of the question of profitableness, private individuals will judge much more accu-

rately than a government, because the facts are equally known to both. The degree of intelligence is likely to be as great in the one case as in the other, and the one party can be influenced by no motive but self-interest, which is here also the interest of the public; while the other party may be influenced by party politics, sectional jealousy, love of power, and a thousand disturbing causes.

3. A work of this sort will be executed at much less expense by private individuals than by a government. The costliness of all public works is everywhere proverbial. All this is reversed when those who conduct the work pay for it themselves and whose profits, in the end, must depend upon the goodness of the work and the cheapness of its execution.

4. A work of this kind will be more faithfully superintended by private than by public owners. The private owner knows that he must conduct his operation economically, and maintain the favor of the public, or else he will gain nothing by his investment. A government is under no such salutary check.

5. But a still stronger objection to the confiding of such works to the public is the amount of patronage which it must of necessity place in the hands of a government.

There is, however, another class of improvements, of very great importance, which belongs of necessity and of right to a government. It is that class of improvements which reduce the expense and lessen the risk of external commerce. Among these the most important are the removal of obstructions from harbors; the location of buoys and the erection of lighthouses; the execution of accurate surveys, and the publication of accurate charts of its whole coast.

Since exchanges will be effected by the security or insecurity of the right of property, legislators can do much to promote the prosperity of a country by the enactment of wholesome laws, by which contracts shall

be enforced, wrongs redressed and injuries prevented. And they should be specially careful that they are not guilty, in their social character, of what they forbid to others in their individual character.

The same principles apply to the treatment of foreigners. No foreigner can traffic with another country without placing his property in the power of the citizens of that country. If his rights be respected, and he be assured of the benefit of equal laws, he will invest his property abroad as freely as at home and will effect exchanges to as great an extent as he is able. Under these circumstances exchanges will be effected to the greatest advantage of both countries and they will naturally flow from other countries to such an one as this. The reverse will be the case if the rights of foreigners are disregarded.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is exchange? What are its three forms?
2. What establishes right to property?
3. Why is exchange necessary?
4. To what industry should a man devote himself?
5. Does the same principle apply to nations as well as to individuals?
6. Is the prosperity of one person the prosperity of all?
7. Is the principle of division of labor involved in universal exchange?
8. Who conduct the exchanges of society?
9. Are their interests identical with those of the public?
10. Why cannot the producer, for a long period, charge more than a fair remuneration for labor and capital?
11. Disturbances of the ratio of supply to demand will be greater or less according to what circumstances?

12. Who is meant by the consumer?

13. Are both parties benefited by exchange, or is the loss of the one a gain to the other?

14. State three conditions upon which the frequency of exchanges depends.

15. State three principal causes of stagnation in business.

16. Can the government facilitate exchanges by means of a protective tariff?—by a system of bounties? Give reasons.

17. In what ways can the government promote exchange?

18. What is the author's position in reference to the duty of the government in the matter of internal improvements in all cases?

19. Are improvements more cheaply and honestly constructed and more faithfully managed by private than by public owners? Give reasons.

20. What are some of the improvements unquestionably within the province of the government?

21. What influence upon exchanges is exerted by wholesome laws for the security of property and property rights?

THE USE OF A CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

The result of labor is more perfect, just in proportion as the productiveness of labor is increased.

But in order to accomplish this an intermediate instrument or tool must be used. A man who cannot split a log by the direct use of his hands, will find no difficulty in splitting it with a beetle and wedges. So also he who would find it impossible to effect a dozen exchanges in a day, if he insisted on exchanging the products themselves, will find no difficulty in doing it in a few minutes by means of the instrument which has been invented for this purpose, and he will thus do it not

only in a shorter time, but also on better terms and with much greater exactitude.

This instrument, of so much importance in exchange, is money.

In treating of this subject we will consider the difficulties which must necessarily embarrass exchange in kind, and the manner in which these difficulties are removed by means of a circulating medium.

1. Suppose a producer to have prepared his product for consumption. If he be obliged to exchange in kind, it may be a long time before he finds another person who wants the article which he has created. If he be obliged to wait long, his product, if it be perishable, is either destroyed or deteriorated. He must go in search of a purchaser; and if he at length find one, he may have consumed in the search as much time as the article originally cost.

2. The producer not only wants to part with his product, but also to part with it for some definite object of desire. He who has raised wheat, does not wish simply to part with his wheat, but also to receive in exchange for it, tea, or coffee, or iron, or salt, or clothing. He must, therefore, in order to effect the exchange which he desires, not only find some one who wishes for wheat, but, also, some one who is able to give him, in return, the precise product he desires.

3. Men who wish to exchange, do not always wish to exchange in equal amounts. A grazier who brings a fatted ox to market, may find persons enough who want a few pounds of beef, but very few who want a whole ox.

4. Such are the difficulties which attend upon the exchange of material products. But it will be manifest at once that material products give rise to but a small part of the exchanges which are by necessity made among men. One great article to be exchanged is labor. This every man produces, and must produce, by the law

of his nature; and this every man is able to offer in exchange for the objects of desire. Were exchange only in kind, a man who had nothing but labor or skill to offer would not be able to labor for those who wanted him, and who would give him the greatest wages for labor; but he must labor for those who were willing to give, in ever so small quantity, the articles which he needed for his support.

5. Were exchange in kind only, there would be no division of labor, except in its most imperfect form. No man could perfect himself in any one art; because, by the exercise of that alone, he could not possibly procure the means of sustenance.

Division of labor, so essential to the productiveness of human industry, to the progress of society, and to the use of natural agents, could exist only in its most elementary forms, were exchanges limited to exchange in kind.

And if it be said that this inconvenience could be avoided by establishments for barter, it will at once appear that these could remedy it only in part. They could assist in the exchange of nothing but material products, and of those which were not rapidly perishable. They could present no relief for exchanges of labor.

From such causes as these, arises the necessity of a circulating medium; and it will be easily seen in what manner, by means of a circulating medium, they are remedied.

Suppose that the producer can always exchange his product, not for the article which he immediately wants, but for some other article which is universally wanted, and wanted at all times, and in all quantities. As soon as the producer has, by exchange, possessed himself of this commodity, he may then, on account of its universal desirableness, easily procure, by another exchange, whatever he may need.

This convenience, however, will be much increased, if the article of universal desire be small in bulk, because in this case much of the labor of transportation will be avoided.

If this circulating medium be also minutely divisible, it will possess still greater conveniences. The producer may then part with all or a part of his product, and he can procure with the circulating medium as small a portion of that which he wishes in exchange as he may choose.

The case is still stronger when labor is one of the articles to be exchanged. The laborer will now no longer be obliged to labor at any price, for him who is able to give him in exchange what he immediately wants, but he may labor for any one who will give him, in return, this object of general desire. Hence, he is now at liberty to labor for him who will give him the best wages; that is, where his industry and skill will be employed most advantageously to himself. With this he can procure whatever he wants, in such portions as he may desire.

The practicability of the division of labor now becomes immediately apparent. If the laborer be paid in the article of universal desire, it makes no difference whether the person who produces what he wants needs or does not need his particular product. He wants the object of universal desire, and this is enough; for, by this, the laborer can effect exchanges with him or with any one else.

Whatever performs the office of thus facilitating exchanges is called a circulating medium. So great has been the necessity of some such instrument, that even the rudest nations have always been found adopting some such contrivance with advantage.

Thus the natives of the African coast were formerly in the habit of using as money small white sea-shells, denominated "cowries."

In pastoral nations, cattle were frequently used as a circulating medium. Thus, we are told by Homer, the armor of Diomede cost nine oxen. Sheep, probably, were also used for the same purpose. The ordinary mode among such nations of estimating the wealth of an individual was by the number of his flocks and herds. Hence, probably, arose the custom, among the Greeks and Romans, of stamping their earliest coin with the figure of an ox or a sheep. Hence also the Latin word *pecunia* is supposed to be derived from *pecus*, a flock.

From reasons which will easily suggest themselves, all other substances soon gave place to the metals as a circulating medium. Different metals were used at first by different nations. The first instance on record of the use of metals, as a medium of exchange, is found in Genesis 23:16. "And Abraham hearkened unto Ephron. And Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named, in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." I presume that the metals were used as a circulating medium for a long period before they were fashioned into coin. At a much later period the baser metals were used as money by the Greeks and Romans. Thus the Lacedemonians under Lycurgus established iron as the circulating medium. The Romans used copper or brass in the early ages of their history. Hence *æs* signifies in Latin both brass and money. These have long since given place to gold and silver, which are hence denominated the precious metals, and are used for the purposes of money throughout the known world, except among the rudest and most barbarous tribes. Copper is used only in the payment of sums less in value than the lowest denomination of silver coin. In some countries both gold and silver are made a legal tender in payment of debts; in other countries, only one of these metals is used.

THE QUALITIES NECESSARY TO THE CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

In order to render any substance available as a circulating medium, the essential quality required is, that it be universally desired as such. Its object is to facilitate exchanges, but it can accomplish this object, only by means of the willingness of the whole community to exchange for it everything which they are willing to part with.

Inasmuch as every nation has important and extensive exchanges with other nations, it is an additional advantage to have the same substance used as a circulating medium by all. That exchange is the most profitable for a country, in which it exports what is relatively most abundant at home, and imports that which is relatively most wanted at home, from that country in which what it exports is most wanted, and what it imports is most abundant. It is evident that the circulating medium may be accumulated in any country so that it shall be relatively lower in price than other commodities. Thus the precious metals may be so abundant in this country that a merchant can procure more iron in Russia by sending a given amount of gold, than by sending the flour which would here be equal in value to the gold. It is for his advantage to send the gold, and it is equally for the advantage of his country. And for the same reason, if in this country there be a relative scarcity it will be for the advantage of other nations, as well as for our advantage, that they send gold in exchange for our products.

It is a great advantage for the value of the circulating medium, in proportion to other values, to be as little as possible liable to fluctuation. The reason of this is plain. When once any substance is adopted as a circulating medium, all contracts are henceforth adjusted with reference to that substance.

If the same substance be used in all the civilized

world, fluctuation, if not absolutely prevented, will be so restricted as to produce the least possible amount of evil. When exchanges between countries are frequent and numerous, and the prices of all commodities are universally known by the merchants of both, and specie may be sent abroad with very little cost of transportation, a very slight advance in its relative value will cause it to flow in from other countries, and a very slight surplus will cause it to flow to other countries, until the common equilibrium be restored.

While, however, it is the fact that anything which is thus universally acceptable will be used as money, there are various circumstances on which this acceptableness depends. Some of these are the following:

1. Its cost, or the amount of labor necessary to its production, must be as invariable as possible.

2. It should be an article of high price; within a small bulk it should concentrate a large amount of value, or represent a large amount of labor. This is, of course, a great advantage, by saving the labor of transportation.

To this remark there is a limit. As a substance may not be of a price sufficiently high, so it may also be of a price *too* high for the purpose of money. Precious stones are minerals, and they cost all the price at which they are sold; but they are too dear to be used for this purpose; that is, though they might answer for the exchange of great values, yet for all common exchanges, they would be utterly unsuitable, because they would be of so small bulk, as to be very easily lost.

3. The substance must be capable of division, without loss of value. As it is desirable that provision be made for facilitating all sorts of exchanges, the substance used as money should be capable of division into such portions as may suit the convenience of every one, without itself suffering, by this division, any diminution of value.

4. The substance should be of such a nature that it can be easily verified. It should be susceptible of such preparation that every one can readily assure himself of its purity and weight. Unless this can be done every one must examine and try every piece by itself. This would consume much time, would require the possession of great skill in every individual, and would soon wear away the substance itself. Hence it is of advantage that the metals used for money should be peculiar in their weight and color, and that their appearance should attract attention, so that their peculiarities may be easily learned and distinguished. The brilliant lustre of silver and gold, therefore, adds very much to their fitness for coin. Their weight presents a ready means for the detection of adulteration.

5. It should be as little as possible liable to fluctuations in value, either from decay or from other causes. Were it easily destructible, great losses would constantly occur, as the loss must fall upon the individual in whose hands it happened at the time to be. And besides, were it from any cause liable to great fluctuation in value, it could never be used as a circulating medium.

6. As we sometimes desire to make small and sometimes large exchanges, and as the substance best adapted to the one is not always best adapted to the other, there is an advantage in employing two metals for this purpose. For this reason, both silver and gold are commonly employed in most civilized countries. For exchanges of less value than the smallest silver coin, copper is also generally used.

Inasmuch as gold and silver possess all the essential qualities which are required in a circulating medium; and, as the condition of man so manifestly points to the necessity of some such instrument, it is not remarkable that they have so long and so universally been adopted for this purpose. But it is always to be remembered that we use them as a circulating medium, because we

want a circulating medium, and because they accomplish the purpose. We do not use them as a circulating medium because we see a stamp upon them, nor because government has made them a legal tender; but because we know that they represent a given amount of value, and we therefore know that we can exchange them for the same amount of value, whenever we please.

The demand for any product, and, of course, its exchangeable value, is affected by the number of desires which it will gratify. This principle applies to whatever is used as money. The precious metals are used for ornament, for domestic utensils, and for coin. If the use of them for one of these purposes should be discontinued, the demand would be less; and, as they are not liable to decay, their relative price would fall.

Hence it is that the amount of plate and utensils, formed of the precious metals, in a country is no criterion of its wealth, but frequently an indication of the reverse. Should commerce be unproductive, and exchanges diminish, and our intercourse with other nations be cut off, and we be reduced to the condition of Europe in the dark ages, there would be but little need of the precious metals as an instrument of exchange, and their price would fall. Hence they would be melted down, by the rich, into plate.

THE FUNCTIONS OF MONEY.

Money is the instrument for facilitating exchanges. This, when considered as money, is its only office. By accomplishing this purpose in the least time and at the least expense of labor, the transportation, and wear, it reduces the cost of every product, and thus adds immensely to the productiveness of human industry.

The principles on which it accomplishes this result have been already alluded to. They are briefly as follows:

The cost, or price of the money employed in every exchange, is equal to the cost or price of the article which is exchanged for it.

That this is so is evident from the fact that if the cost of the precious metals change, their exchangeable value varies, like that of any other product. Thus if new and richer mines are opened, so that the cost of producing the precious metals is reduced, the price of the precious metal falls.

This is exemplified in the great change of prices which occurred throughout the world, after the discovery of the mines of South America. And on the other hand, when the price of producing the precious metals is increased, their exchangeable value rises. This has been the case in consequence of the civil wars of South America.

Besides, the price of the precious metals, like that of any other commodity, is influenced in short periods by the fluctuations of supply and demand. There is in any country, the course of whose industry is not distorted by legislation, a supply of money equal to the ordinary wants of the community for the purposes of exchange. The price of both articles is in such a case based upon the cost of the production of specie, compared with the cost of the production of the several articles for which it is exchanged. But suppose that while this amount of specie remains the same, there should happen a year of universal productiveness in all the departments of agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial industry. In this case the number of exchanges and the amounts exchanged would be proportionally increased. The instrument with which exchanges were to be made would be relatively scarce; the demand for it would rise; and there would be competition among the bidders for it. Hence, its exchangeable value would rise; that is, we should give more wool, and wheat, and cotton, for an ounce of silver;

that is, everything would be cheap. And, on the other hand, if, while the ordinary amount of specie remained in the country, there occurred a very unproductive season, the number of exchanges would proportionally diminish, and there would be less demand for the instrument of exchange.

The exchangeable value of money is not derived from its shape or color, from the stamp of the mint, or from the enactments of the government; but like everything else, it is based upon the cost of its production, varying, slightly, and for short periods, like everything else, with the accidental fluctuations of supply and demand.

But the question will naturally arise, if the value of the specie be equal to that of all the amounts exchanged for it, must not the value of the precious metals in the community be equal to the value of all the other commodities?

We answer, this would be the case if all exchanges were actually made in money, and actually made at the same instant. But the contrary is the fact.

No man exchanges all his products at once, but exchanges them in successive portions.

No one supposes, because there is a million tons of merchandise in a city, that there must have been vehicles capable of carrying a million tons at once in order to bring it there. One locomotive carrying fifty tons at once, if it went and returned frequently, would speedily accomplish the whole work.

A large amount of exchanges is constantly made in kind. A buys wool of B, and B buys cloth of A. They both estimate the value of their product in money, because, as this is the usual medium of exchange, and that by which they are obliged to estimate cost, this method of estimating is most convenient. Each charges the other with all that he purchases, at its value in

silver. At the close of the year they adjust their accounts with each other.

In this manner, bookkeeping tends greatly to diminish the amount of the circulating medium necessary for the exchanges of a community.

We see that this is still more emphatically the case, in respect to all the exchanges which take place between different districts, and different nations. Inasmuch as no society can gain possession of the objects of desire, except by its own labor, it must pay for what it receives in the product of the labor of others, with what it sends away, in the product of its own labor; that is to say, the exports of any country must be substantially equal to its imports. If, then, the transactions between two nations should be precisely equal, there would be no need of the transmission of any money at all between them. And hence the only reason why money is sent from one country to another in the transactions of commerce is the same reason as that for which tea, or coffee, or cotton, or flour, is sent; that is, because it is so much cheaper in the country from which it is sent, than in that to which it is exported that a larger value can be procured for it, than for the same value of any other commodity. In this case it is for the advantage of both countries that it should be so exchanged.

The amount of the circulating medium, in any one country, and, of course, in all countries, must, therefore, be very small, in proportion to the whole amount of the capital of a country.

We see, then, that under given circumstances in any country a given amount of specie will be required to effect its exchanges; and that that amount will depend upon the relative value of the precious metals with other things, and upon the number and the facilities of exchange.

We have seen, already, that the relative value of specie and of other products may vary.

Thus when specie is high in any country, it goes out nowhere and comes in from everywhere.

Thus among countries between which there is frequent intercourse, and a free circulation of mercantile information, the price of the precious metals can never, for long periods, vary much from the medium rate, or the rate which is fixed by nature, in the costs of their production.

Money, we have said, is the instrument by which we facilitate exchanges. Now, if we bear this in mind, it is *easy to see what is a plenty, and what a scarcity of this instrument.*

Power-looms are scarce when there are not enough of them to perform the operations which are required.

Money is just such an instrument. It is required to facilitate exchanges. To accomplish a given amount of exchange, a certain value in money is required, and in ordinary times this value always exists. The exchanges remaining the same, we cannot employ for this purpose more than this amount of value. If we increase the quantity, we shall only decrease the value proportionally. If such a country be insulated from other countries, and we introduce into its circulation one thousand additional ounces of silver, equal to one thousand additional bushels of wheat, the value of the whole two thousand will be just equal to that of the one thousand ounces before. The value will not alter. If from such a country thus insulated, we remove half the circulating medium, the remaining half will accomplish the purpose of the whole; it will double in value.

Hence we see that a plenty or a scarcity of money forms no occasion which calls for the interference of government, but that it is a matter, which, if left alone, will regulate itself. When money is really scarce, there is no need of prohibiting its exportation; for no one will be so unwise as to export it. When it is abundant, it is useless to prohibit its exportation, because it can-

not be prevented; and because, if it could be prevented, by preventing it we should deprive ourselves of the only method in our power of alleviating the evils which we suffer.

Hence the notion that the plenty or scarcity of money is an unfailing indication of the prosperity or of the adversity of a country is in the highest degree fallacious. If the scarcity result from an increased productiveness of labor, it is an indication of prosperity; just as the business of weaving is most prosperous when the weavers have more work than they can do. If it result from a casual withdrawment of specie it is an ambiguous indication, and its effect upon the country will depend upon the use which is made of that which is sent abroad.

And so of the plentifulness of money. If a mine were discovered, by which the quantity of silver were doubled, and if this silver were produced at a fair profit to the miner, it would be an advantage, inasmuch as it would open a new and profitable method of employing both capital and labor. But in this case it could be of use only by its exportation, because, as the number of exchanges in the country has not been increased, only the former amount of value is needed for a circulating medium, and to increase the quantity will be only to diminish the value.

Thus we see that no indication of the prosperity of a country can be derived either from the plenty, or from the scarcity of money. The only sure indication of its economical prosperity is the increase of its productiveness; that is, an increase of the supply of objects of desire, at the same or at a diminished amount of labor.

And hence we may judge of the truth of that oft-repeated but worse than puerile maxim, "It matters not what becomes of property, so long as the money is in the country." If a million of dollars be lost in an unprofitable canal, or ten millions be sunk by a profitless experi-

ment in manufactures, we are told, and even by many persons are expected to believe, that it is all of no consequence; nobody is any poorer, because the money is in the country.

The natural price for the precious metals is the cost of their production; and a given amount of them will be required for effecting the exchanges of the community. Suppose these metals to be indestructible, and unchanged in quantity, and the quantity of other productions annually created, to be, for fifty years, the same; it is evident that specie and other products will, at the end of that time, bear the same ratio to each other as at present. That is, the money prices of all commodities will remain unchanged. But neither of these is the case. In the first place, the productions of the earth annually increase; this is evident, from the increase of its number of inhabitants. And, on the other hand, the precious metals are annually produced, in large quantities, from the mines. But they are also destructible, and suffer from wear and tear, when used as coin; and they are also consumed in the purposes of the arts. If these two causes exactly counterbalanced each other, if the supply of the precious metals were precisely such as to correspond to the increase of productiveness and the necessity of increased means of exchange, and to the amount consumed in the arts, prices would still remain as before. If the increase of the metals were not sufficient to supply the increased demand arising from increased productiveness, and other causes, the price of the metals would rise; that is, the price of other things would fall. And if, on the other hand, the increase of the metals were greater than the increase of productiveness, their price would fall; that is, the price of other things would rise. Now it appears that, previously to the discovery of America, for several centuries, there was no great change in the relative value of specie and that of other commodities. That event,

however, by throwing upon the world an immense amount of the precious metals, effected, at once, a great change in their value.

The oldest professorships in Oxford were established upon a salary of £40 sterling a year. This was, probably, then sufficient to support a teacher handsomely; and was equal to the rent of an ordinary farm. If a farm had been leased then, at £40 per year, perpetually, the rent, at this time, would have been but a very small part of its value.

QUESTIONS.

1. What are some of the difficulties attending exchange in kind?
2. How does a circulating medium facilitate exchange?
3. Mention four qualities desirable in a circulating medium.
4. How does a circulating medium render possible division of labor?
5. Mention three kinds of circulating medium used in past ages.
6. Why is it desirable to use both gold and silver, and also copper, as a circulating medium?
7. What is the sole office of money, considered as such?
8. Upon what is the exchangeable value of the precious metals based?
9. What are some of the qualities which impart a high intrinsic value to gold and silver, among the metals?
10. If the value of the specie in a country be equal to all the amounts exchanged for it, does it follow that the value of all the specie is equal to that of all the other property? If not, why not?
11. If the exchanges between two nations were

exactly equal in amount, would there be any need for the transmission of any money between them?

12. Is the amount of money in any country a small or a large part of the whole amount of capital?

13. What occurs when specie is high in any country? When it is low?

14. What occurs when the amount of money is increased? When it is decreased?

15. Does a plenty or a scarcity of money call for action by the government, in the author's opinion?

16. Is it an unfailing sign of prosperity or of adversity?

17. What is the only sure indication of prosperity?

18. What does the author characterize as a "worse than puerile" maxim?

19. How does a disproportional increase in the volume of money affect the exchangeable value of other forms of property? Cite an instance.

THE AGENCY OF GOVERNMENT, IN RESPECT OF A CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

Men use money in exchange for the same reason that they use a hammer for the purpose of driving a nail—because they thus economize both time and labor.

Had governments no agency at all in the matter, the precious metals as a circulating medium might have been both introduced and universally employed; and they would have been so introduced and employed, as they actually were, in the time of Abraham. A circulating medium derives its use as money from its inherent fitness and the desire of men so to employ it, and not from any agency of government in establishing it.

Whenever any substance has been found universally adapted to the purposes of exchange, it is important that it should be used by all men, unless something to the contrary be specified by particular contract. To prevent

disputes without end, it is desirable that something be fixed upon, of which the tender shall discharge forever the debtor's obligation. And as this would most naturally and most justly be the substance which all men have chosen for a circulating medium, this is most properly chosen. Hence society, or government, has a right to establish the precious metals as a legal tender; that is, to enact, that if a man declare that I owe him ten dollars, and I offer him ten silver dollars, if he choose not to receive them, I am under no obligation to give myself any more trouble about it. The tender, on my part, is a full release. The whole effect of such a law is, to prevent disputes, and to enact what shall be a full and valid release from obligation, when nothing specific has been agreed upon.

If any substance be used as a circulating medium, it is evident that its utility will be greatly increased by several circumstances. Of these the principal are:

1. That it be of uniform purity. Were it otherwise, every piece must be tested by chemical analysis.

2. That it be divided into portions of such a size as shall be most convenient for the purposes of exchange.

3. That it should be so prepared that each piece shall, on inspection, indicate its value, and also indicate that no change has been effected in that value by design. To give to the precious metals these qualifications is the intention of coining.

But it is evident, from a moment's consideration, that the preparation of coin in this manner, for the public use, could never be safely entrusted to individuals. The temptations to dishonesty are too great for ordinary human virtue. Hence it is that individuals have, in all civilized countries, surrendered the right of coining money to the whole society, that is, to government; and governments have executed it by means of agents appointed for that purpose.

Such are the limits within which the powers of gov-

ernment, in respect to money, are restricted; and such is the reason for which this power is conferred. Of the manner in which a government should execute this trust it is only necessary to add a few remarks:

1. It is the business of the government to regulate the purity of money. As this whole power is conferred for the public convenience, the exercise of this power should never be on the ground of arbitrary enactment, but of public convenience. Thus, as money is liable to loss from wear, and as this loss is rendered less by the addition of a small portion of alloy, which renders it harder; and also, as the purification of the precious metals from all alloy would be a process of great and useless expense, it is for the convenience of all parties that some portion of alloy should be allowed to remain when the metal is prepared for coining. The degree of this adulteration should be fixed by law and should thus be publicly known, and should be invariable.

2. The government should regulate the form and size of the coin.

The size of the pieces should be such as shall best adapt them to the purposes of exchange.

Their relative proportions to each other should be such as to adapt them, most conveniently, to the purposes of enumeration. On this account the decimal system adopted by the United States is probably preferable to any other. The size having been once fixed upon, it should remain invariable.

In response of the form of money:

1. It should be adapted to convenience for counting. On this account flat coins are always preferred.

2. It should present the least possible surface to friction. On this account the thicker the pieces are the better, provided they be not inconvenient for piling.

3. The whole surface, or so much of it as is possible, should be so ornamented that if any of the metal should be feloniously filed or worn away it may be easily dis-

covered. For the same reason the edges should always be milled.

4. To reduce the amount of friction as much as possible the rim of the edge should be so raised as to protect the face.

It would be of advantage, also, if the amount of pure metal in every piece were always stamped upon its face. This would be an additional check against any interference on the part of government with the purity or the weight of coin. It would also allow persons entering into contracts to make them, either in weight or in demonination, as they chose; and thus to give them additional means of protection against interference of this sort, even if it were attempted.

Inasmuch as a piece of metal coined is worth more than a piece uncoined,—that is, as it has an additional value, derived from the means of verification conferred upon it,—and as this additional value is the property of the owner, and as the conferring of it is a costly operation, it is right that the owner should pay for it. Were nothing charged for it,[1] as it is worth more when coined than when uncoined, when it could not profitably be sent abroad in one form, it might be so sent in the other form; hence when it could not be sent in bullion it might be coiled and sent away in money. There would be, in such a case, a premium given to its exportation. But, on the other hand, the charge for this operation should be just sufficient to defray the expenses of the work.

Inasmuch as money is liable to continual wear from friction, and as it is thus steadily, though slowly, diminishing in value, it at last becomes so much worn as to be unfit for circulation, because its impression is effaced and also because it contains much less than the standard quantity of metal. When it becomes thus unfit for circu-

[1] Formerly both silver and gold were coined by the government "on private account," as gold is to-day. The expression "free silver," as used in America, does not mean exemption from the seigniorage, or coinage charge, but permission for the citizen to have his silver coined for him at the mint.

lation, on whom is the loss to fall—on the last holder, or on the whole community? Doubtless on the latter. The last holder has derived no more benefit from it than any one of the thousands of holders, each one of whom has contributed, by using it, to depreciate its value; and there is no reason why he, in preference to any other, should bear the whole loss. In other words, worn-out coin should always be received at the mint at par and exchanged for new. This remark, however, should apply only to worn-out coin and not to coin which has been fraudulently diminished in value. Pierced or clipped coin should not be exchanged. This will tend to prevent every one from receiving it and will thus tend to keep it in the hands of those who have robbed it of a part of its value.

If such be the agency which a government is called upon to exert in respect to a circulating medium, it will be seen that it has no right to interfere in any other respects.

1. It has no right to prevent the exportation or importation of specie. This, like any other commodity, if let alone, will regulate itself. Specie will never be sent abroad unless it be for the advantage of the country that it should be so sent abroad.

2. A government has no right arbitrarily to alter the value of money; that is, to say that a dollar shall contain either more or less silver than it now contains. To do so is, of necessity, to interfere with private contracts, and thus to expose one-half of the community a prey to the dishonesty of the other half.

If, however, the coin, by common consent, is found to need a change of any kind, and the public convenience actually require it, it is to be done by common consent after sufficient notice of the change has been given, and be so done that all contracts existing at the time be left inviolate.

3. A government, I think, has no right to fix the relative value between the precious metals. This cannot be

done, in fact, because their relative value is liable to continual fluctuation. If both are a legal tender, the debtor has the right of paying in that which he prefers; and as he may be always expected to choose to pay in the cheaper, he may thus frequently defraud his creditor to the amount of the fluctuation. It is better to have but one a legal tender, and leave the other as any other matter of merchandise, to be exchanged by special contract between the parties. In this respect I think the system of Great Britain preferable to our own. Gold, as has been remarked, is there the only legal tender for all sums above twenty shillings; and silver for all sums below that amount.[1] Hence, whenever contracts are made their amount determines the metal in which the payment is to be made.

BANKS OF DEPOSIT AND EXCHANGE.

The word bank is said to be of Italian origin. "In the infancy of European commerce the Jews in Italy were wont to assemble in the market places of the principal towns, seated on benches, ready to lend money; and the term bank is derived from the Italian word *banco,* a bench." When any of these money-lenders failed his bench was broken. Hence the origin of the word *bankrupt.*

1. We have shown how very great, in a civilized country, must be the amount of exchanges. We have also shown that these exchanges are greatly facilitated by means of the use of a metallic currency. But it is evident that, were the labor of exchanges to remain at the point to which we have carried it, every individual engaged in this business would be obliged to keep constantly on hand a great amount of silver and gold in order to effect his exchanges. This would very greatly limit the number of exchanges which he could effect with a given amount of capital.

[1] The same course has been followed in the United States.

2. Were men thus to keep on hand so large an amount of the precious metals, and actually to make their exchanges by means of metallic transfer, much time would be consumed in transportation.

3. Were exchanges to be made directly, through the medium of money, it is evident that every payment must, of necessity, be counted by both parties. This, in large payments, would consume much time and cause great wear and tear of the coin.

4. The precious metals are small in bulk and therefore are very liable to be stolen. The pieces of the same denomination being of precisely the same form and impression, if stolen they cannot be identified. More than usual care is necessary in order to secure them against robbery. Were every individual to keep on his premises the whole amount of the precious metals necessary to effect his exchanges, everyone would be obliged to guard his property with increased vigilance, both by day and by night.

But let us now suppose that this labor were divided, and that all the merchants in a town, instead of being everyone his own banker, agreed together to employ a single person to become the banker for all of them. Let us suppose this person to procure a safe repository for all the specie in the neighborhood, and to become responsible for its safe keeping. Suppose, also, that these merchants, instead of keeping their money themselves, all lodged it with him, and that he opened an account with each one, crediting him with whatever he deposited and debiting him to all that he withdrew, and that everyone was at liberty to withdraw at any moment he chose.

It is manifest that in such a case if A owed B one thousand dollars he would not send to the bank and withdraw the money for B to replace it again, but would give to B an order for one thousand dollars, which B would present to the banker, and the one thousand dol-

lars would be withdrawn from A's account and added to that of B. Here the writing of a few lines saves all the labor of repeated transportation, of as frequent counting of coin, and also all the cost of wear which must arise from every such operation. Besides, inasmuch as no more vigilance is necessary to secure from depredation the whole sum of specie than any one part of it, great additional labor is saved in this respect also.

But this is not all. We see from the case above that at the close of the day, although each one had made a large payment, yet everyone stood with the bank just as he did at the beginning. Though this will not be so in every case, yet it is evident that, supposing no great change in the value of products, such must be the general result. The reason is evident. Every man must sell as much as he buys, and he evidently must buy as much as he sells. When he buys he pays money; when he sells he receives money; that is, the money which every man receives must be as much as he pays away, with the addition of the profit which he has made by the operation. So that if all the exchanges of one hundred men were made among themselves and all purchases paid for in cash, and their accounts were all kept at one banking-house, these accounts must all, at the close of every day, very nearly balance each other. Under these circumstances it would very soon appear that it was unnecessary to have so large a sum in deposit in order to meet the emergencies of exchange. Instead of being obliged to have enough there to pay for every purchase, it would be sufficient if every man had enough to meet any accidental variation between his purchases and sales. Thus, each one would be enabled to withdraw a large portion of his deposit and employ it in active business. In this manner the amount of active capital in a society would be greatly increased, inasmuch as he who was formerly obliged to keep on hand, and out of employment, ten thousand dollars, might now

accomplish the same purpose with one thousand dollars; and he might employ the remainder in active exchanges.

Suppose the business of this society to become so extensive that one banker is unable to transact the operation of all these transfers, and another is also employed, who opens another banking-house on the same principles. If we bear in mind the fact that the purchases and sales must in the end be equal to each other, the transactions of the day must, as before, equalize each other. If both parties transact their business at the same bank this will be the case. If they transact their business at different banks it will but slightly differ. A pays B in a draft on the first bank, which B deposits in the second bank. B pays C in a draft on the second bank, which C deposits in the first bank. At the close of the day these banks exchange drafts and thus, without any labor or counting, or transportation, by merely writing a few words in a bank ledger, the whole transaction is completed. It is hardly possible to find a case in which, by the division of labor, a greater increase of productiveness is given to human industry.

The case will be the same if banks be established in different cities or in different countries. It is to be borne in mind that the sales and purchases of every society, as well as of every individual, must be substantially equal. The reason is obvious; for a man can buy only as much as he can pay for; and as much as he can pay for he will generally buy; and if he buy skillfully he will lose nothing by the exchange.

If exchanges between two places were equal the whole business of payment might be made by means of banks without the transfer of any specie whatever.

But, suppose the business between two places were not equal; suppose, for instance, that Boston purchased of New York ten million dollars' worth, and sold to that place only five million dollars' worth. In this case, one-half the payments would be made in productions. The remaining five millions must be provided for in some

other way. One obvious way would be to send this remainder in specie. But how is this five millions of specie to be provided? By sending the five millions of products, which would otherwise have been sent to New York, to some other place, where specie can be had at the cheapest rate, and thus paying for what we have purchased at New York by two exchanges instead of one. Another method would be for Boston to send five millions of her domestic products to some other market, say to the West Indies, and exchange it for some other product, say coffee or sugar, and remit these to New York to pay the balance of her debt. This would be sold, the proceeds deposited in the New York banks, and he who owed the New York merchant would purchase a draft in Boston of him who had imported the coffee or sugar, and thus the debt would be liquidated.

It is manifest that to Boston it is of no consequence in which way she pays this debt—whether by sending directly to New York ten millions of her products, by sending five millions to New York and five millions to South America in exchange for specie, or by sending five millions to New York and five millions to Cuba in exchange for coffee and sugar. In either case she pays but ten millions; and the way in which it is paid is a matter of indifference. It is obvious in which manner Boston will choose to pay her debt. Everyone who has a debt to pay will pay it in that which will liquidate it at the least expense to himself. If five millions of specie can be procured by four and a half millions of other products, it will be best to pay the debt in specie.

This is the case if we take into consideration two trading places in the same country. But the case is the same with the trading cities over the whole world. And by thus allowing everything to regulate itself the whole business of exchange is adjusted.

Bills of exchange, or orders of payment for goods already delivered at any particular place, become an

article of merchandise as much as anything else. If I send a cargo of cotton to Liverpool, and I can get more for the orders to pay the amount of it to someone there than for produce which I might bring back in return, I will dispose of it in that manner; that is, receive from someone, perhaps a South American merchant who is obliged to make payments in London, more than I should gain by the return cargo. In this case I order my ship to return in ballast, or else to bring out a freight for someone who wishes to transport goods to this country from Europe. It is of importance that some persons should devote themselves to this branch of labor. By this means both parties know how they can be best accommodated.

Such I suppose to be some of the principal functions of banks, as offices of deposit. They diminish the amount of the circulating medium necessary to carry on the exchanges of a country; they greatly diminish the labor of transportation and of counting money in the same place, and almost remove the necessity for transporting it between different places.

The Bank of Amsterdam was purely a bank of deposit. It received the specie of the merchants of the city and gave them acknowledgments, which were transferable, like specie; and by the transfer of these on the books of the bank all large payments were universally made. And, so great was the confidence in the management of the bank that certificates of these deposits were current throughout Europe. Adam Smith attributes the origin of this bank, to the desire of the Dutch to prevent their coin from migrating into the surrounding states and being replaced by the inferior and debased coin with which they were liable to be inundated. That this might have been the idea from which the first conception of such a bank originated is very possible. But whoever will observe the advantages of such an institution, as they have been stated above, must be aware that when the

transactions of a commercial city became numerous, and the exchanges became active, merchants could not long fail of falling upon some instrument which their necessities so imperatively required and which all their habits of thought would be so likely to suggest.

It is obvious that when all other methods fail of adjusting the difference of exchange between two places, specie must be procured and remitted from the one to the other. This will always pay the debt and equalize the exchange. Hence, the highest rate of exchange which under natural conditions is possible between two countries is that which is sufficient to procure the specie and to remit it to the place of payment.

QUESTIONS.

1. Would there have been any money in the absence of government action? Would it have been gold and silver?

2. Why is it necessary for the government to affix to specie a legal-tender quality?

3. What regulations should the government make as to the form and size of pieces of money?

4. What is *seigniorage?* (See Dictionary.)

5. Is it right for the government to charge a seigniorage when it coins the gold or silver belonging to a citizen? Is silver now coined in this way (on private account) in the United States? Is gold?

6. Is it the duty of the government to redeem worn-out coin?—mutilated coin?

7. Is it right for the government to prevent the exportation of specie?

8. Has the government the right arbitrarily to alter the value of money?

9. What does the author hold to be the best use of gold and silver? Does he favor the gold standard?

10. What was the origin of the word *bank?*

11. What would be the disadvantages of making actual transfers of coin in all business transactions?

12. How are these disadvantages avoided by means of banks?

13. If the exchanges between two cities or countries were equal, could the whole business transacted between them be effected by banks without any transfer of money?

14. Since they are not equal, how may the differences be adjusted to minimize the transfer of coin?

15. What is the highest rate of exchange, under normal conditions?

BANKS OF DISCOUNT, OR LOAN.

The capital and the industry are frequently in the hands of different persons. One has capital, but does not wish to labor with it himself. Another has industry and skill, but has no capital with which to create products. It will be a great advantage to both parties if the capitalist can loan his capital to the laborer and receive from him a fair compensation; while the laborer, by uniting capital with his industry, will be able, after paying this compensation, to retain a handsome remuneration for himself.

For the accomplishment of this result the introduction of a circulating medium presents great facilities.

As men accumulate capital they are enabled thus to loan. There are always multitudes of persons who wish to borrow. But he who is willing to loan is also frequently engaged in active business, and can rarely take pains to ascertain the character of the borrower; neither may he have any means of so observing his affairs as to secure himself in season against the results of dishonesty. Hence his risk of loss would be great; the rate of interest high; the time requisite to effect and to watch

over loans, great; and, there would be, on the part of the capitalist, but little disposition to part with the immediate control of his means.

These inconveniences would be greatly relieved if by a division of labor some persons were set apart for the express purpose of loaning money.

In this manner, banks perform the service of bringing together the lenders and borrowers, so that he who has anything to lend can lend it if there be anyone who wishes to borrow; and so that he who wishes to borrow can borrow, provided there be anyone who wishes to lend.

When this is once accomplished, the whole may be done in the shortest possible time.

Such is the nature of banks, as offices of discount. Some of the private banks of Great Britain are of this character. They issue no notes of their own, but merely negotiate the bills of other banks, or of the Bank of England. Of the same nature, to some degree, are savings banks, of which the object is to collect the capital from small owners and loan it out at interest for their benefit.

BANKS OF CIRCULATION, OR ISSUE.

If banks were established on the principles which we have suggested, and if the depositors and contributors placed in the hands of the banker metallic currency, it is evident that the bankers or bank would soon collect the greater part of the metallic currency in the country. Were this the case, it is evident that they might do a very considerable service to the community, by furnishing the depositor a certificate of deposit, which he might use, instead of the money which he had deposited. Thus, if I had deposited one thousand dollars in a bank in Providence, and wished to use it in New York; if their certificate that they owed me so much money, were as good in New York as the specie, the carrying of this

piece of paper, or the sending it by mail, would save all the trouble and risk of carrying the specie.

It is manifest that many of these bills thus issued by banks in this condition would never require to be repaid in specie, but would be canceled by an equal amount of similar bills from other banks. Of those which required to be so paid, it is impossible that they would all require to be paid at the same instant. As some persons were receiving payments in specie, other persons would also be depositing specie, which would make good the deficiency which this withdrawal occasioned. Hence it is evident that a bank thus constituted might, without violating its engagement to pay every certificate or bill in specie, issue a larger amount of such obligations than it at any time contained of specie in its vaults.

Inasmuch as these notes possess some considerable advantages over specie—as they are lighter, occupy less bulk, and are equal in exchangeable value to specie—they would be commonly preferred. That they are so preferred, everyone proves every day by his own conduct.

Banks, in this country and in Great Britain, generally perform all three of these functions.[1] They receive and pay out money on deposit, and keep all the accounts necessary to these transactions; they loan money at interest, and collect monies so loaned; and they also issue their own promissory notes, payable in specie, on demand.

Suppose, now, the capital of the bank were all paid in, in specie, and that it issued notes only to the precise amount of its capital. In this case, there would be a double and full guaranty for the payment of all its bills. The first guaranty would be the specie in its vaults, equal to the amount of all its bills in circulation. The second guaranty would be the notes of the individuals, of substantial responsibility, for an amount greater than

[1] There are now no state banks of circulation in this country. All the banks of circulation are National banks.

all the bills which the bank has issued, by the interest which was deducted from the note when it was received. Thus, suppose the capital of the bank to be one hundred thousand dollars, and that this has all been paid in specie. The bank loans one hundred thousand dollars of its notes, and receives one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the notes of individuals of sound pecuniary ability. The bank is then liable to pay one hundred thousand dollars, and it has, wherewith to pay it, two hundred thousand dollars; that is, one hundred thousand dollars in specie, and one hundred thousand dollars of the notes of individuals. I think that everyone would be inclined to say that such a bank was not only safe, but even superfluously safe. If all the debtors failed, and nothing was received for its issues, yet its notes would be safe; for it would still have, in its vaults, sufficient to meet every demand, as soon as presented, even if all its bills were presented for payment at the same instant.

Inasmuch as one perfect security is as safe as two, and as this security is more than perfect it might be diminished, and yet the bills of the bank be perfectly safe. It is morally certain that all the bills of the bank can never be presented for payment at the same instant. As its debtors are continually paying back what they have borrowed, and as it has always as much less to redeem as it has already redeemed, it is manifest that with something less than the amount of specie designated by its notes it may always be prepared to meet every demand that may be made upon it. If all its debtors failed, it would still have in its specie, if equal to its bills in circulation, enough to redeem all its issues. But with any tolerable management, its debtors would not all fail. It would be a very unusual occurrence if one-half of them failed. The bank would be then perfectly secure if the proportion of its specie capital in actual possession were sufficient to pay all deficits which could arise, from the failure of its debtors. We see, that the security

of a bank would always be perfect if it always possessed enough in specie capital to redeem every bill as soon as it was presented, and also sufficient to guaranty the holder against any injury which it might suffer from the failure of its customers. If there existed this ratio between the issues of the bank and the capital in its vaults, such a bank would be of undoubted security.

If it should go beyond this ratio, and just in proportion as it should go beyond it, there would be danger that its notes would not be redeemed in specie; hence, that they would be of imperfect value, or even be valueless, and thus, that the holders of them would lose, to the full amount of their depreciation. Though all the debtors of the bank failed, the holders of its bills would lose nothing, but the stockholders would lose all their contributed capital. If all the specie were stolen, and the bills were all paid, the holders would lose nothing, but the stockholders would lose all. But if there had been fraud, at the commencement, and no capital had been contributed; if the debtors of the bank all failed, the holders of the notes would lose all, and the stockholders would lose nothing. And in general, if the debtors of the bank failed, the holders of the notes could lose nothing unless the deficit thus created were more than sufficient to consume all the actual capital of the bank. The capital of the bank is the guaranty for the payment of all the notes which the bank has taken in exchange for its own bills; and, hence, the holders of these bills cannot suffer, until all this capital be first exhausted.

THE SOURCES OF THE PROFITS OF BANKS.

1. From deposits. As banks are extensively used for this purpose, they must have on hand, at all times, a considerable amount from this source, lying idle. This may be considered a part of their capital, which they may use in their business.

2. From exchanges. As these are to be made between different places, and as they must be made in drafts or in specie; if two banks, in different places, undertake to transact this business in concert, they may greatly facilitate the means of payment between two places. For this accommodation they charge a percentage, varying with the rate of the market. This is another source of revenue.

3. From interest on notes discounted; that is, on its regular loans. This is its great source of revenue. The manner of this has been already explained.

4. As it is evident that a bank may safely loan an amount of its notes greater than that of its capital, the interest of this excess is an additional source of revenue.[1] Thus, if a bank have one hundred thousand dollars paid in, and issue notes to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, it receives interest on twenty-five thousand dollars more than its stockholders have deposited. This is an addition to its revenue, by its amount, whatever it may be.

THE UTILITY OF BANKS, AS INSTITUTIONS OF DEPOSIT.

The utility of banks in this respect is derived from the saving of labor. They save the labor of transportation, of counting, and of vigilance.

I suppose it would be much better to have several banks nearly connected, as the branches of a large bank, than to have them isolated, and independent of each other. When banks are, in some measure, responsible for each other, they must become acquainted with the standing of each other, and will, of course, be disposed to check each other's excessive transactions. Hence, they will also be more likely to give to each other every reasonable credit. When, on the contrary, each one is

[1] In this country a bank of circulation is not now permitted to issue any notes not fully secured by government bonds owned by the bank and deposited with the government at Washington.—Ed.

entirely isolated from all the rest, and no one bank either knows, or has a right to know the condition of the other, each is naturally fearful of the solvency of the rest, and thus, may not be willing to afford those facilities of exchange, which the transactions of commerce require.

The advantages of banks, as institutions of discount and loan:

1. It may be proper to suggest, at the beginning of our remarks on this head, that banks add nothing to the capital of a country. Capital has been already defined. It is either the material on which industry operates, the instruments with which it operates, or the means of sustentation, by which it is supported during the operation. The capital of any country, at any one moment, consists of the amount of these which it then possesses. Now, it is evident, that the collecting this in one place, rather than in another; the loaning of it to one, rather than to another; or the loaning of it, instead of not loaning it at all; or the manufacture of printed or of written promises to pay money or anything else, can never increase the capital, that is, the wealth, or the amount of objects of desire, possessed by any country.

2. But whilst it is allowed that banks add nothing to the existing capital of a country, it is also true that they are capable of rendering the existing capital much more productive. In this manner the practical result may, to some extent, be the same as if they actually increased the capital of a country.

Banks increase the productiveness of capital chiefly by the facilities which they afford for the extension of credit.

"Credit is the term used to express the trust or confidence placed by one individual in another, when he assigns him money or other property in loan, or without stipulating for its immediate payment. The party who

lends is said to give credit, and the party who borrows to obtain credit.'"[1]

That the extension of credit, in every manner which can be rendered consistent with the safety of the lender, must increase the productiveness of capital, may be seen from the following considerations:

1. It is manifest that the labor of man without tools must be in the smallest degree productive. What man, by the mere labor of his hands, without tools, could ever maintain a family, or even maintain himself? But give him tools; that is, capital, and the productiveness of his labor is at once greatly increased. As he receives an equitable share of this productiveness his wealth is also increased. Thus, by the use of a small portion of capital, both he, and the community—that is, every individual—are rendered richer.

It may be said: Let all these operatives labor in the employment of those who possess capital, until they have acquired sufficient to commence production on their own account. This, to a considerable extent, is always done, and by this means the productiveness of a country is annually increased. It may be proper, however, to show in what manner, by a different arrangement, and a wider dissemination of the benefits of capital, productiveness may be more rapidly increased.

Were this plan universally adopted, it would oblige capitalists either to extend their business beyond their wishes, or else to leave many laborers unemployed. If a capitalist loaned nothing, he must invest all his annual revenue in the business of his own profession. Were he successful in this manner, he would, in the course of years, be obliged so to enlarge all his means of production, that a large part of his affairs must be managed by subordinate agents.

The talent for conducting large transactions is by no means universally possessed. Many men who are

[1] M'Culloch.

capable of superintending an establishment of ten thousand dollars per year would be utterly incapable of conducting one of one hundred thousand dollars per year. And in general, in proportion to the number of grades of agency necessary to the management of any concern, the ratio of profit diminishes.

Suppose capitalists always to employ their own capital, the burden of every man's business would increase with his years; and thus, the older he grew, and, of course, the more unfit for business, the more intolerable would the pressure of business become. This is unnatural. As a man advances in years, and is less adapted to labor, he is disposed to retire from it, and to seek for some method in which, without active employment, he may reap the advantage of his previous industry and frugality.

Besides, were capital thus to accumulate, in a few hands, it would confine the operations of industry to a few places, and thus materially add to the cost of productions, and diminish the conveniences of the community.

The same principles apply to merchants and to all other persons employed in active business. It is by means of credit that those who possess more capital than they wish personally to employ may, without labor, derive from it an equitable revenue; and that those who have less capital than they can profitably employ, may procure the use of such capital as they wish, and may thus be enabled to enjoy the full benefit of their skill and industry. It is thus that a poor man, with industry and skill, is enabled at once to reap all the advantages of riches; and a rich man, whose power of labor is past, to reap, to a considerable degree, the advantages of industry and skill. The benefit to both parties is great and mutual. And it is manifest that any institution which contributes to accomplish such a result must be of material service to the community.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF A PAPER CIRCULATION.

The advantages of a paper circulation are two, economy and convenience:

1. The material in use in a paper circulation is of much less value than that in a specie circulation. A bill worth one thousand ounces of silver may not cost more than two or three cents. Now, in just so far as a paper circulation accomplishes the same result as specie, and accomplishes it at a less price, the community is the gainer by the difference.

2. The wear and tear of paper money, as well as the original cost, is less expensive than that of silver and gold. Were silver and gold transported, as paper money now is, the friction would reduce the weight of coin so rapidly that new emissions would be much more frequently necessary.

3. But, specially, as the introduction of paper money renders a considerable part of the specie formerly employed useless, it may be exchanged for other capital. Specie is, in itself, incapable of production. If a part of it will answer the purposes of exchange, all the remainder may be changed for productive capital.

4. Paper money is much more easily transported. To travelers and men in the ordinary affairs of life this is a matter of considerable consequence.

5. Paper money is less liable to robbery.

6. Paper money, if stolen, is more easily identified, and hence more easily recovered.

On the other hand, its disadvantages are three, viz.: Its liability to forgery, to fraud and to fluctuation.

While, however, all this is admitted, it deserves to be remarked:

1. That these disadvantages of fluctuation, both from unskillfulness and from fraud, do not belong exclusively to banks, but are liable to exist under any circumstances in which money is loaned and borrowed.

2. In a time of scarcity banks are sadly abused because they will not loan more money. A bank, if it be honest and mean to pay its debts, has its limit, beyond which it cannot safely pass, as truly as an individual. When it has arrived at this limit its loans must cease.

But, whatever may be the advantages or disadvantages of a paper currency, one thing is certain that it has, in all actively commercial countries, taken the place of a specie currency. This is a sufficient reason to believe that it is the more convenient circulating medium. It would not be so universally chosen unless it were found to answer a better purpose than specie; and, if it be found to answer a better purpose, it ought to be chosen.

There will follow several very obvious conclusions:

1. That to lend money is just as necessary to the good of the community and is, therefore, as innocent and as honorable as to borrow it.

2. That an institution organized for the purpose of lending money is, so far as its object is concerned, as beneficial to the community, as innocent and as honorable as any other institution.

3. That a lender of money is liable to be dishonest and unskillful; but that a borrower of money is also liable to be dishonest and unskillful.

4. That the one as much as the other is entitled to all the benefits of equal laws and the fair and unbiased execution of them. If a bank conduct dishonestly, this is a reason why it should be dealt with according to just and equitable law; but it is not a reason why all the capital of the country should be oppressed and every capitalist insulted. A carpenter may be dishonest and this is a reason why he should be dealt with according to just and equitable law; but it is no reason why every carpenter should be oppressed and his calling made a cause of opprobrium. The principle which applies to the one case applies equally to the other.

THE AGENCY OF SOCIETY, THAT IS, OF GOVERNMENT, IN RESPECT OF A PAPER CIRCULATION.

Although a community may choose a paper instead of a metallic currency, and although they have a right to choose it, neither any community nor any individual of a community chooses either a worthless or a fluctuating currency. While a government has no right to enact that a currency shall be anything else than the people wish it to be, they have a right to take all proper means to make it such as the people wish it to be.

1. They have a right to take such means as will be likely to give all reasonable security to a paper currency.

QUESTIONS.

1. How do banks of discount or loan promote industry by bringing together those who wish to borrow and those who wish to lend?

2. By what name are such banks generally known in this country?

3. What fact enables a bank to issue certificates [or bank notes] to a greater amount than the money that it has for the redemption of such certificates?

4. What advantages do bank notes have over specie?

5. How may a bank of circulation have a "double guarantee" for its certificates? Could they be safe if the borrowers all failed?

6. What is "morally certain" as to the presenting of the bank notes for redemption? Does this hold in case of panics?

7. What precaution is taken by our national government to secure the issues of national banks? Are there now any state banks of circulation in this country?

8. Does the author hold that banks should be in a measure responsible for each other? What are his reasons for this?

9. Do banks really add anything to the capital of a country? Do they render the existing capital more productive? If so, how?

10. What is credit?

11. Why is it undesirable that men should do business only upon capital that they own?

12. What are the advantages of a paper circulation?

13. What are its disadvantages?

14. What answer does the author make to the objections to paper money?

15. What has the government the right to do in respect to paper currency?

III.

DISTRIBUTION.

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF WAGES.

The price of anything is its exchangeable value, expressed in the form of money.

Exchangeable value is cost plus the effect of supply and demand.

Labor may be divided into two kinds: First, simple labor, or that which is unconnected with previously acquired skill, and second, educated labor, or that in which industry is combined with the results of previous education.

SIMPLE LABOR.

In order to produce this, all that is necessary is muscular strength, resulting from a properly formed body, and a sound mind in ordinary health.

In order to keep the number of laborers the same in any particular country, it is necessary that the parent or parents receive sufficient wages, not only to provide food, clothing and shelter for themselves, but also for at least two children, until the children be able to support themselves.

The life of man is often prolonged beyond the period of active labor. In old age a man is either utterly disqualified for labor, or else his labor is insufficient to support him. Hence he must either be supported by his children or else he must, when in his full strength, have accumulated sufficient property to support him in his decrepitude. Hence the wages of labor must be sufficient not only to support the laborer and at least two children, but also to provide for or to sustain him in old age, when the power of labor is exhausted.

If so much as this be earned by the laborer the population of a country may remain stationary.

But it is the fact that the natural rate of the productiveness of the human species is more rapid than that of two children to two parents. The number of children who are born does not depend upon the circumstances of the parents. More children are commonly born to the poor than to the rich. The rich are often childless; the poor, very rarely.

Adam Smith informs us that it is no uncommon thing to see a woman in the Highlands of Scotland who has borne twenty children, of whom not more than two have arrived at adult years. The same author adds that, although the children born in military barracks are numerous and apparently healthy, yet officers have informed him that rarely enough of them are reared to supply the regiments with drummers and fifers.

I suppose that the natural cost of labor, or that cost which corresponds with the proper condition of man, would be that which allows of the rearing of such a number of children as naturally falls to the lot of the human race. This, however, presupposes the laborers to be industrious, virtuous and frugal.

It is here to be remarked that what is necessary to the sustentation and comfort of a human being differs greatly in different climates.

It would seem at first view, from these facts, that the laborers in southern latitudes would have a great advantage over the laborers at the north, and must, of necessity, undersell them in everything. But such seems not to be the case. The enervating nature of the climate unfits them for labor, and indisposes them to the putting forth of intellectual skill.

But this is only a part of the labor which is employed by man. A large portion of it requires special and peculiar training. This of course adds to its cost.

Wages which, in addition to the price of simple labor,

would pay the interest of whatever is expended in procuring the necessary education, would hence be the lowest cost of such labor. And it is manifest also that these should vary with the cost of the investment necessary for acquiring the skill.

THE SUPPLY AND DEMAND FOR LABOR.

If wages be so high as to support all the children that are born, and yet there be a want of laborers, wages will rise very high, and the deficiency will generally be supplied by immigration. Laborers from less favored countries will then flow in to supply the demand. The overburdened population of an older country will be drained off and the surplus capital of a new country will be profitably employed.

But it frequently happens that not only an education, but also peculiar native talent is necessary, in order to arrive at eminence in a particular pursuit. When this is the case the supply cannot be increased by the agency of man. No pecuniary emolument could create the talent of a Milton or a Shakespeare, a Cicero or a Demosthenes, a Watt or a Fulton. Hence the demand for such talent being great, and the supply limited, and by human effort incapable of increase, the exchangeable value of its productions is frequently great. The emoluments of Sir Walter Scott were princely. It not unfrequently happens, however, that this sort of talent is in advance of its age and its value is not appreciated until after the death of its possessor. Although, however, demand cannot create unusual genius, yet it is the fact that whenever the demand is greatest for any particular talent then that talent is most likely to arise.

For simple labor, and that which requires only such skill as may be easily acquired by all, there must always be a demand; hence, when there is any capital such labor will always bring something. The rate at which it will

be paid at different times and in different countries is next to be considered.

We have already stated that wages are the result of a partnership formed between the laborer and the capitalist, in which the one receives a portion of the value created in return for his labor, and the other the remainder in return for the use of his capital. Both of these parties are equally necessary to each other. If the laborer could not procure work, or could not exchange his labor for some value which he created, he must starve. If the capitalist could not create value from the employment of his capital he must starve also. He could neither eat, nor drink, nor wear his looms, spinning-jennies, ships, iron, or cotton.

The average rate of wages in any country, for a number of years taken together, must depend upon the ratio which the annual accumulation of capital in any country bears to the annual increase of human beings. If wages be high, and capital increase as fast as the human species increases, wages will, for any period that may be contemplated, continue as they are at present. If wages be low, and capital does not increase faster than the human race, they will continue low. If the increase of capital be more rapid than the natural increase of the human race, wages, however high, will rise, until they shall be so high that production can yield no profit.

Hence we see that the prosperity of a nation does not depend simply upon the absolute amount of its capital, but upon the ratio which its capital bears to its population and the ratio which is maintained between the increase of both.

This subject illustrates the connection between capital and population. Population always follows capital. It increases as capital increases, is stationary when capital is stationary, and decreases when capital decreases. And hence there seems to be no need of any means to prevent the too rapid increase of population other than to secure

a corresponding increase of capital by which that population may be supported.

While all the expense necessary to good government should be met, and met cheerfully and liberally, yet expense, beyond this, is a benefit to no one; it diminishes the comforts of all, and destroys the lives of multitudes.

If the considerations which have been adduced above be correct, there is no need of seeking any further for the cause of that distress among the lower classes, of which we hear so frequently in Europe. If the capital be dissipated in wars, creatures must perish for the want of it. Nor do we need any abstruse theories of population to enable us to ascertain in what manner this excess of population may be prevented.

Hence, we see the economical evils of every form of vice, as, for instance, of intemperance. The money spent in intemperance, is so much absolute waste of capital. This is, of itself, in most civilized countries, enormous. But besides this, it unfits the individual for labor; it is the author of numerous diseases, both in parents and in children.

If capital be increasing more rapidly than human beings, wages will rise. If it be not increasing so fast, wages will fall. And if, from any sudden change in the affairs of a country, this ratio be suddenly affected, wages will be affected accordingly.

SKILLED LABOR.

I come now to consider that sort of labor which requires special and expensive education, and some peculiar natural endowment; such, for instance, is the labor which is bestowed upon the fine arts, and which is employed in some of the professions.

The desire for this labor varies with the state of society. In the beginnings of a nation, when everyone is interested in providing the means of subsistence, there

is little time or capital to spare for the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts. It is only in the later and more advanced stages of society, where hereditary fortunes have been built up and where accumulated property gives opportunity for leisure and refinement, that much desire is manifested for those productions of the fine arts which are considered the offspring of the rarest and most highly gifted talent.

SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES BY WHICH, IRRESPECTIVELY OF THE INFLUENCE OF CAPITAL, THE WAGES OF LABOR ARE AFFECTED.

Whenever, in any country, capital is removed from one kind of employment to another, the wages in that form of labor to which capital is transferred will be raised.

The price of labor is affected by the ease or difficulty, the pleasure or pain, of the employment.

Wages are affected by the skill required in performing the operation. This arises from two circumstances: Skill can be acquired only by practice and education.

Wherever a great amount of capital is employed, it must to a very considerable degree be placed in the power of some one or more agents. If this power be abused, or used unwisely, the whole is liable to be lost. If the manager be careless he may destroy it by negligence; and if he be dishonest he may convert it to his own emolument. Judgment and integrity are absolutely necessary in many of the operations of production. Such a union is rarely to be found. Hence, while the demand is imperative, the supply is small. On this account, the wages of such persons are high.

Division of labor requires that a man devote himself exclusively to a single employment, and therefore that his whole emolument be derived from that employment. When the opportunities of employment are rare

the wages for each particular operation must be greater, since we must pay not only for the time actually employed, but also for that time which is lost to the laborer while waiting for employment.

Another circumstance which affects the price of wages, is the certainty or uncertainty of success. In most of the ordinary avocations of life if a man acquire the requisite skill he will invariably find employment. In the professions it is not so.

THE BENEFIT OF CAPITAL TO THE LABORER.

The laborer may derive very great benefit from the loan of money; that is, of capital. He is thus enabled to employ all his skill; and thus a loan for a few years is very frequently the commencement of a fortune. Hence we see how very absurd is the prejudice so commonly excited against money-lenders and money-lending institutions.

Suppose that a village were destitute of capital, and that its inhabitants were therefore obliged to be employed in simple labor, or in that which required the least skill, and, therefore produced the lowest wages. They would consequently be poor, and would be able to accumulate very little. Let, now, an opulent man come among them, and establish a manufactory which will employ every inhabitant capable of labor. The capitalist furnishes the materials and the tools, by which the laborer is enabled to use his skill, in addition to the simple labor, which he used formerly. The result is a great increase of the productiveness of industry; and of course a much larger amount than before becomes the portion of the laborer.

We next proceed to consider the circumstances which vary the rate of interest at which capital may be borrowed. These, I suppose to be three; viz., risk, convenience of investment, and productiveness of capital.

This risk depends upon several circumstances. Of these, the principal are the nature of the employment, the character of the borrower, and the character of the government.

THE RATE OF INTEREST, AS AFFECTED BY THE USE OF CAPITAL.

When the risk is the same we find interest higher in some countries than in others, and higher in the same country at one time than at another. When the security is equally good interest is higher in this country than in Great Britain, and in this country it is higher in the new, than in the older States.

This shows that there must be causes of variation in interest, aside from that of risk.

The ratio between supply and demand produces the same effect upon the rate of interest as upon every thing else. Whatever be the profit of capital, if the supply be very small the price will rise in proportion, since he who by employing it at a high price can make a small profit will rather so employ it than make no profit at all.

The rate of interest is affected by the freedom of capital. I mean the liberty of the individual to employ his capital in any innocent way. When this liberty is enjoyed, every one chooses the way in which he will reap the largest profit. The larger the profit he realizes, the larger will be the interest which he will be willing to pay.

The rate of interest is affected by taxation. A tax abstracts its whole amount realized, besides the cost of collecting it, from the annual profits of capital.

In the view of the political economist, laws regulating the rate of interest are injurious to the prosperity of a country. Some of the reasons for this opinion, are the following:

1. Such laws violate the right of property. A man has the same right to the market price of his capital in

money as he has to the market price of his house, his horse, his ship, or any other of his possessions.

2. The real price of capital cannot be fixed by law, any more than the real price of flour, or of iron, or of any other commodity.

3. The price of capital, or money, is really more variable than that of any other commodity.

4. Such laws give rise to great and disastrous fluctuations in the price of money.

Suppose that six per cent. is the highest legal rate of interest, and that he who loans at a higher rate is liable to lose both principal and interest, and also his mercantile character. In this case, as soon as the profit of capital in business rises to fifteen or twenty per cent., no one, who can thus employ it, will loan it at six per cent. Hence, as soon as it thus rises, the supply will be immediately diminished, and this will cause a greater rise of interest. Those who from honor or conscience obey the laws, will withdraw from the market and employ their capital in some other way.

I believe that all enactments establishing a legal rate of interest are injurious and unwise. The only enactment of any value would be one which should define the usual rate when nothing was said on the subject in the contract. The use of this would be to prevent disputes.

THE PRICE OF LAND, OR RENT.

Land is the instrument by which a farmer produces the various vegetable and animal substances which he offers in exchange.

The productiveness of land is made up of two things, fertility and situation.

The interest of land, or real estate in general, is commonly less than that of other property. If any particular stock costs one hundred dollars, and yields as interest, but three per cent., it would not sell for one

hundred dollars, but for fifty or sixty dollars. But land which costs one hundred dollars, although it yield but three per cent., will sell for ninety or one hundred dollars. That is, men are willing to receive less interest for money invested in land than for that invested in other property. The reasons for this difference are these:

1. Property in land is considered more secure than any other property. The principal may be considered indestructible. It is the safest of all investments, and nothing is paid for the risk.

2. The title to land can be more definitely secured than that of any other property. The legal instruments by which it is secured to the individual are a matter of public record. The boundaries of land can be ascertained with entire precision. The land itself cannot be removed.

3. Men generally derive some influence and consideration from the ownership of land, which they do not derive from any other possessions. In many places the right of suffrage is restricted to landholders.

4. There is in the human race, a strong disposition to become the owners of land, and a natural love for the pursuit of agriculture.

5. The natural progress of society tends to increase the value of landed property.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the exchangeable value of any property?

2. What are the two classes of labor?

3. For what must the price of labor be sufficient?

4. Upon what must the average rate of wages depend, for long periods?

5. What is the relation of population to capital?

6. What circumstances influence the price of labor irrespective of capital?

7. What does the author say of the prejudice against money lenders?

8. What are some of the conditions affecting the rate of interest?

9. Are usury laws held to be wrong? State reasons.

10. How would abuses in charges of interest correct themselves?

11. Why is the interest of land commonly rated lower than that of other property? State four reasons.

IV.

CONSUMPTION.

THE NATURE AND DESIGN OF CONSUMPTION.

Consumption is the destruction of value. By this is not meant the annihilation of the material, but only of a particular form of utilty. Thus if gunpowder be burned, if bread be eaten, if a tree be felled, the particular utility which each originally possessed, is destroyed forever. And this destruction of value takes place, altogether independently of the result which may ensue; because that destruction is as truly effected in one case as in another.

1. Consumption may be either of labor or of capital. A mechanic who bestows a days labor upon a table consumes that amount of labor upon it. He also consumes the material upon which he has labored.

2. Consumption may be either voluntary or involuntary. It is voluntary when it is effected by design. It is involuntary when it is the result of accident. In either case, if there be consumption, there is value destroyed.

3. Consumption is either rapid or gradual. The consumption of wood for fuel is rapid. The consumption of wood in consequence of the wear of a dwelling house is gradual. But gradual consumption is as sure and as certain as if it were rapid.

The annual consumption of an individual, is the sum total of all the values which he destroys.

Every man in the country is a consumer. Without consuming he could not sustain life a day.

A man cannot honestly consume more than he pro-

duces. And the more he produces, the more will he consume.

This advantage is of two kinds: The increase of value, or the gratification of desire.

The increase of value is the design of consumption in all the departments of industry.

By the gratification of desire the value of a product is commonly destroyed, without the creation of any other product by which it is to be replaced. The purposes for which values are consumed in this manner are various.

RULES GOVERNING CONSUMPTION.

The rules by which expenditure of all kinds should be governed are:

1. Our consumption for the purpose of producing a given result should be as small as possible. Whatever is consumed beyond what is necessary to accomplish our purpose is so much absolute loss.

2. The consumption being given, it should be our object to derive from it as large a product or as valuable a gratification as possible.

Consumption is of two kinds, individual and public. Individual consumption is what the individual consumes for his own personal profit or gratification. Public consumption is what is consumed by the society for the benefit of the whole.

Consumption is either of capital, or of labor.

CONSUMPTION OF CAPITAL.

The principles which we have already endeavored to illustrate would suggest the following rules, respecting this part of consumption:

1. Our consumption of capital, in order to produce a given result, should be as small as possible.

2. We should employ capital of no greater value than is necessary to effect the production intended.

3. It is important that every utility possessed by any substance be entirely consumed.

CONSUMPTION OF LABOR.

The principles above illustrated would teach us:

1. To employ precisely as much labor as is necessary to accomplish the intended result, and

2. To employ labor at no higher price than is necessary to accomplish our object.

3. To see that the labor paid for shall all be performed.

CAUSES OF WASTE.

The causes of the waste of labor are various. Some of the more common are:

1. Want of superintendence. It cannot be supposed that laborers if left alone and if paid by the day will labor as faithfully as if working for themselves.

2. Irregularity. Where tools are allowed to get out of place or materials to be deficient or unsuitable, or where several laborers are obliged to stand idle to wait for the completion of an operation which is done out of season, much time must of necessity be lost.

3. Defective tools. In order that the economy of labor may be as great as possible, the tools by which labor is saved should be as perfect as possible.

"I remember," says Say, "being once a witness of the numberless misfortunes which a neglectful housekeeping entails. For the want of a small latch, the gate of the poultry yard was forever open, there being no means of closing it externally, and many of the poultry were lost in consequence. One day a fine young porker made his escape into the woods, and the whole family—gardener, cook, milkmaid, and others,—presently turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener, in leaping a ditch, got a sprain that confined him to his bed for a

fortnight. The cook found that the linen which she had left at the fire to dry was burned up. The milkmaid forgot, in her haste, to tie up the cattle in the cow house, and one of the loose cows broke the leg of a colt that was kept in the same shed. The linen burned, and the gardener's work lost were worthy twenty crowns, and the colt as much more; so that forty crowns were lost, in a few minutes for want of a latch that would not have cost more than a few sous." ["Pol. Economy," Book 3d, chapter V.]

RULES IN REGARD TO CAPITAL.

If these be considered, irrespective of our circumstances or of the intrinsic value of the gratification themselves, the principles of expenditure will be essentially the same as those which have been already illustrated. In regard to capital, the rules will be:

1. That the consumption of values must be as small as is consistent with the accomplishment of our purpose. This is opposed to several errors.

2. That consumption must be as perfect as possible. When we have possessed ourselves of a substance, it should not be thrown away until every utility which it possesses has been exhausted.

3. That all the means should be provided for the most perfect production and consumption of values.

TAXES.

A part of the annual revenue of every individual is contributed in some manner to the public, and is expended by the agents of the public—that is, by the government. This part remains to be treated of, under the head of public consumption.

This expenditure is provided for, by means of taxation.

Property consumed by the government is as really

consumed, and its value as really destroyed, as though the individual citizens consumed it themselves.

This being the fact, the rule by which consumption is to be judged of is precisely the same, whether it be public or private.

It is very frequently asserted, and therefore some of those to whom it is told, I suppose, must believe it, that public expenditure enriches a country, or that at least it is wholly innocent, since it quickens the circulation of money, and that it does no harm, inasmuch as all the money always remains in the country.

The consumption is of the same nature, whether it be public or private. It is a destruction of value, and the rule by which we are to determine whether it be profitable or unprofitable is the same in both cases.

While this rule is always to be adopted, it is to be interpreted with a liberal and intelligent forecast. It must not always be expected that the product created by consumption will be a visible, tangible, material substance. We see no physical, tangible product as the result of taxes for the support of civil government. But we receive the benefit in security of person, property and reputation, or in that condition of society which, though it be incapable of being weighed and measured, is absolutely essential both to individual happiness and individual accumulation.

Taxes are of two kinds, direct and indirect.

A direct tax is a certain amount assessed upon every individual, in proportion to the property which he is known to possess.

An indirect tax is levied upon articles of production, at some period during their passage from one possessor to another. Thus a tax, or duty, is laid by this country on various goods imported from abroad, immediately on their arrival. This duty is paid by the merchant who receives them and he adds to the cost of the goods when he sells them. Thus the price of the product is raised

by this amount when it comes into the hands of the consumer.

Supposing the same sum were to be demanded for the service of the public, it may be asked, Which mode of raising it is to be preferred?

1. In favor of an indirect tax, it may be urged that it is raised with more convenience and with less liability to personal collusion between the taxpayer and the tax-gatherer.

It is a fact that men feel direct taxes more sensibly; that is, they know when they pay them, and how much they pay. Here, then, is liability to ill feeling, and sometimes to resistance; and there is a possibility that an excessive parsimony may restrict the public means in such manner as to prevent the execution of works of real utility or of imperative necessity.

2. There is, however, a somewhat greater liability of injustice in indirect than in direct taxation. When duties are laid upon goods, the taxpayer knows very little of the amount paid, and is less careful to inquire on what principles the revenue is raised. There is a greater opportunity afforded of imposing the public burdens unequally, and of imposing them for the purpose at variance with the principles of the social compact.

3. Aside from irregularity in the assessment of indirect taxes, it may be observed that in their very nature they are liable to objection because they do not impose the public burden in proportion to the share which the individual receives of public protection. The indirect tax is paid by the consumer. Hence he pays not according to the benefit which he receives from the existence of civil government, but according to the amount of production which he consumes. He who possesses a million dollars' worth of property, if he consume no more than he who lives by his daily labor, will pay no larger share of the public burden.

The same remark may be applied in part to direct

taxation. It may be said that the taxpayer here raises his price in such a manner that he only pays a part of the tax assessed upon him, and that the remainder is paid by the consumer. This is in part true, but I think not by any means to the extent that it is true of indirect taxation.

In favor of direct taxation it may also be added that it is decidedly more in harmony with the genius of a republican or representative government. Such a government proceeds upon the principle that the people are the fountain of power, and are competent to govern themselves. Such a government ought not to act upon the directly opposite principle that the people ought not to know what they pay, or when or how they pay.

THE PRINCIPLE BY WHICH TAXATION SHOULD BE REGULATED.

It is evident that such taxation should be made discriminately; that is, that articles of necessity should be either exempt from taxation or taxed very lightly, and that articles of luxury should bear the greater part of the burden.

This would lead us to the following conclusions:

1. Property below a certain amount might very properly be exempt from taxation.

The poor man's clothes and bedding, his cow and his pig, should never be enumerated as taxable property.

2. The necessaries of life, if taxed at all, should be taxed at the lowest rates. Of these the rich and poor must consume nearly equal quantities. But they require only a fraction of the rich man's income, while they demand almost the whole of the poor man's earnings. A tax on breadstuffs, fuel, coarse clothing, or iron, diminishes essentially the comforts and even the necessaries of life of a very large proportion of every community.

3. Taxation should be the heaviest upon articles of luxury and ostentation; not for the sake of interfering with these modes of pursuing happiness, but because

those who are able to expend in this manner are able to bear with the least inconvenience the expenses of government.

A surplus revenue is a public nuisance. It gives the government a dangerous control over the monetary affairs of the country; a control which is very liable to be exerted for the promotion of partisan purposes. It is taking productive capital from the hands of the owners, and vesting it in hands where there is every temptation to spend it uselessly, if not viciously. The world has never yet seen a government so pure that it would not become corrupt, if a surplus revenue were permanently placed at its disposal.

THE PURPOSES FOR WHICH THE PUBLIC REVENUE IS COMMONLY EXPENDED.

Of these the most important are the support of civil government, education, national improvements, war, and public charities.

Of expense for the support of civil government. This is by far the most necessary of any of the objects of public expense.

Economy requires that precisely such talent should be employed, in the various offices of civil government, as may be necessary to insure the discharge of the duties of each office, in the best possible manner. Many of these offices can be discharged successfully only by the talent of first order, cultivated by learning and discipline, and directed by incorruptible integrity.

It is certainly bad economy to employ inferior talent to do badly that which can only be of any service when it is done well.

The salaries of judicial, legislative, and executive officers should be such as will command the services of such talent as the duties of each office require. It is most unwise parsimony to give to a judge such a salary as will command the services of nothing more than a third rate

lawyer; and it is mean to ask an individual to do a service for the community at a lower rate than that at which he would do it for an individual.

It may be said that by bestowing large salaries upon the offices of government we present temptations to avarice. But the reduction of salaries by no means diminishes the evil. Were emolument to be reduced, there would always be a contest for office.

I am willing to allow that the principles of wages should have their full effect. For instance, where an office confers rank or dignity, or indicates professional eminence, the emolument should be less than would otherwise be paid for the same amount of service. When an office is permanent the emolument should be less than when it is temporary

EXPENSES FOR THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

Education is of two kinds, common and scientific. Common education is limited to the teaching of those branches of which a knowledge is necessary in the pursuit of the ordinary occupations of life. This is a proper object for national expenditure, because it is for the interest of every man that every other man should be acquainted with the elements of learning. Especially is this the case in a representative government.

A question, however, occurs both as to the manner in which such a revenue should be raised, and the manner in which it should be distributed. It may, for instance, be raised like any other tax, and paid into the public chest, and the teachers be paid as officers of the government. Or, it may be raised in the different districts in which the schools are to be supported, and paid into the hands of district officers, who both oversee the schools and employ the teachers.[1]

[1] School taxes are generally levied in part by the State (and the money expended on a per capita basis), and in part locally. The support of public schools in the States is a State duty, and does not belong to the National government.—Ed.

On this subject, the principles to be kept in view seem to be simple. It seems necessary that every district sufficiently large to maintain a school should be obliged to maintain one, and that, for this purpose, the necessary funds be raised by the authority of the public.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

That the cultivation and the diffusion of science is greatly advantageous to a whole community does not, I trust, require proof.

As both the cultivation and the diffusion of science may be performed by the same individuals, and as the same instruments are needful for both purposes, these two objects have been commonly united.

The only case in which a government should assume such works, is that in which their magnitude is too great for individual enterprise, or that in which the power which they confer is too great to be entrusted to private corporations. Whenever they are undertaken, the principles on which the expenditure should be made are the same as those which govern the expenditure of individuals.

THE EXPENSES OF PAUPERISM.

As cases frequently occur which could not be relieved with sufficient promptness by the aid of individuals, or in which the burden would press too heavily on the most charitable, it is proper that some public provision should be made for the relief of those whom old age or infancy or sickness deprives of the power of providing the means necessary for sustenance.

By far the greater number of persons requiring such aid are capable of some labor, and are also possessed of some skill. They are also far happier when engaged in suitable labor than when idle. It is therefore the dictate of benevolence, as well as of economy, to provide them with means of profitable occupation.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is consumption?

2. What are some of the ends of voluntary consumption?

3. By what two rules should expenditures be governed?

4. What principles should govern the consumption of capital?—the employment of labor?

5. Mention three causes of waste of labor.

6. What principles should govern consumption for the gratification of desire?

7. Are the principles and rules the same for public and for private consumption?

8. Is public consumption justifiable from the mere fact that it "puts money into circulation"?

9. What are direct taxes?—indirect taxes?

10. What are the advantages of direct taxation?

11. What are the advantages of indirect taxation? its disadvantages? How does this form of taxation work injustice?

12. On what articles should the heaviest burdens of taxation rest?

13. Why is a surplus of revenue undesirable?

14. Should school taxes be levied locally or by the State as a whole? What is the practice as to this in this country generally? Is the support of the public schools a State or a National duty?

15. How should pauperism be relieved?

Gail Hamilton's Ramble in the Old Paths.

I. Beginnings of Literature in England.

The earliest known inhabitants of Great Britain were the Britons, or Celts. The literature which they left is comprised in a few words, chiefly names of lakes, rivers, and mountains.

In 55 B. C. the Romans, under Julius Cæsar, invaded the southeastern coast of Britain, and later they occupied the country. They preserved their own nationality, and did not coalesce with the Britons. They built excellent military roads, which are still represented by the chief roads of England, and substantial military stations, where are now some of the most important towns. They also left a few names and terminations of names.

Beginning with 449 A. D. the Jutes, the Saxons, and the Angles, from the shores of Northern Europe, took possession of Southern Britain in what, if they were not our ancestors, we should call a decidedly piratical manner. But they gave up their piratical craft and took kindly to what civilization the Romans had left in Britain. The Romans, and for the greater part the Britons, disappeared. The Jutes, the Angles (who gave name to England), the Saxons, and the Scandinavians, or Danes, are considered to have been the chief founders of the present English people.

The conversion of the islanders to Christianity had been attempted and professedly accomplished in the first century; but we find Augustine beginning at the beginning again at the close of the sixth century. This was because the Christian Britons had been generally driven out (into Wales) by the heathen invaders. Literature advanced hand in hand with Christianity, but it was chiefly in possession of the clergy, and was written in the Latin language. The Anglo-Saxon was not supposed to be sufficiently dignified for writing.

The "Venerable Bede" translated a part of the Bible into Anglo-Saxon, and wrote a valuable "Ecclesiastical History of England." He with Alcuin (his pupil, the friend and tutor of Charlemagne), and with Aldhelm, Johannes Erigena, and others less distinguished, wrote commentaries on the Bible, homilies, lives of the saints, treatises on grammar, music, orthography, the body and blood of our Lord, and other themes little known to modern readers.

A few Anglo-Saxon poems remain to us, the most interesting of which is a narrative poem by Cædmon, from which Milton is supposed to have borrowed some of the ideas of "Paradise Lost."

Literature received inestimable advantages from the patronage and the active exertions of King Alfred the Great, who lived in the ninth century. Suffering constantly from painful disease, he wrote books of his own, translated those of others, encouraged literary men, fought his country's battles, and left for the men who lived after him his remembrance in good works.

In 1066 England was conquered by the Normans. The Norman-French speech eventually became thoroughly mingled with the language of the conquered, but the English of to-day is Saxon in its structure. The Normans deemed themselves a race superior to the Saxons, and made French the fashionable language. But if the Nor-

mans were proud, the Saxons were steadfast, as they generally are, and finally carried their point, as they generally do. The English aristocracy traces its descent chiefly from the Normans, but English literature has a Saxon framework.

The twelfth century devoted itself mostly to the classics, and may be summarily dismissed. The thirteenth gave to Englishmen the Great Charter of their liberties.

The *"Gesta Romanorum,"* a motley collection of fables, legends, parables, and anecdotes, written in Latin, came into circulation at this time, particularly among the monks.

Shakespeare, Parnell, and others owe to the *"Gesta"* sundry of their plots and incidents. The *"Fabliaux,"* and chivalrous romances, wherein figure King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, especially, and the Holy Grail, were translated into English and into England, during this century. Some of them are supposed to have originated in England, but to have been written in French in order to give them the court stamp and to insure their reception by "the best society."

One of them, "Havelok," is the story of the orphan child of a Danish king, whose faithless guardian sets him adrift on the open sea. He drifts to some purpose, however, as he is finally picked up on the eastern coast of England, by a fisherman named Grim. After he is grown the wicked guardians of a beautiful princess, supposing him to be merely a fisherman, force her to marry him, that she may become merely a fisherman's wife, and that they may obtain her kingdom. After the marriage Havelok informs her that she has not made so bad a match after all, recovers both kingdoms by battle, and lives happily ever after; which was doubtless very satisfactory to them, but not so interesting to us as is the fact that General Havelok, of Sepoy Mutiny immortality, is

descended in a direct line from this valiant soldier, and that the white linen things which our soldiers wear on their heads, to do the work which their hats ought to do, have descended from him.

QUESTIONS.

1. What literary remains are left to tell of the occupation of England by the ancient Britons?—by the Romans?

2. Were the ancient Britons Christianized? Had the Christianizing of England to be done over again after the Saxon conquest?

3. What is said of the Venerable Bede?—of Cædmon?—of Alfred?

4. When and what was the Conquest? How did it affect the language of Britain?

5. Why does the author so summarily dismiss the twelfth century?

6. What does she say of the thirteenth century? What was the "*Gesta Romanorum*"? What service was it to later writers?

7. What literature comes down to us from the thirteenth century?

II. The Fourteenth Century.

The fourteenth century gave us a foretaste of the Reformation in John Wycliffe. He is known through the boldness with which, though a priest, he attacked priestly abuses and Papal supremacy, as well as through his literary works. He inveighs against the "fair hors, and jolly and gay sadeles and bridles ringing by the way, and [the priest] himself in costly clothes and parure," while "Beneficed priests kennen not the Ten Commandments, ne read their Sauter, ne understand a verse

of it." "Capped priests," he says, "that had been cleped masters of divinity, have their chamber and service as lords and kings, and senden out idiots full of covetise to preache not the Gospel, but chronicles, fables, and lesings, to please the people and to rob them."

Wycliffe was befriended by the king's son, John of Gaunt, or it would have gone hard with him. His most valuable work is his translation of the Bible, in 1380. It is not only our first entire English Bible, but is among our earliest English prose books.

The very oldest book of English prose is Sir John Mandeville's account of his travels, published in 1355. Among the marvelous things which he saw in his eastern travels was a palace, in the hall of which was "a vine made of gold that goeth all about the hall, and it hath many bunches of grapes. Some are white, . . . and the red are rubies." One of the emperors whom he visited "hath in his chamber a pillar of gold in which is a ruby and carbuncle a foot long, which lighteth all his chamber by night." Mandeville gave to Becket's shrine in Canterbury Cathedral a glass globe containing an apple brought from the East in good preservation, and to the altar of St. Albans Abbey Church, a *patera* from Egypt, still preserved in London.

Contemporary with Wycliffe, and like him a friend of Prince John, was Geoffrey Chaucer—student, man of the world, soldier, courtier, ambassador, traveler, but greater than all these, and best known to us, a poet, and the "Father of English Poetry." He was ruddy, and of a beautiful countenance, so that the Countess of Pembroke used to tell him that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation (which, by the way, most of us would consider a questionable compliment). He was a man of graceful figure and of polished manners. He was familiar with the splendors of the most

splendid court of Europe, and on terms of intimacy with her finest gentlemen. Chaucer led a life such as few poets have led; though towards the end of it he is supposed to have shared the common lot, and to have suffered from poverty and neglect. He not only enriched our literature by his direct contributions, but he crystallized the language, which at that time was fluctuating and uncertain.

People clung to old Saxon forms after the substance had faded and rejected any improvements from the hated Normans. But Chaucer, in close intimacy with them, had no such scruples; and he introduced a multitude of French words which are now a part of our daily speech. It is of him that Spenser speaks as the "well of English undefyled." Before his time the language could hardly be called English at all.

His poetry, as might be supposed, deals with men and women rather than with nature, yet it is sweet-scented everywhere with the breath of the Maytime. He joins his contemporaries in the hue and cry raised against priestcraft, and has thousands of sharp, shining arrows for the fashionable vices and weaknesses of society.

Chaucer's principal work is the "Canterbury Tales." Some of these bear date after his sixtieth year, and the whole work had lain upward of seventy years in manuscript when Caxton made it one of the earliest productions of his press.

It consists of stories, told by thirty persons who are on a pilgrimage to Canterbury. Each is to tell one story in going, and one in returning; but Chaucer did not complete his design, as there are only twenty-four stories in all. They are prefaced by a pen-portrait of each one of the company, which is the best part of the poem. Chaucer gives us admirable pictures of the life and manners of the Englishmen of his day, from highest to lowest. He

is genial, manly, shrewd, full of sly, or keen, or broad humor. His observation is minute and accurate. His outlines are firm and full. His men and women are real, living, English human beings, acting just as fourteenth-century Englishmen would be supposed to act. Nothing of its kind in English literature has surpassed it. Merrie England never before or since sat for her portrait to such a master of his art. Chaucer's healthy good humor, his own manifest enjoyment of his work, his nice sense of the ridiculous, and his inimitable skill in taking advantage of it, his tenderness of feeling, his gentle pathos, the little dew-drops of nature that sparkle throughout, the lofty, romantic, chivalrous, and even heroic tone of a great part, all make us overlook much coarseness, some of which is attributable to the age, and not to the writer.

It is marvelous that we do not read Chaucer more. The language presents no difficulties that may not be overcome by a little practice; and Chaucer modernized is Chaucer about as good as spoiled. Modernizing destroys his simplicity, and the exquisite olden flavor; while the ancient form gives us at a glance the history of numerous words, and is a quarry of interesting lore.

III. The Fifteenth Century.

What with French wars, insurrections, and civil wars, Merrie England seems to have had a hard time during the fifteenth century; and since people that are fighting cannot always stop to write, literature languished during this and the first half of the next century. Some of our best old ballads, however, which came in as the chivalrous romances died out, and were to the common people what these had been to the nobility, are referable to this period.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is said of Wycliffe?—of Mandeville?—of Chaucer?
2. What was the plan of the "Canterbury Tales"?
3. Why did literature languish in the first half of the sixteenth century?
4. What literature of the century survives?

IV. The Sixteenth Century.

Sir Thomas More lived his noble life, died his honorable death, and produced the work of genius of his age. He has been said to be the first English writer whose prose is good. "Utopia," written in Latin, is an account of a commonwealth planted on an island newly discovered in the Atlantic. The principles on which it is founded put to shame the boasting nineteenth century. His republic recognizes the importance of religious toleration, popular education, and the prevention rather than the punishment of crime.

He will have no lawyers in it, and men who do not believe in a future state are ineligible to office, but not punished, "because a man cannot make himself believe what he please," and he "will not drive men to dissemble." He even goes so far as to punish persecutors by banishment or slavery.

In its design the "Utopia" suggests Plato's "Republic," and in its style, Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." It is a romance, serious enough to express his views, which were far in advance of his age, and having enough the air of a jest and satire to be passed off as such in case its free-thinking should bring him under the ban of Henry the Eighth. *Utopia* is a word of Greek derivation, and means "nowhere." Its chief river, Anyder, means "waterless," and its nomenclature is arranged chiefly after the same fashion.

Roger Ascham, the beloved tutor of the lovely and ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, and a fine classical scholar, somewhat later than More, wrote excellent English and excellent sense. His most interesting work is "The Schoolmaster," in which he promulgates his ideas of teaching,—ideas that have even now much value. It is in this work that we find Lady Jane Grey reading Greek while her family are out hunting. He prophesys also the failure of attempts to naturalize hexameters,—a prophecy which seems to have been true, despite the success of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, courteous, chivalrous, and accomplished,—beheaded at the age of thirty-one by Henry the Eighth for being a kinsman of Catherine Howard,—transplanted the sonnet from Italy to England, polished the language to greater refinement, and gave the first blank verse to English poetry in his translations of Vergil.[1]

The first series of private letters known to exist in Europe are called "The Paston Letters," and date back to this century. They are sprightly and interestingly familiar letters, by and to different members of a rich and respectable family of English gentry.

The sixteenth century dragged heavily at first, under the feet of a bloody and brutal king; but after Elizabeth ascended the throne, in 1558, the soul of the nation came up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan, and made memorable that century, and the first part of the next. Patriotism kindled by Spanish menace, and the spirit of freedom evoked by Luther, joined hands with the lingering romance of the past; and life and vigor and beauty burst everywhere into bloom. The Virgin Queen surrounded herself with men, any one of whom would have made a reign illustrious.

[1] It is difficult for us to measure the importance of this innovation of that time. To this day the literature of the French is destitute of blank verse.

Francis Bacon, born and bred in the sunshine of her court, and in his childhood playfully called by her her young Lord Keeper, was at once the glory and the shame of his time—a man who, with undying fame in his grasp, cringed for court favor; who, with all future ages at his feet, sold his integrity for a bauble; and who by his intellect secured an immortality which his character can only depreciate. Politics was his business, and it left him a disgraced and broken-hearted old man. Philosophy was his amusement, and it crowned him with glory, honor, and immortality.

"I have taken all knowledge to be my province," was the sublime watchword of the youthful philosopher. "I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed," is the pathetic wail of the aged Chancelor. His great work is "*Instauratio Magna,*" The Great Restoration (of philosophy). He inaugurated a new era. The old philosophers revered science as a goddess, but Bacon made her the handmaid of man. They would have deemed the telegraph a degradation of electricity. He would have deemed it a new gem in its crown. So he honored man and labored for his good.

The "*Instauratio Magna*" is divided into six parts, of which the second, the *Novum Organum,* is perhaps the most celebrated, certainly the most quoted—especially the first book, which its aphoristic style facilitates. Bacon also wrote a romance, "The New Atlantis," but he is most popularly known by his "Essays," which are written in every-day language, on every-day subjects, and, to use his own words, "come home to men's business and bosoms." Few modern books are so well worth reading. He is replete with wit and wisdom, concise and concentrated, often imaginative, often poetical, always suggestive, always peerless.

Edmund Spenser, the friend of Leicester and Raleigh,

named in his epitaph with no obituary falsehood, "prince of poets in his tyme,"—

> Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
> With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,

shines upon us still with a white radiance that no years can dim.

His principal work, "The Faerie Queene," is a chivalrous romance. We walk in a marvelous land, a land of enchanted forests, mystical gardens, and golden palaces; of valiant knights, lovely ladies, and light-footed naiads; of witches, and hags, and elves, and satyrs. But more is meant than meets the eye. Under the surface-story lies an allegory, and also somewhat of traditional history.

With or without allegory, the poem—especially the first book, which is a poem by itself—is resplendent with genius and spotless in purity. Written in the full flush of his prime, it possesses an exquisite delicacy and harmony of language, a luxuriance of imagination, a tenderness of feeling, a religious fervor, a sweet and serious simplicity, which justify his title, the "poets of poets." His "Epithalamium," or Marriage Song, a

> Song made in lieu of many ornaments
> With which my love should duly have been dect,

is a gush of melody, an "intoxication of ecstasy." Never, surely, were maiden brows wreathed with a chaplet so fair.

Of Shakespeare it may be said,

> He was not of an age, but for all time.

Over the remote past and the remote future he waved his wand, and they became instinct with life. The world of reality and the realm of Faerie were alike laid under subsidy. In creative power, in knowledge of the human

heart, and in his all-comprehensive philosophy, the "myriad-minded man" stands alone,

> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

Of the man Shakespeare we know hardly more than of Melchisedek. The poet Shakespeare was the legacy of his age to all future generations.

In connection with Shakespeare, it may be mentioned that the early theatres in England were under the direction of the clergy, who often wrote the plays, and were not unfrequently the actors.

They found that people insisted on being amused by vulgar and pernicious exhibitions at the country fairs; and they very wisely took the matter into their own hands, and made themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Under their auspices, the drama became a source not only of amusement, but also of instruction. The plays (known as "*mysteries*") were religious, and were founded on Bible narratives or saintly legends, and were called Miracle Plays, in distinction from a later class which grew out of them, called Moral Plays, which were made instructive by personifying abstract qualities. Subsequently, these two were confounded into Mixed Plays, or Interludes.

It was not till the middle of the sixteenth century that the English drama was divided into Comedy and Tragedy.[1] Nicholas Udall wrote the earliest known Comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," at a date earlier than 1557. He was master of Eton, and wrote several Latin plays to while away the long winter evenings of his boys, who acted them.

Thomas Norton and Lord Buckhurst (Thomas Sackville, son of Sir Richard Sackville, who prompted the composition of Ascham's "Schoolmaster") wrote the first Tragedy, "Gorboduc," and first applied blank verse to dramatic composition, about 1567.

[1] The Spanish drama has never been thus divided.

There are at least a dozen plays of Shakespeare with which every cultivated person should become familiar—of the tragedies, "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," and "Romeo and Juliet"; of the comedies, "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Tempest"; of the historical plays, "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Richard the Third." Others will well repay study; among these is the nondescript drama of "Cymbeline," which throws light upon ancient British history.

Shakespeare began as a copyist and improver of the plays of others. His plays number about three dozen. It may be said of Shakespeare that—

1. He covers a range of many lands.
2. He depicts life in widely different periods of history.
3. His Northern and Southern, Oriental, and Western characters are true types of their country and age.
4. He does not repeat his characters.
5. His characters are well-rounded, and are not merely representative of some single vice or virtue.
6. He commits various anachronisms, perhaps purposely and for dramatic effect.
7. He makes occasional use of the supernatural, in such a way as to illustrate popular beliefs of the time and people portrayed.
8. He deviates at times from the truth of history in details, but for dramatic purposes—as when, in "Henry the Eighth," he represents Elizabeth to have been born after the death of Catherine of Aragon, in order to fortify Elizabeth's claims to legitimacy.
9. Shakespeare's versification became less formal as it advanced. Beginning with a strong tendency to "end-stopped" lines, he wrote more and more in "run-over" lines, in which the sense was carried into the next verse, and in which periods occurred perhaps in the

middle of the lines. It is held that this unconscious tendency was so continuous and so regular, that the exact chronological order of Shakespeare's plays may be determined by their percentage of run-over lines.

10. Shakespeare seems to have portrayed faithfully the feelings of the human heart in characters representing all the gradations and conditions of society.

"Love's Labor Lost," which was probably his first play, was a protest against the artificial and unnatural in education and in life. "Richard the Second" is of all Shakespeare's historical plays the truest to historical fact; and this shows that historical accuracy is a matter of minor consequence in the dramatic art, for the play is one of minor importance.

Among the most celebrated minor dramatic writers contemporary, or nearly so, with Shakespeare may be reckoned Marlowe, solemn and stately, yet in his tragic frenzy "tearing and rending his way through his verse."

> His raptures were
> All air and fire.

Ben Jonson, of the noted epitaph (O rare Ben Jonson!), the burly bricklayer, Shakespeare's friend and admirer, Camden's pupil, Fuller's "Spanish great galleon," has been ranked next to Shakespeare in artistic merit. Poignant, sarcastic, and learned, at once strong and delicate, he deserves special mention for preserving moral purity in the midst of licentiousness.

Beaumont and Fletcher, twins in genius and associates in life, barely escaped greatness. With much elevation of sentiment, much wealth of imagination, much fineness of feeling and exquisite poetic diction, their works are grievously marred by the indecency of their age.

The melancholy Massinger, whose tombstone only records "Philip Massinger, a stranger," vigorous, original, romantic, graceful, majestic; Ford, working out horrible plots with pathos and effect; Webster, delight-

ing in the charnel-house; and Chapman, chiefly known for his Homeric translation of Homer,—are all that can be mentioned in a sketch like this. The style of all seems to us somewhat stiff and uncouth. They affected antiquated or obsolete phrases, and far-fetched conceits, but their worst fault is immorality.

What had been mere coarseness of language and manners sank gradually into the grain of life and society, until literature in the seventeenth century, in the reign of Charles the Second, became frightfully depraved. But the heroic and life-giving impulse of the sixteenth extended to the first half of the century succeeding.

Among the prose-writers Sir Philip Sidney, bright ornament of Queen Elizabeth's court, gentleman and hero among a race of heroes, "a warbler of poetic prose," wrote a "Defence of Poesie," rather eloquent than lucid, whose existence is his strongest argument. His "Arcadia" is a voluminous romance, said to have been written to please his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It was extremely popular in its day, but now little read.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is said of More?—of Ascham?—of Howard?—of the "Paston Letters?"
2. Mention six writers of the great Elizabethan age.
3. What is said of Bacon?—of Spenser?—of Marlowe?—of Sir Philip Sidney?
4. Who was Hooker, and what did he write?
5. What relation did the early English drama sustain to the church?
6. What were the "Mysteries?"
7. What were the "Moral Plays?"
8. When was the drama divided into comedy and tragedy?

9. What is the earliest known English comedy?—the first English tragedy?

10. What feature of the first English tragedy was adopted by Shakespeare and others?

11. How did Shakespeare's career as a playwright begin?

12. About how many plays are there which are attributed to Shakespeare? Which was probably the first, and what was its purpose? Which of the historical plays is most faithful to the truth of history?

13. Describe nine characteristics of Shakespeare. How is it possible to determine, without external evidence, the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written?

14. How well is the life of Shakespeare known?

15. What are the remarkable epitaphs of Jonson and Massinger?

15. What contributions did Henry Howard, Lord Surrey, make to English literature?

V. The Seventeenth Century.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in the Tower of London under sentence of death, wrote a huge history of the world, full of learning, serious and devout in tone, as well it might be, and less read perhaps than from its eloquence it deserves to be.

Among theologians Hooker, in his famous "Ecclesiastical Polity," ably discusses the principles on which the Reformed English Church was established, and is strenuous for popular government to the verge of democracy. Grave and elevated in style, his work is said to be, in point of eloquence, a noble monument in our language.

Hall, a generation later than Hooker, is clear, logical, shrewd, practical, pedantic, erudite often; in his sermons, colloquial even to punning. He has been called the

English Seneca. His "Contemplations" is his most celebrated work.

Jeremy Taylor, his contemporary, is imaginative, fanciful, rhetorical to a degree which sometimes disfigures his style, impassioned, gentle and charitable. His sermons abound in classical and other quotations, and his imagination sometimes bears him aloft beyond the vision of a commonplace audience. His "Holy Living," "Holy Dying," and "Life of Christ," are more familiar to the present generation than "The Golden Grove,"—so named from the place where it was written, the house of his neighbor and patron, the Earl of Carberry. His "Liberty of Prophesying" is the first direct and able plea for religious toleration. Written during his own enforced silence and retirement in Wales for his religious opinions, it may well have been earnest. He affirms that the very fact that wise and good men differ about certain doctrines indicates that those doctrines are not revealed in the Bible; that the fundamental truths can be placed in very small compass,—that, in fact, they embrace no more than the Apostles' Creed.

Baxter (who died in 1691) wrote for use, not for reputation, amid sickness and persecution. He is careless of style, careful only for matter; bold, acute, impetuous, often homely, and even coarse in his determination to be intelligible and impressive. His "Saint's Everlasting Rest" and his "Call to the Unconverted" are widely known.

Fuller, of marvelous memory and inexhaustible wit, eccentric, kind-hearted and pious, overflowing with "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," has been called "the very strangest writer in our language." Wandering up and down in England, he preached sermons so interesting, so attractive, so irresistible, that it has been said he was accustomed to have two audiences at every discourse—the one seated in the church, the other listen-

ing eagerly through the open windows. Sometimes his words cleft the scholarly air of Cambridge. Then he went down into the fruitful and beautiful valley-lands of Dorsetshire; and up again presently into the thick of London life. But wherever he went his fame went before him and lingered behind him. Dry-as-dust, in the Cambridge archives, lifted his eyes from his fragrant and beloved tomes, roused into animation by that cheery, hearty voice; Colin, fresh from his sheepfold, felt its persuasive power; and above all the din and roar of the angry crowd in the great city it rang out its trumpet-notes of no uncertain sound.

A civil war shook the land. Lovers of liberty then left home and quiet, child and wife, buckled on armor and rushed joyfully to battle and to death. Amid many a lurid sacrifice set on fire of hell gleamed over all the land the heavenly light of burnt-offerings acceptable unto the Lord. Amid it all, with watchful eye and undaunted heart, Fuller walked. No partisan was he—too firm a believer in the divine right of kings for the one side, too loyal a supporter of the divine right of the people for the other; but he was respected for his worth, courted for his wit, and admired for his wisdom. On whichever side he spoke, men believed in his sincerity and his lofty aims. Over a nation surging with love and rage he endeavored to pour the oil of peace and patience; yet on occasion he could fire a beleaguered garrison to heroic and successful resistance.

Quaint and sensible, learned and lively, witty and genial, religious and humane, Fuller has never wanted, through all these years, his coterie of enthusiastic admirers; but time and books have interposed between him and a large audience.

Among the lay writers may be mentioned John Lyly, whose "Euphues" is worthy of note more for its influence than for its intrinsic worth. It is pompous and

pedantic; but it pleased his readers, and was for a time fashionable.

Selden's "Table-Talk" is the precursor of Boswell.

Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," an "undigested farrago," was the only book, Johnson says, that took him out of bed two hours before he wished.

Sir Thomas Browne is quaint, somewhat cumbrous, paradoxical, brilliant, and full of interest.

The muster-roll of the gods closes with the name of John Milton. Here it becomes us to walk with unsandaled feet, for we tread on holy ground. Milton's whole life was an exposition of his noble words,—"that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or of famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

In the bloom of his beautiful youth he wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas." The first is an invocation to Mirth, the second to Melancholy. In the one, Nature is a country lass, cheerful, ruddy, and buxom. In the other, she is a pale-browed Madonna, saintly and pure.

"Lycidas" is a monody on the death of his young friend King, drowned in the Irish Sea. It is a memorial of dignified sorrow, to which only Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is second.

His "Ode on the Nativity" is simple, calm, majestic, self-poised above comment.

While Milton was drinking in the loveliness of Italy, basking in the sunshine of her appreciative homage and strengthening himself for his life work, the sound of battle in his native land broke harshly upon the soft Italian air. Already the gleam of his great song had

shone upon him; but at the call of patriotism he put off his garland and singing-robes, and went home to do knightly duty. His pen wrought mightily for England and liberty. His polemical writings were of course chiefly of local and temporary interest.

Milton's style is always elaborate, inverted, to us unnatural, and often harsh; but alike in prose and in poetry his wonderful learning is poured out with unstinted prodigality, and ever and anon the grand soul of the poet bursts forth resplendent and sublime. His "Areopagitica," a plea for unlicensed printing, is a noble, glowing and eloquent tribute to truth, such as any age might be proud to claim. He loved liberty with an immortal love.

Assured by his physicians that the completion of his "Defense of the English People" would result in total blindness, Milton still believed his duty unchanged, and finished the work, and took leave forever of the sweet sunshine. The sacrifice which he made in turning aside from poetry and literature to controversy, is one which few have the ability to make. His own account of it has a manly modesty and sublime self-confidence,—the loftiness and breadth, and majesty which stamps alike his writings and his life.

"For although a poet, soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing-robes about him, might without apology speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort, it may not be envy to me.

"I must say, therefore, that after I had for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!)," studied and written, "the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live.

But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was forced to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had . . . composed at under twenty or thereabout, met with acceptance above what was looked for. . . .

"I began thus far to assent both to them and to divers of my friends at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that labor and intense study, . . . joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die. . . . Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine; . . . but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. . . .

"Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes. . . . But were it the meanest under-service, if God by his secretary conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back."

So, a Cavalier and a poet by taste, a politician and a Roundhead by principle, his days went grandly by. When the Republic vanished, and Charles the Second had introduced the age of moral degradation,

His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

He was blind, poor, despised, forsaken, but his grop-

ing fingers wandered over the sacred keys, and drew thence "a sevenfold chorus of songs and harping symphonies." The glories of Heaven passed in stately procession before the eyes that were closed to earth, and his epic life blossomed in that flower of a thousand centuries, "Paradise Lost." His dust consecrates the chancel of St. Giles's Church; his spirit is passed beyond our ken; his memory is the heritage of his race.

John Dryden is the only other poet of the seventeenth century who need be mentioned in a general sketch, and he is remembered more for his ability than for his achievements. He displays great vigor of reasoning and the utmost felicity of expression. The characters of his dramas are unnatural, and their talk is harangue. His panegyrics are stilted and full of conceits. His renderings of Chaucer are easy and pleasant but, compared with Chaucer, verbose. His "Ode on St. Cecelia's Day" is animated and picturesque. His Satires are condensed, discriminating, and terribly severe. His command of language is admirable,—he says what he undertakes to say; and he did much for the improvement of style.

Had Dryden only been able to stand aloof like Milton (whom he admired) from the venality of his time, he might have left a great name; but he chose the applause of a vile present to the approval of the purer future. He deemed it

> Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven,

and he stooped to conquer. By pandering to licentiousness, he led the licentious herd, and—lost the prize!

Yet he deserves pity rather than scorn. The miserable husband of an Earl's daughter,—who despised him for a plebeian, but who yet must not be unduly blamed, since it was not her fault that she was born a Howard and a fool,—a wretched home gave him no comfort, and

his brain was his only resource for bread. But it must be a profound and lasting regret

> "that a ribald king and court
> Bade him toil on to make them sport;
> Demanded for their niggard pay,
> Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
> Licentious satire, song, and play;
> The world defrauded of the high design,
> Profaned the God-given strength and marred the lofty line."

Among the lesser lights of this period is Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras," a rhymed satire on the Puritans. Keen-scented for cant, homely even to coarseness, keeping up a steady fire of wit, surpassingly ingenious in the manufacture of humorous rhymes, pungent, and Anglo-Saxon, he is excellent for condiment, but too spicy for the chief dish.

Izaak Walton, gentle, quaint, courteous, graceful, is still the tutelar divinity of anglers, in virtue of his "Complete Angler," a half professional, half æsthetic, and wholly charming conversational treatise on the sport he loved.

John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker, has been called the Father of English Novelists. Unhampered by learning, he struck out a path for himself, and wrought in Bedford Jail his "Pilgrim's Progress," equally the delight of young and of old.

Robert South, the "shrewdest, sharpest, bitterest, wittiest of English divines," bedaubed a vile king with flattery, mauled everybody else, and devoted his income to the charity which was a stranger to his tongue.

Barrow, said at the time of his nomination to the headship of Trinity College to be the best scholar in England, second only to Newton in mathematics, and second to nobody it is to be hoped in the length of his sermons, which were never less than an hour and a half and sometimes over three hours long; Burnet, whose heterodoxy in maintaining that the story of Eden was an allegory, and that punishment was finite, stood in the

way of his preferment; Owen, a Nonconformist proof against the blandishments of king and court, the former of whom sent for him, talked with him two hours, and finally gave him a large sum of money to distribute among the persecuted poor,—an estimable man, a learned and an eloquent writer, whom, however, Robert Hall said he never could read with patience, and of whom somebody (it sounds like Johnson) said, "He is a double Dutchman, floundering in a continent of mud,"—all these belong to this age.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who was called the "English Seneca?"
2. Who were Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter?
3. Who was Thomas Fuller?
4. Mention three minor writers of the seventeenth century.
5. Why does the author omit to name the writers of the "corrupt drama" of the Restoration?
6. What is said of John Dryden?
7. What were the respective writings of Samuel Butler, Izaak Walton, and John Bunyan?
8. Mention three notable divines of the century.
9. What was the state of literature in England in the time of Charles the Second?—of morals generally?
10. What writers of religious books in this century were an offset to the corruption of letters?
11. What characterized the "Euphues" of Lyly?
12. Who were some of Lyly's contemporaries?
13. What is said of Selden's "Table-Talk"?
14. How does the author speak of John Milton?
15. Mention three of Milton's earlier poems.
16. What sacrifice did Milton make of his time and his personal inclinations in order to serve the people?
17. How is Dryden contrasted with Milton as to character? What was his relation to the court?

VI. The Eighteenth Century.

The eighteenth century will be rather pressed for elbow-room, but then it is a mean kind of a century. It finished the work of Dryden, and carried neatness, clearness, and elegance of expression to an unprecedented height. But it was a cold, sneering, finical, critical, didactic age. Of course this is not true of every writer from 1700 to 1800. There are no exact dividing lines in mind to correspondence with those of time; and the short, sad, passionate life of one who stirs the profoundest depths of the human heart falls wholly within this century. But the genius of the age was the legitimate offspring of the moral baseness which preceded it. It has no faith. It is earnest about nothing. It is trim, epigrammatic, sparkling, well-bred, self-possessed, but it never thrills you, possesses itself of you. Its passion is simulated. Its imagination is ingenious rather than strong and soaring. It has nothing heroic, nothing sublime. It never rises into rapture. It often sinks into coarse spitefulness, and sometimes into something worse.

Pope is perhaps the best exponent of his age. His mechanism is wonderful. His diction is unsurpassed. His versification is rarely at fault, and in a slovenly age his finish is worthy of study. But he and his contemporaries thought less of substance than of form. They burnished their flies' wings exquisitely, but they made nothing but flies. Pope touched nothing that he did not adorn, but he touched small things. His poem, "The Rape of the Lock," is founded on a quarrel caused by a gentleman's slyly snipping a lady's tress. It is a mock-heroic, incomparable in its kind, full of wit, keen satire, and flowing harmony, to be fully appreciated only by those who are familiar with real heroic poems. His "Dunciad" is an elaborate ridicule of his co-writers, ill-natured and bitter, but very clever. But the game was not worth the candle. This satire is the Valhalla of

dunces. Many of those whom he transfixes would be completely forgotten but for being thus transfixed.

When Pope rises higher, he writes the "Essay on Criticism" and the "Essay on Man," containing a great deal of terse sense. His epistle from Eloise to Abelard is intended to be intense and pathetic, and is—*ratherish,* as Charles Lamb would say. His letters, both in prose and verse, are very readable, yet hardly like real letters. Of him and his contemporaries it may be said, in general, that they conceived meanly and executed finely.

With feelings akin to tenderness we approach Addison, the gentle, shy, modest, courteous, benevolent man whom Pope hated and satirized. He, too, like Dryden, "married discord in a noble wife," and domestic unhappiness helped to fix almost the only stain that sullies his fair name. His poetry would hardly have rescued his name from oblivion, though his hymns are still sung in all our churches; but, not great himself in poetry, he illustrated the greatness of others. It was his criticisms that led people back to Milton. He showed the treasures that lay hidden in our old ballads, and did much to arouse once more the spirit of true poetry. But his name is inseparably connected with the rise of periodical literature.

In 1709, Richard Steele, a warm-hearted, good-natured, dissipated, troublesome friend of Addison, of excellent principles and execrable practices, himself a writer of no small merit, began to issue "The Tatler," which in 1711 was succeeded by "The Spectator," a combination of novel, newspaper, quarterly review, and monthly magazine. To both of these Addison contributed a large part, and by far the most valuable. It is here that he shines out in the fullness of his soft splendor. His nice observation, his delicate humor, his playful wit, the beautiful grotesqueness of his conceptions, the full outline and warm coloring of his portraits, the combination of a keen sense of the ridiculous with the largest charity and

the profoundest reverence, the singular grace, ease, and refinement of his style, the purity and nobleness of his sentiments, the sincerity and depth of his religious feeling, all have given him a place in our respect and affections second to few, and have placed "The Spectator" in the honorable rank of the English classics. "The De Coverley Papers," by Addison, Steele, and Budgell, are to-day the best known of the contributions of its pages.

Very different from Addison in tone and temper is the sour, severe Ishmaelite, Jonathan Swift, a clergyman whose errant life, and especially whose conduct toward women and particularly towards the two who sacrificed life and peace to him, can be excused and even accounted for only on the supposition of insanity, or some constitutional moral deformity,—a coarse, shrewd, masculine, ferocious writer.

Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" is the story of a shipwrecked sailor who finds himself cast away in Lilliput, a land whose inhabitants are so small that he strides without difficulty over their loftiest edifices, and has to walk with the greatest care to keep from crushing the people by the dozen. Another shipwreck leaves him in Brobdingnag, to whose inhabitants he is as small as the Lilliputians were to him. The relation of his experience in these two countries is a keen and amusing satire on the follies of mankind. By taking from their setting many of the points about which men have disputed with the utmost intensity, and by representing them among his little people, he shows their real frivolity.

Swift's "Battle of the Books" is a satire upon a fierce controversy waged upon the respective merits of ancient and modern writers in general, and upon the genuineness of the "Epistles of Phalaris" in particular. "The Tale of a Tub" casts similar ridicule upon ecclesiastical disputes, and stood sadly in the way of Swift's promotion. One characteristic of his odd inventions is

the air of reality which he gives them. He is perfectly grave, earnest, and circumstantial. He speaks with as much apparent accuracy, reflectiveness, and philosophy as if he were relating the most momentous history. Swift's polemical writings had great weight, and affected the destinies of Europe.

Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, and Madame d'Arblay, have made us better acquainted with Samuel Johnson than we are with most of our neighbors. Johnson the man is far more interesting than Johnson the writer. His verses are remembered for his sake, and not he for his verses' sake. His Dictionary, the fruit of eight years' toil, was valuable in its day, but has been superseded. His "Rasselas" is said to have been written to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. It comes under the head of Romance, but would be rather heavy to the romance-readers of the present day. "The Rambler," a periodical paper, somewhat after the fashion of "The Spectator," was conducted and mostly written by Johnson. It lacks the sprightliness and versatility of "The Spectator," but it has a certain imposing stateliness. Johnson's "Journey to the Hebrides" is as favorable to the Scotch as could have been expected from one who hated or pretended to hate them so thoroughly. His "Lives of the Poets" reveals his prejudices in the selection, rejection, and treatment of his subjects,—though the selection is perhaps the work of the bookseller rather than his own,—and is not always trustworthy; but was received with great favor, and is still read.

Johnson's style is elaborate, Latinized, and inverted, and has been greatly imitated and ridiculed; but there is something pleasing in the pompous, balanced, antithetic roll of his sentences. His talk is incomparable. Everybody says a good thing occasionally, but Johnson kept saying good things all the time. He would drop pearls enough at the breakfast-table to make common people brilliant for a year. His conversation was as finished and

as well arranged as his writings. His power of repartee, his sarcasm, his wit and weight, his preparedness, his felicity and fertility of illustration are astonishing. Johnson's life was a romance. In his youth he was miserably poor and proud. In his maturity he was the lawgiver and king of the literary world. He married a coarse, ugly, and frivolous woman, twice as old as himself, and was devoted to her. He was an upright and a sincere Christian, yet through fear of death was all his lifetime subject to bondage. When he was rich enough to have a house, he filled it with blind, poor, and impotent folk, and endured all their fretfulness, and dramatized their fights.

For the rest, how huge, ugly, short-sighted, awkward, rude, dogmatic, superstitious, prejudiced, cowardly, brave, independent, slovenly, fastidious, tender-hearted he was! How he lorded it over Boswell, and lectured Chesterfield, and petted Fanny Burney, and bullied Fanny Brown, and brushed the books with his eyelashes, and hated to go to bed, and made people sit up half the night that he might talk to them, and ground out doggerel rhymes on the tea, and browbeat, protected, and *mothered* Goldsmith,—is it not all, and a great deal more, written in the book of Boswell?

Goldsmith follows naturally in the wake of Johnson, though utterly unlike him—Goldsmith, the gentle, generous, thriftless, warm-hearted, simple, blundering, bashful Irishman, "who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll"; who would give all his blankets away to poor people, and then rip open his feather-bed and creep inside to get warm; who knew no better way to put out his candle than to throw his slipper at it; who had to keep his hat with him at parties to cover up the stain on his peach-bloom coat.

Laughed at by the wits, living always from hand to mouth, with a legion of poor relations behind him, the

drudge and slave of the booksellers, he preserved, throughout, his unvarying sweetness. His writings have a finish and elegance that would hardly be expected from him, and that did surprise his superficial contemporaries so much that they laid the merit at Johnson's door, and poor Oliver bungled, and confirmed the suspicion. Goldsmith's "Traveler" and "Deserted Village" are gently, tearfully, archly, and naturally charming. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is a unique little gem, full of Goldsmith; though Johnson berated it, after having read it, and sold it to keep Goldsmith out of prison. Goldsmith's miscellaneous writings are numerous. He touched upon science, history, literature, life, and manners; and everything which he touched he adorned. His satire is good-natured, his amiability inexhaustible, his style easy, natural, and pleasing.

James Thomson, the day-star of Wordsworth, the admired of school girls and school boys, wrote "The Seasons," and took his descriptions first-hand from nature; wherefore his poem is likely to live. It is in parts well known, and widely admired, as its noble diction and catholic and truly pious spirit deserve. A shorter poem, "The Castle of Indolence," is written in the Spenserian measure and manner, and has much of the spirit of Spenser, combined with a grand, energetic manliness.

Edward Young wrote "Night Thoughts," occasioned by the death of his wife and two children. It is divided into nine books, eight of which leave only a general, dismal impression; yet there does not seem to be so much real grief in it as in Tennyson's four little stanzas, beginning—

> Break—break—break—
> On thy cold gray stones, O sea.

Thomas Gray is polished, classical, artistic, scholarly, and sometimes a little stiff, though he *could* unbend

in prose, and occasionally in verse. His "Bard" is spirited and stirring. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is a mosaic, not to be improved. Gray and Collins wrote but little, but on that little their fame rests securedly. Nothing passed carelessly through their fastidious hands.

Collins has more fire, and tenderness, and pathos than Gray. His Odes stand high, though they are probably read by very few. "To Liberty" is a splendid poem.

Chatterton,

> The marvelous boy,
> The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,

drained the cup of misery to the dregs, and dashed it down in passionate despair. In all literature can scarcely be found a story more profoundly sad than his. While he was wandering as a little child in the beautiful old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, of which his ancestors had been the sextons for many generations, images of the past thronged upon his soul and peopled the dim galleries and the solemn aisles. From the strange, dreamy, isolated life of his childhood there came forth a series of poems, which he professed to have discovered in an old chest in the church, in the manuscript of one Thomas Rowley, a priest of the Middle Ages. These poems are now generally believed to have been written by Chatterton himself, and as the productions of a boy they are wonderful.

A succession of forged documents—poems, histories, chronicles—issued from the fabulous chest, and astonished the good people of Bristol. Flushed with success, Chatterton went up to London to try his fortunes in the great world; but the great world knew him not. Four months of brilliant hopes and small fruition, of incessant and wonderful writing and little money, of boyish boasting and generous gifts to mother and sister at home,

and genius, poverty, obscurity, and starvation for himself in London,—and one summer morning closed the scene. Impatient of fate, and but vaguely acquainted with God, he swallowed poison and died, August 24, 1770, at the age of seventeen years, nine months. He was buried among paupers in a nameless grave. A few days afterwards, a distinguished literary gentleman went down to Bristol to inquire into his case and provide for him. But Chatterton had taken his case into his own hands.

A softer sadness hangs around the name of Cowper, whose sweet hymns have made that name a household word. He was sensitive and shrinking as a woman, yet without effeminacy. The ways of the world were too rough for him, and angels came and ministered unto him. During a large part of his life he was afflicted with a settled melancholy, which more than once deepened into positive insanity; but friendly hands tended him with motherly love and care, and kept the clouds apart for the sunshine to drift through. Human nature never looks more lovable than when we see it ever

> Beside him, true and loving.

Mrs. Unwin's long devotion, Lady Austin's and Lady Hesketh's more playful but not less tender attention, the Throckmortons' delicate kindness,—all this and much more not only relieves the gloom of Cowper's life and memory, but encircles them with a soft and saintly glory. So, surrounded by gentle ministrations, God gave his beloved sleep.

Cowper's poetry has enjoyed a rare popularity. A warm, sincere, genial, catholic, joyous, religious sentiment pervaded it. It is alike inspired with a love of God, of nature, and of man. Yet he is capable of honest and trenchant indignation. Though gentle, he has no namby-pambyism. The tenderest and deepest sympathy and pity are found in connection with a brilliant wit and

sharp satire. In style he is clear, vigorous, and idiomatic; nor is he removed either in matter or in manner from the sphere of common life. Throwing off the ornate and elaborate fashion which Pope had established, he set up a new, trusting nature, and became the forerunner of the nineteenth century. Cowper's letters are unaffectedly simple, playful, wise, and delightful.

And yet another name adorns the annals of this age,—

> A name
> That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
> A nation's glory and her shame
> In silent sadness up.

With a genius whose scope and strength his short life scarcely more than essayed, Robert Burns stood up, self-assertive, before the world, and the world—made him an exciseman. Battling with the wolf which stood always at his door, he found in poetry a solace for toil, anxiety, insult, and misery,—nay, a rapt delight which raised him above it all; and so, in spite of grinding poverty and stinging neglect, he

> Walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough along the mountain-side.

Inexhaustibly rich in all that makes a man; "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love"; yet often overborne by the violence of his passions, and often overwhelmed with remorse for their indulgence, he bound the hearts of his countrymen to himself with a bond which time only tightens and strengthens. His songs came up fresh and glowing from his great, tender, honest, fiery heart, and go deep into the heart of humanity.

The indwelling dignity of man was the first article of his creed, and he maintained it with all the force of his sturdy, glorious nature. But every chord of the heart thrills to his touch, and the eye fills or the cheek flames

at his will. In other poetry than songs, he is great. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is a Dutch painting for accuracy and minuteness of detail, with the Burns spirit shining through it, and diffusing a golden atmosphere. "Tam O'Shanter" is without a rival. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, alone enduring of a number of playwrights, added to the drama "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal."

The reign of the novelists began in the eighteenth century.

Daniel Defoe, who died in 1731, wrote many pamphlets and novels, only one of which, the inimitable and immortal "Robinson Crusoe," is extensively read; but that is read enough to make up for the oblivion of the others.

Harry Fielding added the unsophisticated Parson Adams, Amelia, Squire Western, and Joseph Andrews to the picture-gallery of literature, and poured out in his novels wit enough and power enough to stock a score of modern ones of the common type.

"Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison" stalked statelily through Richardson's novels, and roused an interest which they can never again awaken.

Laurence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" and "Tristram Shandy" are whimsical, indescribable books, with their irregular chapters, some only three or four lines long, and some beginning or ending in the middle of a sentence. A good deal of his sentiment is lackadaisical, especially when one knows that he was a bad, hard-hearted man.

Sly little Fanny Burney hid in a corner and wrote a novel which blocked up with ducal coaches the streets that led to the circulating library, made such men as Burke and Reynolds sit up all night to read the adventures of "Evelina," and was the forerunner of the more natural and purer novels of our own time.

Horace Walpole, the aristocratic tenant of Straw-

berry Hill, wrote "The Castle of Otranto," an Italian romance,—more pretentious than his sharp, malicious, witty, gossiping, *blasé* Letters, but not half so readable.

Mrs. Radcliffe terrified the nervous with impossible horrors.

Hannah More sent out "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife."

In the latter half of the century Adam Smith, founder of the science of political economy, wrote his classic "Wealth of Nations," and Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" on English law. The elusive "Junius," of whose identity men are not certain even now, poured forth the most vitriolic political papers ever written in any language.

QUESTIONS.

1. How does the author characterize the great literary age with which the eighteenth century began—the age of Queen Anne?

2. Who was its greatest poet? What were his greatest works?

3. What is said of Addison?

4. How did Addison cultivate the taste of the English-speaking world?

5. What was "The Spectator?" Mention three of its contributors.

6. What was remarkable in the life of Swift? What was his greatest work? What is remarkable in its author's style?

7. What is said of Dr. Samuel Johnson's place in literature?

8. Name two of the productions of Goldsmith.

9. Mention one production, each, of Thomson, Young, and Gray, and two dramas of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

10. What was the strange career of Chatterton?

11. Who was the greatest poet of the closing (eighteenth) century? What were his characteristics as a man and as a poet?

12. Who was the greatest poet of Scotland? What can you say of his life and of his poetry?

13. What immortal story was written in the first third of the century, and what is remarkable in its style? What is said of Fielding? Name three of his characters.

14. What is said of characters in Richardson's novels?

15. What is characteristic of the novels of Sterne?

16. What is said of Frances Burney's work?—of Horace Walpole's?—of Mrs. Radcliffe's?

17. Of what science, in England, was Adam Smith the founder? What did Blackstone write?

18. What is said of "Junius?"

VII. The Nineteenth Century.

With the new century began a breaking away from old forms and from old subjects of poetry. Sir Walter Scott dropped a foot from the old iambic pentameter, and wrote in tetrameters. He chose old Scottish history and legend for his rhymed romances. His "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which appeared in 1805, was followed quickly by "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and other poems, which at once made of Scotland a classic land, a Mecca of tourists. Turning to prose, Scott put forth in his busy lifetime an astonishing number of historical and romantic novels. They were issued anonymously, and their author was for a time "the Great Unknown." In his palatial seat of "Abbotsford" he led the life of a baron in fiction. His financial misfortunes, and the heroic manner in which he retrieved them by "burning the candle of his life at both ends," are well known.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous because of his "Childe Harold," a pensive poem of travel and description written in the old Spenserian stanza, which he revived.

His licentious life, his ruined home, and his strange disregard for public opinion drove him to the Continent. His "Don Juan" was amazing in its violation of decency, yet it displayed the high ability of the poet. Poems of the Orient and miscellaneous poems occupied him till his early death in 1824, at the early age of thirty-six, when he was embarking in a really heroic effort to aid in the Greek Revolution.

Thomas Moore was most famous as the author of beautiful lyrics, his "Irish Melodies" being among the best of these. His "Lalla Rookh" is a bundle of Oriental tales bound together by a prose story of a wedding journey. Of these tales the first is "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," a tragic story which was based on fact, as was the second tale, "The Fire-Worshipers." The first of these was written in the old heroic verse (iambic pentameter), rhymed in couplets; the later ones were varied in meter.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, like Byron in arms against the conventionalities of life, wandered over Europe, wrote unconventional poems on such themes as "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," etc. He is best known by his short poem, "The Skylark."

John Keats turned to classic myths, and endowed them with human passion.

Thomas Campbell, a Scotchman, wrote "The Pleasures of Hope" in melodious verse, painting highly colored pictures of historical events.

Leigh Hunt and Walter Savage Landor long survived their early comrades in letters. Thomas Hood, famed as a wit and a humorist, was no less remarkable as a writer of deep thought and of tender pathos.

The "Lake School" was not really a school of poets,

but a group of friends who haunted the region of Lake Windermere. Foremost among them was Wordsworth,

"who uttered nothing base."

Wordsworth's idea was that poetry should be as natural as prose, and that subjects might be drawn from the commonplace and from humble life. In his versification he did not fully realize his own ideal, but he exerted a strong influence in favor of naturalness and simplicity; and his words went to the hearts of the people. With him are associated Southey, whom he succeeded as Laureate of England, and Coleridge.

Robert Southey wrote a vast amount of poetry and prose. His "Madoc," which appeared in 1805, related the discovery of America (in 1170) by the legendary Welsh prince of that name. Keltic subjects were not in favor in England; and Southey's "Madoc" shared the fate of Wordsworth's "Artegal and Elidure," which was likewise based upon old Welsh legend. Southey's "Life of Lord Nelson" and "Life of Wesley" are praised as model biographies, but only faint praise is accorded to his lyrics, although many of them are still familiar in books of collections; and his long poems, "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama," never achieved popularity. Coleridge wrote lyrics full of dignity and beauty, but he wrote little, and is accused of indolence.

Tennyson deserves a whole chapter by himself. It would require pages to contain even the titles of the vast number of his poems, large and small. He elevated the office of Laureate as it had never been elevated before. Despite the failure of Wordsworth and of Southey to popularize Keltic themes in English verse, Tennyson essayed, about the middle of the century, to tell the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table in a series of poems. Long did the "Idylls of the King" struggle for recognition; but the poet lived to see them popular wherever the English language is spoken. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is the greatest elegiac poem

in any language. It is written in Spanish *redondillas,* with faultless exactness as to meter and verse form, and is deeply philosophical as well as tender and sympathetic.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest of female poets, was the wife of Robert Browning. Her greatest poem is "Aurora Leigh," which has been accepted by many as a picture of herself. The Brownings long lived in Italy.

Robert Browning wrote the dramas "Pippa Passes," "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," etc., and "The Ring and the Book." His poems provoked discussion throughout the English-speaking world as to their meaning. He has been extravagantly praised and no less sweepingly criticized. Among his short poems are some which are everywhere familiar.

The prose literature of the nineteenth century was not less remarkable than its poetry. In fact, the century witnessed the decline of poetry and the rise of prose to a position not previously held.

Lord Macaulay, who was born in 1800, was the most brilliant of prose writers. Such was the fascination of his style that he succeeded in writing a history which vied with the latest novels in popularity among the masses. This was his "History of England," which was cut short by his death (in 1859) when he had covered only a small part of the period embraced in his plan. Macaulay's "Essays" illustrate his marvelous verbal facility and his power to lead captive his readers by the charm of interest.

Henry Hallam, a philosophical historian, and Henry Thomas Buckle were historical writers of note. Of these, Buckle has greatly declined, owing to his alleged inaccuracy and want of logic, though his "History of Civilization in England" has many stout defenders.

Edward A. Freeman, James Anthony Froude, and John Richard Green all achieved fame as historians of the modern school, which seeks to depict the life and develop-

ment of the people quite as much as to record governmental enactments, wars, and treaties.

Justin McCarthy (1830—), M. P., a native of Cork, Ireland, was for some time a journalist in Liverpool and London, and passed some years in the United States. He was first elected to Parliament as a home ruler in '79. His "History of Our Own Times" was issued about the time of the Berlin Conference. A short time afterward his "Short History of Our Own Times" appeared. He is the author of a number of well-written novels.

Jeremy Bentham, the "Utilitarian"; John Stuart Mill, the logician and political economist; Sir William Hamilton, and Herbert Spencer taught philosophy to their age. Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and John Gibson Lockhart were critics and reviewers of high rank.

Thomas Carlyle, the "Censor," tore the mask from hypocrisy in his "Sartor Resartus," and gave us new and original pictures of Frederick the Great and of the French Revolution. He popularized German thought among the English-speaking people of all lands.

Mrs. Shelley, wife of the poet, wrote as a task her weird story of "Frankenstein," uncanny and unearthly in its conception. Maria Edgeworth wrote beautiful little stories of home life in England and in Ireland. Her "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee" are masterpieces of their kind.

Mary Russell Mitford drew inimitable pictures of village life in England. Jane Austen wrote "Pride and Prejudice," and other stories depicting the life of her time. Charlotte Brontë, suffering from wrong training and a want of healthful surroundings, wrote "Shirley" and "Jane Eyre," with their shadowy pictures of society as she saw it.

Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, and Marian Evans (George Eliot) raised the English novel to its highest place in literature.

Dickens seemed to know thoroughly every grade and

condition of men in every stage of life. His plots are deep, his pictures true to life if we allow for exaggerations. His characters,—no two alike,—if assembled, would make up a town of about seventeen hundred people, with every rank and condition of men, women, and children, and with almost every employment represented.

In his great novels Dickens sought to direct attention to public evils. His "Bleak House" showed the law's delay; his "Little Dorrit" portrayed the wrongs of imprisonment for debt, and the dilatoriness of government routine. His "Dombey and Son," "Hard Times," and "Nicholas Nickleby" were aimed at abuses in education, and at other evils.

Dickens's "Child's History of England" is his raciest, most idiomatic book. His "Pickwick Papers" created a new department in literature—that of humor of their kind.

Taste has changed since Dickens wrote. There is now a feeling that a novelist has no right to torture his readers with harrowing death scenes, and Dickens is often very pathetic. Humor has risen in the literary scale, as a something which is not to be valued lightly; as a something far more valuable than for the mere amusement of idle hours. And there are many who consider Dickens greatest in his humor.

Dickens's "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," with their humiliating pictures of American life and manners, have been forgiven; and Americans hold the greatest of novelists in as high opinion as that in which he is held at home.

Thackeray's plots are of the slightest. His novels are like biographies. His good people, it has been said, are all stupid, and his rascals are all wonderfully bright and interesting. "Vanity Fair" is his greatest work. "The Newcomes" is the most popular. "Pendennis" and "The Virginians" are among the others. Thackeray's "Four Georges" is written in his peculiar style to portray not

the great events in the reigns of these kings, but scenes in the real life of the people of their times.

"George Eliot" was the greatest of female novelists. "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "Middlemarch," "Felix Holt," and "Daniel Deronda" are among her best works.

Among the lesser lights in the field of fiction were Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, whose "Last Days of Pompeii," "Eugene Aram," "The Caxtons," and "Rienzi" were widely read; Charles Reade, and Wilkie Collins, whose novels were read chiefly for the evolution of their plots. Bulwer-Lytton contributed to the drama two valuable plays, "The Lady of Lyons," and "Richelieu."

QUESTIONS.

1. What characterized the poetry of the nineteenth century from its beginning?
2. What was Scott's innovation as to meter?—as to subject?
3. What were his prose works?
4. What was strange in the lives of Byron and Shelley? What is said of Byron's poetry?
5. Describe the greatest work of "Tom" Moore.
6. What is said of Keats? Of Hood?
7. Who was the greatest poet of the "Lake School"? What was his influence upon his time?
8. What are the greatest poems of Tennyson?
9. What is the greatest poem of Elizabeth Barrett Browning? What are the greatest works of Robert Browning?
10. What is meant by the saying that we are living in "the twilight of the poets"?
11. Who was the greatest of English essayists? What is said of his "History of England"? What other historians of the century are named?

12. Who were the great philosophers of the Victorian age, of the eighteenth century?

13. Who were the three greatest Victorian novelists?

14. What is said of the range of characters and life depicted by Dickens?

15. How did Dickens aid great reforms?

16. What change has come in the estimate in which humor is held?

17. What books by Dickens gave offense to Americans? Name three others of his books.

18. What is said of Thackeray's plots?—of his "philosophy"?

19. What is the rank of George Eliot as a novelist? Name three of her books.

20. What is said of Bulwer-Lytton's novels?—of Reade's?—of Collins'?—of Bulwer-Lytton's plays?

21. What have been the four greatest periods in English letters?

22. Name twelve of the greatest works of English literature, and the author and period of each.

Appendix.

A List of the Poets Laureate of England.

Geoffrey Chaucer .....In the Reign of Edward III
Henry Scogan.....In the Reign of Henry IV
John Kay.....In the Reign of Edward IV
Andrew Bernard,
In the Reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII
John Skelton .....In the Reign of Elizabeth
Richard Edwards.....In the Reign of Elizabeth
Edmund Spenser 1591-1599
Samuel Daniel 1599-1619
Ben Jonson 1619-1637
Sir William Davenant.....1660-1668
John Dryden 1670-1689
Thomas Shadwell 1689-1692
Nahum Tate 1692-1715
Nicholas Rowe 1715-1718
Lawrence Eusden 1718-1730
Colley Cibber 1730-1757
William Whitehead 1757-1785
Thomas Warton 1785-1790
Henry James Pye.....1790-1813
Robert Southey 1813-1843
William Wordsworth 1843-1850
Alfred Tennnyson 1850-1892
Alfred Austin .....1893——

Writers of the Elizabethan Age.

DRAMATIC POETS.

John Lyly .....1553?-1600?
George Peele .....1558?-1597?
Robert Greene .....1560?-1592

Christopher Marlowe 1564-1593
William Shakespeare 1564-1616
Ben Jonson .....1574?-1637
Beaumont 1586-1615
Fletcher 1579-1625
Philip Massinger 1583-1640
John Ford .....1586-1639?
John Webster .....———

NON-DRAMATIC POETS.

Thomas Sackville 1527-1608
Sir Philip Sidney 1554-1586
Edmund Spenser .....1552?-1599
Michael Brayton 1553-1631

PROSE WRITERS.

Sir Walter Raleigh.....1552-1618
Richard Hooker 1554-1600
Lord Bacon 1561-1626

Writers of the Seventeenth Century.

RELIGIOUS WRITERS.

Thomas Fuller 1608-1661
Jeremy Taylor 1613-1667
Richard Baxter 1615-1691
John Tillotson 1630-1677
Gilbert Burnet 1643-1715

THE GREATER POETS.

John Milton 1608-1674
John Dryden 1631-1701
Samuel Butler 1612-1680

THE METAPHYSICAL POETS.

John Donne 1573-1631
George Herbert 1583-1632
Edmund Waller 1605-1687
Abraham Cowley 1618-1667
Sir William Davenant.....1605-1668

Sir John Denham 1615-1688
George Wither 1588-1667
Richard Crashaw ..... 1613?-1649
Francis Quarles 1592-1644

OTHER WRITERS.

John Bunyan 1628-1688
John Evelyn 1620-1706
Samuel Pepys 1632-1703
Edward Hyde (Lord Clarendon) 1608-1674
Thomas Hobbes 1588-1679
Jeremy Collier 1650-1726

WRITERS OF THE CORRUPT DRAMA.

William Wycherley ..... 1640?-1715
William Congreve 1670-1729
Sir John Vanbrugh ..... 1666?-1726
George Farquhar 1678-1707
Thomas Otway 1652-1685
Nathaniel Lee ..... 1655?-1692
Richard Rowe 1673-1718

PHILOSOPHERS.

John Locke 1632-1704
Isaac Barrow 1630-1677
Sir Isaac Newton 1642-1727
Robert Boyle 1626-1691

Writers of the Eighteenth Century.

THE ARTIFICIAL POETS.

Alexander Pope 1688-1744
John Gay 1685-1732
Matthew Prior 1664-1721
Edward Young 1684-1765
Allan Ramsay 1685-1758

THE LATER POETS.

James Thomson 1700-1748
Thomas Gray 1716-1771
Mark Akenside 1721-1770

Oliver Goldsmith 1728-1774
William Cowper 1731-1800
Robert Burns 1759-1796

ESSAYISTS AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

Joseph Addison 1672-1719
Jonathan Swift 1667-1745
Dr. John Arbuthnot.....1667-1735
Henry St. John (Lord Bolingbroke).....1678-1751
George Berkeley 1684-1743
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu 1689-1763
Samuel Johnson 1709-1784

NOVELISTS.

Daniel Defoe .....1681?-1731
Samuel Richardson.....1689-1761
Henry Fielding 1707-1754
Laurence Sterne 1713-1768
Tobias George Smollett.....1721-1771

HISTORIANS.

David Hume 1711-1716
William Robertson 1721-1793
Edward Gibbon 1737-1794

POLITICAL WRITERS.

Edmund Burke .....1729?-1797
Adam Smith 1723-1790
Sir William Blackstone.....1723-1780

IMPOSTORS.

James Macpherson 1736-1796
Thomas Chatterton 1752-1770

DRAMATIST.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.....1751-1816

Writers of the Nineteenth Century.

THE LAKE POETS.

William Wordsworth 1770-1850
Samuel Taylor Coleridge.....1772-1834
Robert Southey 1774-1843

OTHER POETS.

Lord Byron 1788-1824
Sir Walter Scott 1771-1832
Thomas Moore 1779-1852
Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792-1822
John Keats 1795-1821
Thomas Campbell 1777-1844
William Morris 1834-1896
Algernon Charles Swinburne ..... 1837-——
Gabriel Dante Rosetti 1828-1882
Elizabeth Barrett Browning 1809-1861
Robert Browning 1812-1889
Alfred Tennyson 1809-1892
Sir Edwin Arnold 1832-1904
Matthew Arnold 1822-1888
Alfred Austin 1832-1888
Rudyard Kipling ..... 1865-——
Leigh Hunt 1784-1859
Thomas Hood 1798-1845

HISTORIANS.

Bishop Connop Thirlwall 1797-1875
George Grote 1794-1871
Lord Macaulay 1800-1859
John Lingard 1771-1851
Henry Hallam 1778-1859
Henry Hart Milman 1791-1868
Henry Thomas Buckle 1821-1862
Edward A. Freeman 1823-1892
James Anthony Froude 1818-1894
Justin McCarthy ..... 1830-——

PHILOSOPHERS.

Sir William Hamilton 1788-1856
James Mill 1773-1836
Jeremy Bentham 1748-1832
John Stuart Mill 1806-1873
George Henry Lewes 1817-1878

SCIENTISTS.

Sir John Herschel.....1792-1871
Michael Faraday 1791-1867
Hugh Miller.....1802-1856
Sir Charles Lyell.....1797-1875
John Tyndall 1829-1893
Thomas H. Huxley.....1825-1895
Charles Darwin 1809-1882
Archibald Geikie .....1835——
Lord Kelvin .....——1907

NOVELISTS.

Horace Walpole 1717-1797
Ann Radcliffe 1764-1823
Mrs. Shelley 1798-1851
Maria Frances Burney.....1752-1840
Jane Austen 1775-1817
Maria Edgeworth 1767-1849
Charlotte Brontë 1816-1855
Mary Russell Mitford.....1789-1855
Charles Dickens 1812-1870
William Makepeace Thackeray.....1811-1863
Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.....1805-1873
Charles Reade 1814-1884
"George Eliot" 1819-1880
Lord Beaconsfield 1805-1880
Robert Louis Stevenson.....1850-1894

DIVINES.

Cardinal Newman 1801-1890
Cardinal Wiseman 1802-1865
Cardinal Manning 1808-1882
Stopford Brooke .....1832——
Dean Stanley 1815-1881
Canon Kingsley 1819-1875
Bishop Whately 1787-1863

CRITICS AND ESSAYISTS.

Charles Lamb 1775-1834
Sydney Smith 1771-1845
Francis Jeffrey 1773-1850
John Gibson Lockhart.....1794-1854
John Wilson 1785-1854
William Hazlitt 1778-1830
Thomas De Quincey.....1785-1859
Thomas Carlyle 1795-1881
Matthew Arnold 1822-1888